

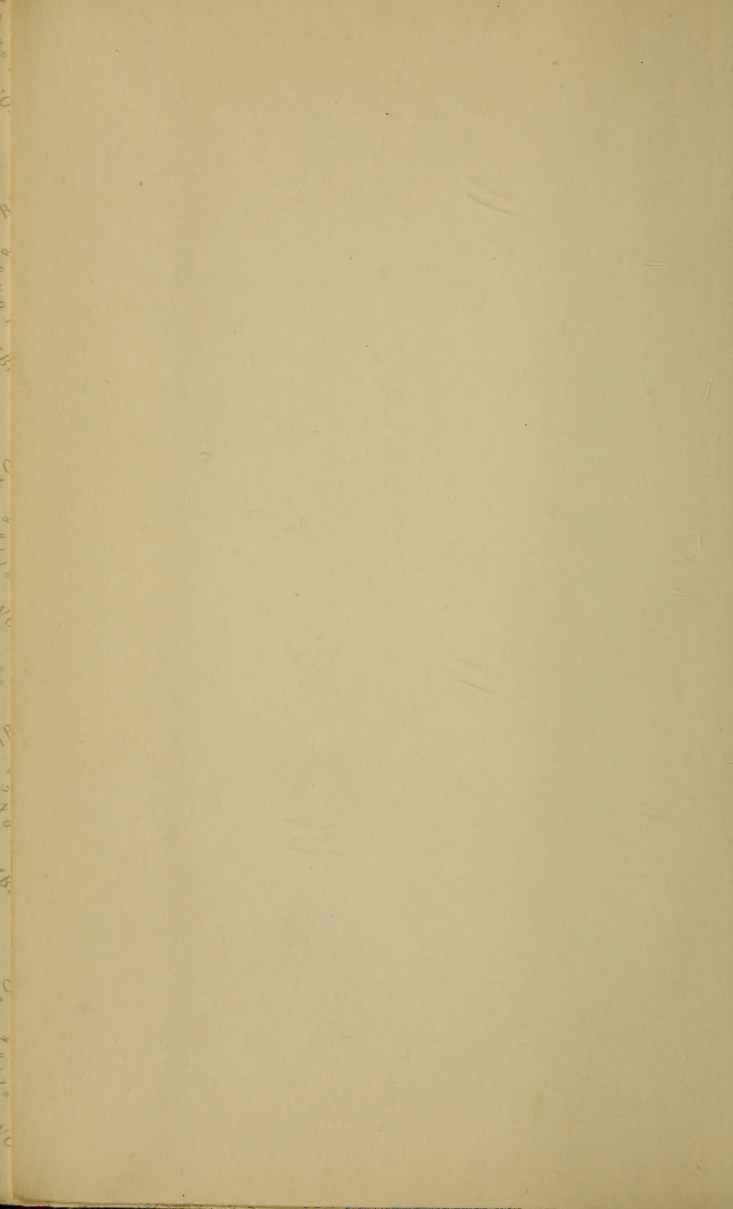
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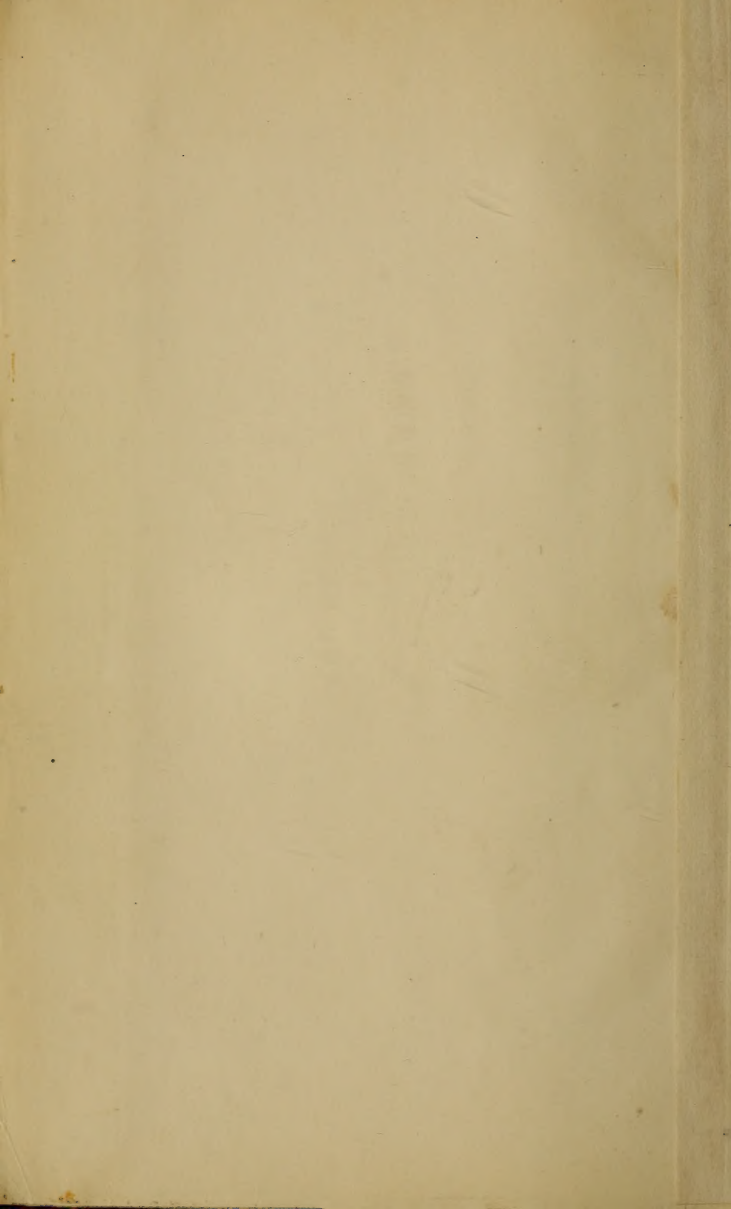
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HISTORICAL SKETCHES;

ILLUSTRATING

SOME IMPORTANT EVENTS AND EPOCHS


FROM

A.D. 1400 TO A.D. 1546.

BY

JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY, M.A.

RECTOR OF ST. MARY'S, MARY-LE-BONE.

186
Review


LONDON:

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1852.

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TO

THOMAS EDWARD DICEY, ESQ.,

OF

CLAYBROOK HALL, LEICESTERSHIRE.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

To write History, in these times, seems rather a bold undertaking. I wish to explain how it is that I have been drawn into this path of authorship; and a few words addressed to you, with the public for a hearer, will answer the double purpose of Dedication and Preface.

Some years ago, you remember, when we were in the habit of meeting almost weekly, we helped to set up a Mechanics' Institution in the little town where I was labouring as Curate, in the hope of providing healthful instruction and rational entertainment for some of those who lived near us. You, by universal consent, were our

first President; and some of the early lectures fell to my share. Gentlemen were soon found to communicate much that was interesting on popular subjects connected with Natural Philosophy; but the wide field of History was unoccupied; and it struck me that, without the expenditure of much time or trouble, I could put together what would impart information on great æras, and stirring events, and noble characters, and, at the same time, help to direct my younger and less-instructed hearers in their choice of books. The experiment succeeded. Finding the sample to their taste, many were induced to pursue the subject for themselves; and the works to which I referred were in immediate demand at the Reading-room. Though nothing could be slighter than my first "Sketches," they answered their purpose. My parishioners took kindly what was meant for their good; and I was glad to traverse scenes of the past with young, inquiring minds, supplying the Christian comment as we went along.

Four years ago, having left my quiet country parish, I was called to take charge of a Metro-

politan one of overwhelming size; and no time was left, in my new position, for historical diversions or extraneous services. But when my first Autumn came, and London and its cares were left behind me for a few weeks, it struck me that some of my Lectures might be worked up into a volume which would supply a want in our juvenile Literature. I knew of no work on General History, at once lively and informing,—neither too much cumbered with details, nor too dry and meagre,—which might be read in the School-room, or by persons of limited leisure, between such books as Mrs. Markham's, and the larger Histories of Robertson, Russell and others. Single volumes on individual characters commonly tell more than is wanted for a first reading, or introduce topics which the youthful reader can well spare; while others, professedly written for the young, have often a childish air about them which repels an adult reader, and very much curtails their usefulness. I cannot tell to what extent I have succeeded; but my aim has been to avoid these defects, and to supply a book which may relieve the dulness of a Latin lesson, or be

read by mothers to their daughters, or have a favoured place in the Mechanics' Library. To more than this I do not pretend; and I shall be abundantly satisfied if to youths and maidens and intelligent working men I shall supply some pleasant and useful reading.

Having this object in view, I have endeavoured to give some variety to my volume by selecting subjects from widely different scenes, and have chosen four distinguished names from the annals of France, England, Spain and Germany. My hope is, that what is told here will fix some great epochs in eager enquiring minds at the age when memory is most retentive, — that their earliest recollections of the events described will be associated with just views upon the great questions of social morality, — and that from the starting-points which my simple narratives supply they will go forward in their studies with a healthful appetite for what they will find in the works of more learned writers.

One thing I wish distinctly to state, that I may not be thought to have neglected my higher calling, while wandering where duty did not lead

me. The original Lectures have been rewritten and much enlarged; but the work has been my *holiday task*, taken up and pursued in successive Autumns; and now, on the eve of returning to my more laborious and anxious employment, I commit the fruit of many pleasant hours to the press. Let me hope that my young friends, at any rate, will give me their thanks for stories which assuredly have enough in them to engage their liveliest interest, if they be not spoiled in the telling.

Under your Presidency my humbler task commenced. With your name I am glad to connect my bolder venture. My little volume will thus become the memorial of a friendship which has lasted through nearly a quarter of a century, and has proved to me a continual source of pleasure and improvement. Our meetings now are fewer than they used to be. Occasions are scarcely found, amid the ceaseless occupations and distractions of busy London life, for free and full discourse on things new and old, far off and near, such as we held many a time, in-doors or out-of-doors, when we were country neighbours in the

best sense. But the memory of those peaceful years remains; the profit of them, in connection with my privileged access to your hospitable home, I gratefully acknowledge; and if my book shall afford some entertainment to *yourselves*, and some instruction to your children, it will be but a small return *in kind* for what I have received already, and can never lose.

I am,

Your affectionate Friend,

J. H. GURNEY.

Bonchurch,

Oct. 29. 1851.

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TABLE OF SOVEREIGNS,

WHO REIGNED IN EUROPE FROM A.D. 1400 TO A.D. 1546,

WITH THE DATES OF THEIR ACCESSION.

A. D.	GERMANY.	SPAIN.	PORTUGAL.
1385	-	-	John I.
1390	-	Henry III.	
1400	Rupert.		
1406	-	John II.	
1410	{ Jossus. Sigismund.		
1433	-	-	Edward.
1438	Albert II.	-	Alfonso V.
1440	Frederic III.		
1454	-	Henry IV.	
1476	-	{ Ferdinand and Isabella.	
1481	-	-	John II.
1493	Maximilian I.		
1495	-	-	Emmanuel.
1516	-	Charles I. of Spain (the Emperor Charles V.).	
1519	Charles V.		
1521	-	-	John III.

TABLE OF SOVEREIGNS — *continued.*

A. D.	ENGLAND.	FRANCE.	ROMAN SEE.
1380	- -	Charles VI.	
1389	- -	- -	Boniface IX.
1399	Henry IV.		
1404	- -	- -	Innocent VIII.
1406	- -	- -	Gregory XVI.
1409	- -	- -	Alexander V.
1410	- -	- -	John XXI.
1413	Henry V.		
1417	- -	- -	Martin V.
1422	Henry VI.	Charles VII.	
1431	- -	- -	Eugene IV.
1447	- -	- -	Nicholas V.
1455	- -	- -	Calixtus III.
1458	- -	- -	Pius II.
1461	Edward IV.	Lewis XI.	
1464	- -	- -	Paul II.
1471	- -	- -	Sixtus IV.
1483	{ Edward V. Richard III. }	Charles VIII.	
1484	- -	- -	Innocent VIII.
1485	Henry VII.		
1493	- -	- -	Alexander VI.
1498	- -	Lewis XII.	
1503	- -	- -	{ Pius III. Julius II.
1509	Henry VIII.		
1513	- -	- -	Leo X.
1515	- -	Francis I.	
1522	- -	- -	Adrian VI.
1523	- -	- -	Clement VII.
1534	- -	- -	Paul III.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

CHAPTERS I. AND II.

1396. Charles VI. smitten with madness.
The King ruled by Philip of Burgundy.
Contest between John Duke of Burgundy and Louis
Duke of Orleans.
1407. Assassination of the Duke of Orleans.
1412. Disorders and civil war in France.
Joan of Arc born.
1415. *Oct. 25.* Battle of Agincourt.
Anarchy in the capital and provinces.
1419. Assassination of the Duke of Burgundy.
Connivance of the Dauphin.
1420. Treaty of Troyes.
1422. Death of Henry V. and Charles VI.
Charles VII. neglects his kingly duties.
Successes of the English.
1425. Joan of Arc begins to hear her Voices.
1428. Duke of Bedford lays siege to Orleans.
Joan's visits to Vaucouleurs.
Is repulsed by Baudricourt, but prevails by im-
portunity.
Refuses to visit Duke of Lorraine.
1429. *February.* Starts on her journey to the Court.
Perils of her journey.
First meeting with Charles at Chinon.

1429. Is sent to Poitiers for examination by the University.

Her bearing and answers before the doctors.

Her mission is approved.

Her banner is prepared.

Her fame reaches Orleans.

April. An army gathered at Blois.

Joan summons the English by letter to leave the country.

Advances to the relief of Orleans.

Succeeds in her first military adventure.

Meeting with Dunois.

April 29. Enters Orleans by night.

Has *Te Deum* chanted in the Cathedral by torch-light.

Courage of the garrison revived.

May 4. The first English fort taken.

May 5. Ascension Day religiously observed in Orleans.

May 6. Renewed fighting; more English forts taken.

May 7. Last sortie from Orleans.

Joan commands and heads the attack.

Hard day's fighting; Joan wounded; last fort taken.

Midnight Hymn of Praise in the Cathedral.

May 8., Sunday. English raise the siege.

Battle offered by them, but declined at the bidding of Joan.

Mass celebrated in the open air.

Joan presses for instant march to Rheims.

Is overborne by generals.

June 18. Decisive victory over the English at Patay.

Advance to Rheims.

Burst of popular enthusiasm.

July 8. Troyes taken.

1429. Joan saves the French prisoners.
July 15. Charles enters Rheims.
July 17. Is crowned there.
Joan's address to the King.
Her letter to the Duke of Burgundy.
Her longing for home.
Is persuaded to remain with the army.
Her mission less clear ; her Voices less express.
Sept. 8. Assault on Paris.
It fails, and Joan's reputation declines.
Her family ennobled by the King.
Domremy, at her request, exempted from taxation.
Her piety and simplicity in the camp.
1430. Compiègne assaulted by the Duke of Burgundy.
Joan comes to its rescue with the royal army.
May 23. Heads a sortie, and is captured.
Many causes at work for her ruin.
November. Is sold by the Duke of Burgundy to the English.
Is claimed by Cauchon Bishop of Beauvais.
Is surrendered to him for trial.
Is confined meanwhile at Beaurevoir.
Throws herself from the castle walls.
1431. *Jan. 9.* Judicial proceedings commenced at Rouen.
Feb. 21. Joan's first appearance before the Court.
Charges against her.
Disputes with Judges about her oath.
Repeats the story about her Voices.
Joan a heretic or a witch.
Irrelevant questions on either supposition.
Voices with her in prison.
Joan's patience and cleverness.
Refuses to condemn herself.
March 31. Joan's final answer.
Bedford presses for a conviction.

1431. *May* 9. Joan threatened with the rack.
May 19. Judgment given against her.
May 23. Joan recants at place of execution.
May 30. Again before her judges.
June 1. Is publicly burnt.
 Impression produced on spectators.
 English party continually weakened.
Dec. 16. Henry VI. crowned at Paris.
1435. Peace of Arras between Charles and the Duke of Burgundy.
1436. Paris taken by Royalists.
1440. Duke of Orleans restored to France.
1449. Normandy reconquered.
1451. Guienne recovered from the English.
 Their continental possessions reduced to Calais.
-

CHAPTER III.

- Invention of Printing involved in obscurity.
 Commercial reason for this uncertainty.
 Guttenberg assumed to be Inventor at Mayence Jubilee.
1430. Traditionary date of earliest printing at Haerlem.
1436. Guttenberg resident at Strasburg.
1439. Is party to a lawsuit there.
1442. Joins Fust at Mayence.
 Prints there with Fust and Schœffer.
1455. Partnership dissolved, and Guttenberg goes elsewhere.
1457. New art first alluded to in book printed by Fust and Schœffer.
1462. Mayence taken, and printers scattered.
1466. Fust died.
1492. Schœffer died.

CHAPTER IV.

1428. Caxton apprenticed.
1441. His master dies, leaving him twenty marks.
Goes abroad, and engages in commercial transactions.
His vocation uncertain.
1464. Negotiates a commercial treaty between England
and Burgundy.
Enters the service of the Duchess of Burgundy.
Begins to translate a French Romance into English.
1471. Finishes his translation at Cologne.
Uncertain where he learnt the printing art, but
probably at Cologne.
1473. Probable date of Caxton's first publication.
1474. Prints the *Game of Chess*.
Prints the *Life of Jason*, probably in England.
1477. *Sayings of Philosophers*, printed at Westminster.
Caxton labours steadily as Translator and Printer.
Publishes Romances.
His friendship with Lord Rivers.
Moral publications.
Account of *Pilgrimage of the Soul*.
Historical publications.
Æsop's Fables, and *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*.
English Language modified in Caxton's time.
Religious publications.
1490. Translates *Art and Craft to know well to die*.
Prints it.
1492. Caxton dies.
His memory dear to all who love a book.

CHAPTER V.

1412. Cape Non passed by Portuguese Navigators.
Prince Henry devotes himself to maritime science.

1418. Sends out his first exploring vessel; Porto Santo discovered.
1419. Madeira discovered.
1433. Cape Bojador passed.
Cape de Verde reached.
The Torrid Zone found not destructive of life.
Cape de Verde Islands and Azores discovered.
Papal grant to Portugal of land between Cape Non and India.
1473. Prince Henry died.
John II. follows up his discoveries.
Hopes to reach India by sailing round Africa.
Gulf of Guinea explored; Equator passed.
1486. Bartholomez Diaz reaches Cape of Good Hope.
Compelled to return without penetrating to Indian Sea.
Settles in Abyssinia.
Covillam reports that India may be reached by the Cape of Good Hope.
1497. *July*. VASCO DE GAMA sails with exploring expedition.
Sails round Southern Coast of Africa.
1498. *March*. Reaches Mozambique.
Crosses Indian Ocean to Calicut.
-

1454. John II., King of Castile, died.
Leaves behind him Henry, Alfonso and ISABELLA.
Castile included three-fourths of Modern Spain.
Henry IV. a feeble and oppressive Sovereign.
Insurrection headed by Marquis of Villena.
1465. Henry formally deposed, and Alfonso proclaimed King.

1465. Nation divided between two Kings.
Civil war, and doubtful results.
1468. Death of Alfonso.
Throne offered by insurgent party to Isabella.
Refused by her.
The confederates make peace with Henry.
Isabella declared presumptive heiress to the Crown.
Sought in marriage by Princes of Aragon, Portugal,
France, and England.
Henry favours King of Portugal.
Isabella prefers Ferdinand of Aragon.
1469. Fearing violence she flies to Valladolid.
Negotiates her own treaty of marriage.
Summons Ferdinand to her help.
Oct. 19. Marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella.
Their characters.
1474. Henry dies.
King of Portugal takes up cause of Joanna, the bastardized daughter of Henry's wife.
Invades Castile.
Isabella deserted by influential friends.
Her noble qualities shine out.
1476. Victory gained by her forces at Toro.
1479. Peace concluded.
Isabella's wise and righteous government.
1481. Commencement of last war with the Moors.

CHAPTER VI.

1436. Supposed date of Columbus's birth.
He studies for a short time at University of Pavia.
1450. Goes to sea.

1450. Serves in maritime and warlike enterprizes of the Mediterranean.
Becomes a hardy and skilful navigator.
1470. Arrives in Portugal.
Marries the daughter of one of Prince Henry's captains.
Lives with his mother-in-law.
Receives charts and journals of her deceased husband.
Has his mind occupied with thoughts of undiscovered countries to the West.
Assisted in his speculations by his brother-in-law.
Collects facts and observations from all quarters.
1474. His theories assume a definite shape.
Makes sure that India may be reached by sailing westward.
Corresponds with Toscanelli, a learned Florentine.
1481. John II. ascends the throne.
Columbus makes overtures to him.
Confides to the King his maps and charts.
John makes a treacherous use of them.
1484. Columbus leaves Portugal in disgust.
1486. Arrives at PALOS in Spain.
Makes a convert of Marchena, a friar.
Is sent on by him to the Court.
Introduced to Cardinal Mendoza and Ferdinand.
Referred by the King to University of Salamanca.
Unfolds his plans.
Answers all objections.
Appeals to the electors on Christian grounds.
His scheme pronounced impracticable.
1491. Returns to Palos wearied out by delay and disappointment.
Turns his thoughts towards France.
Arrested by Marchena, and invited back to Court.

1491. Returns, and witnesses the fall of Granada.
1492. His terms rejected as extravagant.
Columbus repulsed, and again recalled.
Isabella adopts the scheme.
His terms all granted.
Palos selected as the starting-place.
August 3. Columbus sails with three small vessels.
September 6. Leaves Canary Islands.
September 9. Passes Ferro.
Variation of the needle.
Ships come within range of trade-wind.
The crew frightened at these novelties.
Columbus tries all expedients to encourage them.
Indications of land.
September 25. Disappointed hopes.
Growing discontent and threatened mutiny.
Columbus immovable.
Favourable signs multiply.
Oct. 11. Columbus sees a light on shore.
Oct. 12. Landing at San Salvador.
Meeting with the natives.
Oct. 28. CUBA discovered.
Columbus occupied in cruising along it.
Dec. 6. HAYTI discovered; named HISPANIOLA.
Friendly intercourse with natives.
Pinzon, with one of the three ships, separated from the others.
Dec. 25. Columbus's ship wrecked.
His account of the country and people.
Divides his crews, and forms settlement in Hispaniola.
1493. *Jan. 4.* Sails for Spain with his single remaining vessel.
Encounters fearful tempests.
Feb. 15. Comes within sight of the Azores.

1493. *March 4.* Reaches the mouth of the Tagus.
 Courteously entertained by King John.
March 15. Reaches PALOS.
 His reception in Spain.
 Meeting with Ferdinand and Isabella at Barcelona.
 Prepares for second expedition.
Sept. 23. Sails again from Palos.
 Discovers Guadaloupe, Dominica, and Porto Rico.
Nov. 28. Reaches Hispaniola, and finds settlement
 in ruins.
 Disasters occasioned by Spanish violence and crime.
1494. Difficulties of Columbus.
 Discontent of settlers.
 Their lust for gold, and hatred of control.
 Sanguine hopes of Columbus.
 His mild and upright government.
 Sails on exploring voyage.
April 29. Cruises along Southern Coast of Cuba.
 Discovery of JAMAICA.
 Concludes that Cuba is a continent.
July 7. Wise address of a native chief.
 Columbus returns to Hispaniola.
 Finds his brother Bartholomew awaiting him.
 Adventures of Bartholomew; his character.
 Distracted state of the island.
 Two leaders of the malcontents sail for Spain.
 Hostile League amongst the native chiefs.
 CAONABO, the most formidable of them, captured.
 His noole character, and death.
1495. An army collected against the Spaniards.
March 27. Decisive victory over Indians.
 Their spirit broken; their land subdued.
 Columbus pursued by slanderers.
 Margarita and Father Boyle traduce his Government
 at home.

1495. Aguado sent as Commissioner from Spain to investigate the charges.
 Columbus receives him with respect.
 Resolves to return with him to Spain.
March 10. Sails from Hispaniola.
June 11. Arrives at Cadiz.
 Contrast between his *first* reception and his *second*.
 Pleads his cause successfully.
 Revives hopes and enthusiasm at Court.
1496. Prepares for his *third* voyage.
 Harassing delays.
1498. *May 30.* Sails with six vessels on *third* voyage.
July 31. Comes within sight of Trinidad.
August. Explores Gulf of Paria, and lands on Continent of America.
 Theories as to the earth's shape, and the garden of Eden.
 Returns sick and weary to Hispaniola.
 Troubles there.
 Insurrection headed by Roldan.
 Firmness of his brother Bartholomew.
 Columbus obliged to grant favourable terms.
 Another insurrection, headed by Ojeda.
 Roldan an effective auxiliary to Columbus.
1499. Hostile party formed against Columbus in Spain.
 Returned colonists in Spain carry calumnious charges with them.
 Isabella's confidence shaken.
1500. Bobadilla sent out with authority to supersede Columbus.
 His infamous conduct.
 Columbus loyally submits himself.
 Mock trial, and unjust conviction.
 Columbus is sent in irons to Spain.
 Public indignation excited.

1500. Columbus's vindication of himself.
Restored to the Queen's favour, but deprived of his government.
1501. Is roused by reports of Portuguese commerce with India.
Prepares for *fourth* voyage.
1502. *May* 9. Sails with Bartholomew.
Is forbidden to land at Hispaniola.
Spanish fleet lost with Bobadilla and Roldan.
Columbus sails for South American Continent.
Misses Yucatan and Mexico.
Explores the coast between Honduras and the Gulf of Darien.
1503. Winters within a hundred miles of the Pacific.
Disastrous conflicts with natives.
Columbus cheered by a remarkable dream.
May 1. Sails for Hispaniola.
June 24. Reaches Jamaica with his vessels not in sailing condition.
Diego Mendez ventures in a canoe to Hispaniola.
Columbus writes an account of his voyage for the Sovereigns.
1504. Still a prisoner in Jamaica.
Jan. 2. A mutiny among his followers.
Supplies of food run short.
Columbus's stratagem at time of eclipse.
June 28. Leaves Jamaica in a vessel sent from Hispaniola.
Misgovernment of Ovando.
Misery of natives.
Indignation of Columbus.
Resolves to plead their cause in Spain.
Nov. 7. Arrives there homeless, sick and poor.
Nov. 26. Death of Isabella.
1505. *May.* Columbus's last visit to Court.

1505. Claims restoration to his government.
His suit rejected by Ferdinand.
1506. *May 20. Ascension Day.* Death of Columbus.
His character.
-

CHAPTER VII.

- Commencement of a new æra.
Effects of Discovery of Printing.
Effects of Discovery of a New Continent.
1500. Discovery of BRAZIL.
1513. Balboa crosses Isthmus of Darien to the PACIFIC.
1520. Magellan sails round South America to Pacific Ocean.
1521. Conquest of MEXICO by Cortes.
1531. Pizarro sails for PERU.
Consolidation of the European Kingdoms.
Empire of Charles V.
Growing strength of the Monarchy in England, France and Spain.
Lessening influence of the Papacy before the Reformation.
Writings of Erasmus.
Scandals at Rome.
1484. Innocent VIII.; his avarice and licentiousness.
1493. Alexander VI.; his profligacy, and sanction of his son's outrageous crimes.
1503. Julius II.; his unscrupulous policy, and delight in war.
1513. Leo X.; his love of literature, ease, and pleasure.
Advancement of learning.

:CHAPTER VIII.

1483. Birth and parentage of Luther.
His school days.
Early hardships.
Cherished by Ursula Cotta.
1501. Removes to the University of Erfurth.
Meets with a Latin Bible there.
Takes his Bachelor's degree.
Dangerous illness.
1503. Becomes a Doctor of Philosophy.
Terrors of conscience.
Resolves to become a Monk.
1505. *August 17.* Enters an Augustinian Convent.
His hard life there.
Pursues his studies with eagerness.
His disappointment and uneasiness.
Meeting with Staupitz.
His instruction and advice.
Luther's gradual emancipation from the spirit of
bondage.
1507. *May 2.* Is ordained priest.
His letter on that occasion.
1508. Settlement at Wittenberg as Professor.
His busy life there.
Becomes town preacher.
Character of his preaching.
1511. Visit to Rome.
His surprise at the abominations witnessed there.
Returns to Wittenberg.
1512. Becomes a Doctor of Theology.
Traits of Christian character.
1516. His abounding labours.
1517. Tetzel and Indulgences.
Luther meets the purchasers of Indulgences at the
Confessional.

1517. His faithful admonitions.
 He preaches against Indulgences.
Oct. 31. Affixes ninety-five Propositions against them to church door at Wittemberg.
 They are scattered over Europe.
 Luther alarmed at his own boldness.
1518. His Propositions controverted.
 His answers.
 Is summoned before the Pope's Legate at Augsburg.
 His appeal to the Pope *better informed*.
1519. *July.* His disputation at Leipsic.
 His *Commentary on the Galatians*.
 His popular writings.
 The ELECTOR FREDERIC.
 He protects Luther.
 MELANCTHON.
 Friendship between him and Luther.
 Progress of Luther's mind.
1520. His works on the *Reformation of Religion* and *Babylonish Captivity*.
 The Pope's Bull of Excommunication.
December 10. Luther burns it.
1521. DIET OF WORMS.
March 24. Luther summoned before it.
April 2. Leaves Wittemberg.
 His journey.
 Stops at Erfurth, and preaches there.
 His courage and resolution.
April 16. Arrival at Worms.
April 17. His first appearance before the Diet.
 Acknowledges his books; asks time to answer.
April 18. Refuses to retract.
 His noble reply.
 Popular enthusiasm in his favour.
 Has friends among the German princes.

1521. Condemnation by the Emperor.
Attempts to bring Luther to submission.
April 25. Interview with the Archbishop of Treves.
Luther leaves Worms.
Final Edict of the Diet.
Luther, and all who favoured him, proscribed.
His journey homeward.
May 2. Visits Eisenach, and preaches there.
Is seized on the road, and carried prisoner to the
Wartburg.
Sheltered there by the Elector of Saxony.
Advantages of retirement.
Letters from his *Patmos*.
Begins his Translation of the Bible.
Controversial and practical works.
Perplexity as to Monastic Vows.
Enquiries after Luther.
Progress of Reformation.
The Lord's Supper supersedes the Mass at Wit-
temberg.
Outbreak of fanaticism.
Remonstrances from Luther.
1522. *March 3.* He leaves the Wartburg.
March 9. Preaches at Wittenberg.
His exhortation to patience and charity.
His success.
September. His German New Testament finished,
and sent forth.
Received with eagerness by the people.
1523. The Decree of Worms not executed.
Diets held ; new Popes elected ; nothing done against
Luther.
1524. War of the Peasants.
Their twelve Articles.
They appeal to Luther.
His answer.

1524. Remonstrates with the nobles, and dissuades the people from revolt.
1525. War concluded with dreadful slaughter.
 Luther's grief and passion.
June 14. His marriage.
 History of Catherine Bora.
 His justification of himself.
 Reasons against it.
 His happy home.
 Little John and Magdalene.
 Luther's poverty and disinterestedness.
 His controversies.
 Henry VIII.
 Erasmus publishes on *the Freedom of the Will*.
December. Luther replies in his *Bondage of the Will*.
 Zwinglius.
 Doctrine of the Church of Rome.
 Doctrine of the Sacramentarians.
 Luther's doctrine of Consubstantiation.
 Ecolampadius and Bucer.
1527. The Pope and the Emperor engaged in hostilities.
June 6. Rome taken and sacked.
1529. *October.* The Turks besiege Vienna, and are repulsed.
 Attempted reconciliation between Swiss and German Reformers.
 Luther's intolerance the chief obstacle to peace.
 His patience and charity in other things.
 Settlement of religious worship and ceremonies.
 Evangelical Pastors provided.
 Luther's care for the young.
 Disposal of Endowments.
 Spoliation of Ecclesiastical property arrested by Luther.
- DIET OF SPIRES.

1529. *April 25.* PROTEST signed by six Princes.
1530. DIET OF AUGSBURG.
CONFESSION OF FAITH drawn up by Melancthon.
June 26. Publicly read before the Emperor.
Aug. 3. A *Refutation* read by the adverse party.
Vain attempts at compromise.
Decree of the Diet, a sentence of proscription against Protestants.
Luther at Coburg.
His fervent devotions.
His despair of peace with Romanists.
Luther's Hymns.
Their effect upon the people.
His popular writings.
December 31. League of Smalcald.
1531. Decree of Augsburg not executed.
1532. *June.* Solyman invades Germany with an immense army.
Protestants take advantage of Turkish invasion.
Aug. 2. Procure from the Emperor the Truce of Ratisbon.
Retreat of the Turkish army.
1534. Disorders at Munster.
Fanaticism and excesses of the Anabaptists.
They get possession of the city.
John of Leyden.
1535. *June 24.* The city retaken by the Bishop
The cause of the Reformation damaged.
Luther's grief.
Ascribes these disorders to the Evil One.
His opinion on Satanic influence.
1539. Death of Duke George.
Accession of Lower Saxony to the cause of the Reformation.
1540. Society of Jesuits founded.

1543. { Luther worn out with excessive labours.
1544. { Disappointed and sick at heart.
Progress of the Reformation in Europe.
1545. Council of Trent begins its sittings.
1546. Luther's last journey.
Feb. 14. His last letter.
Feb. 17. His last sickness.
Feb. 18. His death.
Feb. 22. His funeral.
His monuments in many lands.

FRANCE LOST AND WON ;

JOAN OF ARC.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

CHAPTER I.

REIGN OF CHARLES VI. AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

AT the commencement of the fifteenth century, France had the misfortune to have a madman for her king. Charles VI., always excitable and impetuous, with a strong will and a feeble understanding, had been seized in the year 1392 with a fit of phrenzy, from the shock of which he never recovered. On a sultry, stifling day in August, as he was travelling on horseback, he became suddenly infuriated, and slew four of his attendants before he could be dismounted and disarmed. Fits of the same kind recurred at intervals throughout the remainder of his life; and in his sanest moods, though gentle and kindly-natured, grieved for the excesses of his times of violence, and earnest in seeking heavenly aid by prayer and confession, he was quite insensible to reason, and would never brook control. Strange

to say, when not physically disabled, he remained absolute master of the government; and, for thirty years together, France was at the mercy of a lunatic, or of the unprincipled relatives to whom he yielded himself in succession. Philip, Duke of Burgundy, the king's uncle, ruled while he lived; then came a protracted contest between the Duke of Orleans, Charles's brother, and John, the new Duke of Burgundy, his cousin, which was terminated in 1407 by the murder of the

A. D. 1407. former,—a murder planned and paid for by the rival Duke. The quarrel, however, between the two factions continued with alternate success, and miseries of every kind were heaped on the unhappy nation, while every sentiment of national honour was forgotten,—the Grandees of the kingdom not pretending, in their wars or treaties, to have regard to any thing but their own immediate interest. Each party, in turn, sued to our Henry IV. for assistance, and were bidding against each other for the disgrace of admitting a foreign army into France.

Henry V. soon after his accession revived the old claim of Edward III. and his successors to the throne of France. Then came the terrible disaster of Agincourt, and for

Oct. 25th,
A. D. 1415. the time the domestic quarrel was

bushel; but the truce was short, and the calamities consequent on a state of anarchy were renewed in the capital and in the provinces. Two dauphins perished successively, after just reaching manhood; and thus the period was deferred from time to time when there was any hope of organising a national party under an efficient head. At last, the rapid successes of the English, their conquests in the North, and their growing influence by means of treaties in the South, roused the dormant patriotism of some of the principal men on both sides, and it was proposed that a meeting should take place on a certain bridge between the Duke of Burgundy, and the new Dauphin, a youth of sixteen, who was completely under the influence of the adverse party. There the terms of a lasting peace were to be arranged; but there, instead, a foul murder was perpetrated; the Duke, in the very act of bending the knee to his prince, was assassinated by some of the Orleans faction, and the heir of the throne was an accomplice in the crime. He was in the hands of evil counsellors, and was persuaded, doubtless, that to inflict summary punishment on a man who had tyrannized over king and people,—had robbed each in turn, and sold them

A. D. 1419.

to the common enemy,— was a deed for which his country would thank him. But such crimes bring their own punishment ; and for a long time the plea of the insurrectionary party was one which, whether real or pretended, commanded some respect, that the prince was no prince for France who had thus defiled his conscience with treachery and murder.

The disgraceful treaty of Troyes soon followed, by which Henry bargained to
A. D. 1420. renounce the title of King of France, receiving in return the hand of the King's daughter, the present government of the kingdom, and the reversion of it on Charles's death. On Advent Sunday, in the year 1420, he entered Paris between the two men to whom he owed his triumph,— the King of France, and Philip, the new Duke of Burgundy, his unprincipled ally. The citizens looked on in wonder, and were sunk so low as to welcome any change which promised them exemption from plunder and massacre. They saw the two kings go together to Notre Dame, but it was the English king who went thence to the Louvre, and his rights as Regent were immediately exercised by his summoning the Estates to meet, and sanction what had been done at Troyes.

In less than two years, however, both kings were dead, Charles surviving his son-in-law a few weeks; and the double A. D. 1422. crown descended to our baby-king, Henry VI., who, happily, was never strong enough to keep what had been so ill gotten. Charles VII. was a full-grown man, nearly twenty, but for the purposes of government hardly better than a child. Devoted to pleasure, and swayed by successive favourites, he was contented with the state of royalty, and cared little for his own dishonour, or the degradation of his kingdom. France, South of the Loire, was mostly his; the Northern portion was possessed and ruled by the Duke of Bedford, Henry the Fifth's brother, as regent for his nephew. For a long time together, little was done in the way of active military operations. Troubles at home made Bedford inactive; and on the French side all was feebleness and disunion. The Duke of Orleans, the natural head of a national party, if Charles deserted his post, was a prisoner in England; and though the treaty of Troyes should have set him at liberty, if it were to make the two countries one for good as well as evil, he was thought too dangerous a person to be restored to France. The great chiefs of the kingdom, many of them,

had made their own terms with the English, and were content to rule their principalities as independent sovereigns. The great monarchy, which had been built up by successive kings of France, seemed to be crumbling to pieces; and, worst of all, the nation seemed to have lost heart and hope.

A. D. 1428. In the autumn of 1428, the Duke of Bedford, having received a large reinforcement from England, determined to prosecute the war south of the Loire, and accordingly laid siege to Orleans, which commands the passage of the river. He contemplated a speedy capture, probably; but France, by that time, had reached her lowest point, and was raised up again almost by miracle. At this period the public events of the day become connected with the adventures of Joan of Arc; and, in telling her story, we shall be describing the steps by which it pleased God to recover the foremost nation of Continental Europe from death to life.

CHAPTER II.

JOAN OF ARC.

[As the facts of the following story are so marvellous, it is very important that we should understand how they are authenticated. Joan of Arc was tried by her enemies before her death, and condemned. Many years afterwards she was tried again, — that is, her fair fame was put upon its trial, — by Charles VII., and friendly witnesses bore willing testimony in her favour. The evidence given on both trials is among the historical records of France, and has lately been published in an accessible and readable form. In the course of the two investigations Joan's whole life was brought out to view. Every fact, great and small, that related to her was most fully detailed. What was spoken by her friends seems, in general, probable and trustworthy; but we shall quote mostly from the report of her enemies; and all that tells in her favour, when adopted by men who hated and killed her, may be taken as proved beyond any reasonable doubt.]

JOAN OF ARC* was a peasant's child, Joan's early years. and born in the village of Domremy, in Lorraine. Her own account, at her trial, makes the year of her birth 1411, or the beginning of 1412. There is conflicting evidence as

* See NOTE (A).

to her home occupations in early life. Hume represents her to have been a groom; others give her the more romantic character of a shepherdess. Her own testimony, which may be taken implicitly as to facts within her own knowledge, declares that, after she was grown up, she never tended cattle. But many of those who knew her in early life, her own cousin inclusive *, speak of having seen her thus employed, without specifying her precise age; and some add that she went to plough sometimes with her father. Her education was that of the period in which she lived. From her mother she learnt to say the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, with the "Ave Maria," which goes along with them in the rudiments of Roman Catholic teaching. Reading and writing were no part of her accomplishments; but for spinning and sewing, she said upon her trial, she "did not fear any woman in Rouen." She was remarkable for her extreme bashfulness, and was known among the neighbours for a kind-hearted creature, always ready to nurse the sick or relieve the stranger, and became a marked person in the little village of Domremy, for the gravity of her character and the ardour of her

* See NOTE (B).

devotions. She went often to confession, and was sometimes seen to kneel and pray in the fields.* When her day's work was done, she would run to the church, and sometimes spend hours before the altar in prayer or silent contemplation. She used to call the sexton to account if he missed ringing the bell for prayers, and promised to give him something if he were more regular. Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret were her favourite saints, and she loved to deck their images with flowers, and to burn candles in honour of the Virgin.

The country immediately about Domremy, like the rest of France, was divided between the English and French factions, or the Burgundians and *Armagnacs*, as the other party was often called after a leading man on the national side. The people of Joan's village, with one exception, were zealous royalists; but some of their neighbours were Burgundians; and the flame of her patriotism was kept alive by feuds and dangers such as civil war can hardly fail to bring in its train. The children had their fights; Joan's own brothers were sometimes among the combatants, and came home with honourable wounds,

* See NOTE (C).

and their tale of victory or defeat. On one occasion, war was presented to her in its sterner aspect. Domremy was taken possession of by a troop of the adverse party, and the inhabitants fled to a neighbouring town with so much of their property as they could carry with them. When they returned, the church was a ruin; the enemy had burnt it; and from that hour, doubtless, rebellion would be associated with sacrilege in the mind of Joan, and the religious sentiment, which coloured her whole life, would be yet more closely blended with devotion to her Prince.

Joan's
Voices.

With scenes like these before her eyes, Joan grew up serious and thoughtful beyond her years. When she was thirteen she began to hear what she called her "Voices." These, we are sure, were but the whispers of her own excited fancy; but to her they seemed as real as if some heavenly messenger had stood visibly by her side. With her fervent religious feelings there were mingled thoughts of her unhappy country, and earnest longings for its rescue. A prophecy had become current that France was to be saved by a woman, as it had been ruined by a woman; and her solitary musings, doubtless, began to shape themselves

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into some vague, dreamy hopes that she might be called to this glorious work. At any rate, strange as the phenomenon may seem, and assured as we are that she was no inspired prophetess, but a mistaken enthusiast, to her statements, so far as they describe her own convictions, we give implicit belief. Too simple to construct a plot, she was also too good to attempt deception; for, amidst all that was superstitious in her devotions, there was yet the trusting faith and love of a sincere Christian. We grieve perpetually, as we follow one so pure and single-hearted, to find the debasing element of Roman Catholic worship mixing itself with her holiest thoughts and feelings. Gladly would we hear less of the Virgin, and St. Margaret, and St. Catherine. But while she believed what her priest had taught her, we cannot doubt, looking at her meekness, her charity, her religious zeal, her noble self-devotion, that she had that better teaching which is vouchsafed to the humble, and that she served God, in her strange eventful course, according to her light.

Joan's own account was as follows. She was in her father's garden, on a summer's day, at noon. She had fasted on the preceding day. She heard something on her right side, towards the church,

and a dazzling light accompanied the sound. She was frightened at first, but still thought it was a good voice, and that it came from God. It charged her to be a good girl and go to church; and when she had heard it thrice, she made sure it was an angel speaking to her. Then, or shortly afterwards, St. Michael stood visibly before her, and a crowd of angelic messengers were about him. "I saw them," she said, when closely pressed at Rouen, "with my bodily eyes as plainly as I see you; and when they left me, I wept, and longed that they would take me away too." St. Margaret and St. Catherine were her visitants at another time, and they had rich and beautiful crowns upon their heads. Two and three times a week she saw the visions, or heard the voices. Then came messages as to her own calling and future destiny. She must not stay where she was, but must go to France, — *that* being the name by which the provinces forming the crown domain were specially designated. She would carry succours to her prince, and help him to recover his kingdom. She must go to Vaucouleurs, and seek out Robert de Baudricourt, who commanded there, and he would give her some men to go with her. "But I am a poor girl," was her answer; "I know not how to ride, or to

lead troops to battle." "Thou shalt go to Monsieur de Baudricourt, captain of Vancouleurs," was the reply, "and he will take thee before the King."

During this period the maid was living alone in the world of her own pure thoughts and excited feelings. Providence seemed to be pointing out some path of heroic enterprise in which she was to walk, and the more steadily she looked at it, the more her gentle nature shrank from the first step of her fated journey. No creature was in her confidence. Her inward convictions grew in intensity and strength; but, as she felt herself to be chosen of God to work out the deliverance of France, it became her to watch most carefully lest by any indiscretion she should commit herself too soon. She did not consult with the priest, she says, for fear her secret should get abroad, and the Burgundians might hear of it, and make her journey to the prince impossible. She did not breathe it to her parents; for her father, she was sure, would never permit her to depart on such a mission. His suspicions had been excited somehow, — possibly by the interest which Joan must necessarily have taken in the events of the war, — by questions, it may be, from which she could not refrain when a stray soldier, or some traveller from

a distance, passed through the quiet village of Domremy; at any rate, he had dreamed that Joan would go along with the soldiers some day; and this was reported by her mother, with the addition that he had said afterwards to her brothers, "If I thought this girl of mine would ever come to that, I would let you drown her; and if you would not do it, I would drown her myself."

Amid perplexities and mental conflicts which such circumstances would necessarily occasion to a person intent only on doing right, Joan reached her seventeenth year. The fair city of Orleans, the last hope of France, was pressed more and more closely by the English armies. To save the kingdom, and to settle its rightful prince securely on the throne, became the passionate wish of Joan's heart, to which every other feeling was subordinate. The voices became more explicit. Two things she was commissioned to do, and God and His saints would help her till they were done. She was to raise the siege of Orleans, and she was to conduct the Dauphin to Rheims to receive the crown of his ancestors.

Visit to
Vaneou-
leurs.

Something must be done in obedience to these commands, and if no assistance can be got from her nearest friends, she must seek advisers elsewhere. It chanced

that a brother of her mother's lived between Domremy and Vancouleurs; so she contrived a visit to him, told him of the necessity that was laid upon her to begin her work, and begged him to assist her so far as to announce her mission to Baudricourt, who was to set her forward on her journey. Her earnestness and importunity prevailed; honest Durand Laxart was the first believer in her mission; and to Vancouleurs accordingly he went, and reported to the captain all he had heard from Joan of her visions, hopes and projects. "Box the girl's ears, and send her home," was the warrior's reply.* Joan, nothing daunted by this repulse, made her way to the town, and told her own tale to Baudricourt. At first she fared no better than her uncle; the old soldier had no mind to listen to the dreams of a peasant girl, and thought that, if France was to be saved, it must be by wiser heads and stronger arms. But having taken the first step, the Maid was proof against all discouragement. She took lodgings in the town, and talked freely of her mission to all comers. Whole days were passed at church; and her pure simple manners, coupled with the fervour of her devo-

* See NOTE (D).

tions, commended her to many among the crowd. A gentleman, named Jean de Metz, met her in the street, and accosted her thus: "What is your business here, my child? We must make up our minds to see the king hunted from his kingdom, and must then turn English ourselves." We have her answer on record; he swore to it in after years, and the words, we are sure, were the very echo of her thoughts at this crisis of her history;—"Ah! the Sire de Baudricourt does not heed me, or care for what I tell him; and yet I must be with the Dauphin before Mid-lent, though to reach him I should wear my legs through to my knees; for no one else in the world, neither king nor duke, can recover this realm of France. There is no help for it but in me. And yet I would rather stay at home, and spin by my poor mother's side, for this is no work for me. But go I must, and do what I say; for my Lord so wills it." "And who is your Lord?" asked the gentleman. "God," she replied. Her words sounded like the voice of inspiration to the astonished enquirer; and he promised, that very hour, that he would conduct her to the King.

Joan's fame, it seems, had reached the Duke of Lorraine, who was then suffering from illness.

A person of her pretensions, he thought, might effect a cure which his physicians had attempted in vain, and he sent for her accordingly. She answered that she had no light from heaven upon that matter; but charged him, as a Christian man, to put away his mistress and take back his wife. Let him help her to the Dauphin, she added, for her mission was to him, and him only; and then she would thank him, and pray for his recovery. This anecdote is worth preserving as a specimen of the Maid's perfect truthfulness and simplicity. She could never be seduced to pretend to powers which she had not. Even to win a powerful friend at that particular time she would not tamper with her mission. A troop of horse to guard her, and a letter from a great prince of France to ensure an audience with the King, she would gladly have bought at any price. Had she parleyed with the Duke, and given him some pretended charm, she might probably have been far upon her journey in a day. But God, she always said, had not spoken to her on matters of that sort. She had received from Him no gifts of healing. In one character, and in one only, did she ever pretend to be exalted above the crowd; and no solicitations from princes or from meaner

Joan's sobriety and caution.

men could induce her to wander a step beyond the path which she supposed to be marked out for her.

Baudricourt, it is said, had communicated in the meantime with the Court, and had the royal permission to send on the Maid. At the command of her Voices she now assumed male apparel, and wore it ever afterwards. The captain gave her a sword for a parting present, but distrusted her too much to advance money for her journey. Among the people some were found more hopeful or more generous, who subscribed sixteen francs for the purchase of a horse; and, thus provided, she began her journey of a hundred and fifty leagues. Jean de Metz, and another gentleman of kindred spirit, bore her company, with two attendants and two men-at-arms.

Journey to
Chinon. It was in the month of February, 1429, that this little party rode out of Vancouleurs. Some months, therefore, had elapsed since Joan's first visit to Baudricourt, which took place about Ascension Day in the preceding year. In the interval, it seems, she had been at home for a while, and afterwards returned to her uncle. The parting with her parents took place, not at Domremy, but at Vancouleurs. They pursued her thither, when the news of her intended journey reached them, and were "almost out of their senses," she says,

when they found that prayers and tears could not turn her from her purpose. This would be a sad parting, and a sore conflict, for one like Joan; but One Voice was to her more authoritative and commanding than those which she had obeyed from childhood; and no prophet ever felt more sure of his mission than she did when she took this work in hand. Her judges, on her trial, were sensitively alive to this breach of filial duty, and asked her whether she had done well to leave her parents against their will. She answered that in all things else she gave them reverence, and even for this act, which displeased them once, she had received their pardon. "But did you not sin in doing as you did?" she was asked again. "When God commanded," was her simple and pertinent reply, "it was right for me to do it. When God bade me, if I had had a hundred fathers and mothers, and had been a king's daughter, I would, nevertheless, have left my home."

The journey, besides being long and toilsome, had difficulties and perils of its own. The greater part of it lay through country possessed by the enemy, or made unsafe by the disorders which follow in the train of war. English troops had to be escaped, and French brigands. High roads

were avoided as much as possible. Rivers were forded at one time, and thick forests were traversed at another. Joan never lost heart. Toils and dangers went for nothing now that her great end was gained. Her only trouble was that the men pushed on too fast, and would not let her stop for mass at every town they came to. Still her Voices were with her, and blessed her journey. "God cleared her way for her,"—"her brothers of Paradise told her what to do,"—were the comfortable sayings with which she cheered her own spirit, and tried to sustain the hopes of her companions. Many, however, by their own confession, were their doubts and misgivings as they travelled onward. More than once the thought entered their minds that Joan was a witch, who might lawfully be made away with; but, then, what agent of darkness could be so clothed with purity? who but a saint of God could be always ready for devotion?

Interview
with the
King.

Charles was at Chinon, between Tours and Saumur, in the valley of the Loire. The party halted a few leagues from that place, and, having announced their object, waited the King's permission to go forward. This was readily granted. Recent disasters, especially the battle of Herrings, fought just as Joan had left Vancouleurs,

made the situation of the Royalists yet more desperate, and strange remedies might well be tried when the emergency was so fearful. After three days she was admitted to the royal presence, singled out Charles at a glance from the crowd of courtiers, and embracing his knees, announced herself as "Joan, the Maid," sent by Heaven to succour him and his kingdom. "Most noble Dauphin," she added, "God sends you word by me that you shall be consecrated and crowned at Rheims; and you shall be the Lieutenant of the King of Heaven, who is the King of France." Her solemn asseverations, in God's name, that Charles was the true heir of France, that the crown was his by right, and that God would give it him, seem to have chimed in with the train of his own thoughts; for he had been discouraged by a long tide of evil fortune, and had connected them with the suspicions which hung about his birth. The words which Joan chanced to use reassured him upon this point, and made him more willing to receive her as a prophetess. Still hope and fear were mixed together in the minds of the men of that age, when any person of supernatural pretensions claimed a hearing. He might come from heaven or from hell; and if it were a lying spirit that spoke by him, then

guilt would be contracted and loss incurred by those who believed the revelation. Churchmen must settle this question : it was too profound for any but holy and learned men who could interpret the will of Heaven with something of authority.

Examination at Poitiers. So the Maid was carried to Poitiers, where there was a famous university ; and priests and monks and doctors of theology plied her with hard questions, which were answered with admirable promptitude and discretion. All that fell from her, says an old chronicle, was spoken "*grandement et notablement*, though in all things else she seemed the simplest shepherd-girl that you could see anywhere." She told her story with simple dignity. Her Voices,—the Saints,—Michael, the Archangel,—the Lord Himself,—had bidden her to go to Orleans, and had promised that, when the enemy was driven from thence, she should lead the Dauphin to Rheims, to receive the crown of France. From this story she never varied : at Vancouleurs, at Chinon, at Poitiers, she claimed to be a prophetess to this extent and no more ; her credit was staked on the accomplishment of these two predictions ; yet, when they were uttered, Orleans was all but lost, and between that place and Rheims there was not a single fortified place held by the King's troops. In vain the

doctors multiplied their interrogations, and tried her with new tests; in vain, one after the other, they quoted to her wise saws, and explained their doubts with much parade of learning. "There is more in God's books than in yours," she told them: "I don't know A or B, but I come on behalf of the King of Heaven, and my business is to raise the siege of Orleans, and to crown the King at Rheims." "But what need is there for men-at-arms?" they said; "if God will deliver France, He can do it of His own will." "The men will fight," she answered, "and God will give them victory." They demanded some proof that God had spoken by her: without a sign the King's troops must not be endangered. "Alas! it is not at Poitiers," was the Maid's reply, "that I am to show you signs; give me soldiers, be they few or many, and lead me to Orleans, and there you shall have signs that will prove my words."

The decision of the theologians left the King free to employ the services of Joan. They reported her faith to be sound, and her reputation without a stain. Her words were those of a good Christian, and her manner of life was holy and devout. So she had a body-guard assigned to her, including a brave knight of mature age, a page of noble

Joan's services accepted.

birth, and six men of meaner rank, one of whom was a brother of her own. Under the direction of her Voices she had a white banner prepared, which figures largely in her history. This she loved "forty times more than her sword;" for her mission, she maintained all through, was not to kill, but to lead brave men to battle, and to cheer them on in God's name. The banner had a white ground besprinkled with the lilies of France: the Saviour, too, was pictured upon it, holding the world in His hands, with attendant angels, while the words "Jesus, Maria," in legible characters, declared to friends and foes in whose name she fought.

Meanwhile the reputation of the Maid was spreading far and wide. It had already reached Orleans, and greatly encouraged Dunois, who was in command there, and was sorely pressed by the besiegers. The admiration of the common people was raised to enthusiasm by her look of modesty and words of gentleness, coupled with her assumed character and saintly reputation. Even rude warriors, whom long years of irregular warfare had hardened and corrupted, could not resist her influence. She would have none enrolled among her troop who had not first confessed themselves. Men, to whom cursing had become like their

mother-tongue, restrained themselves in her presence; and the licence and disorder of the camp were checked by her indignant rebukes. Levies went on in the meantime, and an army for the relief of Orleans began to muster at Blois. Six thousand men were assembled by the middle of April; and when the Maid gave them a meeting there, in white armour, with her head uncovered, seated on a black charger which she managed with graceful ease, the past misfortunes of France were forgotten; the hearts of men and officers beat high with hope, and they made sure, like herself, of coming victory.

From Blois Joan wrote, or rather Letter to the English commanders. dictated, a letter to the English generals, charging them in God's name to save bloodshed by retiring peaceably to their own country. War had no delights for her, and she would neither fight herself, nor encourage others to fight, till the stern necessity was forced upon her. The letter has something of the "heroic style" about it, as Michelet says, mingled with a "French vivacity" which reminds him of Henry IVth. One thing is quite plain, — its simplicity marks it for her own; and it is interesting to see how the enduring records of her story coincide with the reports which reach us

from so many witnesses of her words and deeds. "King of England," she writes, "and you, Duke of Bedford, calling yourself Regent of the kingdom of France, render up to the Maid*, who is sent hither by God the King of Heaven, the keys of all the good towns of France which you have taken and plundered. . . . And as for you, archers and men-of-war, of gentle blood or otherwise, before the town of Orleans, get you gone to your own country; and if you fail to do so, then hear what I have to tell you of the Maid, who will come presently to do you hurt. King of England, if you won't do this, I am chief commander (*chef de guerre*), and wherever I shall find your people in France, I will make them go, whether they will or no; and if they refuse, I will have them all killed. I am sent here by God, the King of Heaven, to meet you bodily, and put you out of France. If they will do this that I tell them, I will show them mercy. Do not think, then, that you shall hold this kingdom of France. I call God to witness, the King of Heaven, the Son of

* This does not sound in Joan's usual strain. Other words, it seems, were substituted for her own. When charged upon her trial with having used language too assuming, she defended herself by saying her scribes were in fault. "I said, Restore to *the King*; they wrote, Restore to *the Maid*."

the Holy Virgin, Charles, the true heir, shall have it. This is revealed to him by the Maid, and he shall enter Paris, and many a good companion with him."

The English, as might be expected, poured scorn upon this summons, and it became necessary for the Maid to do more than send words of defiance against the enemy. Her first adventure in war was to accompany a convoy of provisions which had been collected at Blois, and was intended for the relief of Orleans. The complete success of the expedition, coupled with the rumours which had preceded her coming, had its effect both on friends and foes. She had proclaimed herself *chef de guerre* to the English generals, and, acting in obedience to her Voices, she began at once to assume the tone of command. Dunois, the brave commander of the garrison, gave her a meeting on the banks of the Loire, as the party approached the city; and to him she complained that the leaders of her party had gone against her orders, and kept the South side of the river, where the enemy was in least force. "I had so advised them," said the general, "and my most skilful officers did the same." "But the counsel of my Lord," she answered, "is wiser than that of men. You thought to deceive me; but you are deceived yourselves,

for I bring you the best help that was ever given to knight or city. It is given not for any love of me, but out of God's pure goodness, who has listened to Saint Louis and Saint Charlemagne, and had pity on this town."

Entry into

Orleans.

April 29.

1429.

It was night when Joan entered Orleans, but the whole city was astir, and its people came forth in crowds to welcome their deliverer. Men of war marched by her side, and plenty came in her train; so no wonder that to the half-famished inhabitants, radiant as she was with youth and hope, she seemed like an angel from heaven. Women flocked about her to touch her garments, her charger, or her white standard; but to all of them she spoke with her sweet, modest air, and gentle tones, bidding them hope in God, and not in any human instrument. After her day's march she would not retire to rest till she had committed herself and her countrymen to the Divine protection; so she led the way to the cathedral, and there "Te Deum" was chanted by torchlight.

The Maid's presence completely altered the position of affairs before a single blow was struck. For weeks past, rumour had been busy with her name, and a mingled tale of truth and fiction was sure to reach the English camp. Vague alarms

began to take possession of the minds of the soldiery, and damped their zeal and courage. "Two hundred English skirmishers would have chased five hundred French but lately," says the old chronicle, recounting the change of feeling in the two parties; "and now two hundred of the last would have been more than a match for four hundred English." The leaders disguised their apprehensions, but were no longer eager for battle; so five days after the arrival of the first convoy, a second, with a larger force and a more abundant supply, came in from Blois, and Suffolk kept his men close within their forts, while an armed troop, headed by Dunois and the Maid, joined their friends outside, and carried them triumphantly within the walls.

The same afternoon, Joan saw fighting for the first time, and did her part as bravely as if war had been her trade. Not anticipating that there would be any occasion for her services before the morrow, she had retired to her lodging for an hour's repose. While she slept, a portion of the army, accompanied by a goodly company of townspeople, flushed with their recent successes, made an unpremeditated sally, and pushed on to one of the principal English forts, called St. Loup.

Joan's
first fight,
May 4.

There, however, the besiegers met them in considerable force, and the attacking party, being weak and ill-commanded, were soon repulsed. Presently the Maid was in the street*, riding full gallop over the stone pavement, "so that the sparks flew about her." Her Voices had roused her, she said; her Voices guided her to the place of combat; her Lord had told her all. Certain it is that she had started suddenly from her bed, had called for her squire, and armed herself in haste; then, complaining that the blood of France was being shed and they never told her of it, made her way straight to the gate of Burgundy. There she met her routed countrymen, followed closely by their pursuers; but her white standard, borne aloft, became a rallying-point for the fugitives. Their courage revived; the tide of battle was presently turned; and the contest was renewed within the English lines. The Maid was in the thickest of the fight, and neither Dunois, who had joined her as she issued from the city, nor the bravest captain among his followers, showed themselves more cool and self-possessed in the face of danger. Before the day was over, the great bastille was won, with a loss to the English of eight hundred men. The story

* See NOTE (E).

was current in Orleans that not a Frenchman had been wounded after Joan led the attack; and, true or false, rumours of this sort were readily believed, and raised the popular enthusiasm to the highest pitch. The besiegers, on the other hand, after the events of that day, could no longer affect to despise the Maid. Their troops were beaten and disgraced; the spell of victory was broken. They mocked her, and called her foul names, when presently afterwards she stood beneath one of their great towers, and bade them depart in God's name; but really their hearts began to melt within them, and the panic was such throughout their camp that the leaders were completely bewildered, and knew not what to decide as to their future course.

A brief interval was given them; for the day which followed these events was the Feast of the Ascension, and most religiously was it kept by the good citizens of Orleans. Its churches resounded with mingled cries of thanksgiving and supplication, Joan setting the example, and charging her companions at arms to prepare for what God might send them, by repentance and confession. But the next day, Friday, May 6. saw the fighting renewed. Contrary to the Maid's advice, it was resolved to attempt the

fortifications on the left bank of the Loire, where the enemy was weakest. For this purpose, the attacking party, headed by Joan and the principal officers, went down the river in boats, and took up their position on a little island separated by two boats' length from the shore. One of the forts, or bastilles, as they were called, was speedily surrendered by the English; and the French commanders, contented with this success, were drawing off their troops, when the besiegers, having the advantage of numbers, became assailants in their turn, and pursued their enemies to the river side. In the insolence of triumph, it seems, they called after the Maid, and applied to her some scornful epithets; but as soon as she could disengage herself from the rout, she faced round, and put their courage to the proof. The white standard was again displayed; the voice of command again arrested the flying host. Joan herself advanced "*a grand pas*" against the enemy, and "the question now was which of her countrymen should best keep pace with her." In the fervour of the moment, all danger was forgotten; no account was taken of disparity of numbers; the principal bastille, in which the English had concentrated their forces, was stormed and taken; and the conquerors took up their position for the

night before the last stronghold of the enemy which remained to them on the southern bank of the Loire. Joan, who had fasted all day (it was Friday), and who had received a slight wound in her foot, was persuaded with difficulty to return to the city, and take a night's rest at her lodgings.

The next day, the 7th of May, was yet more glorious for the Maid Last sortie from Orleans May 7. and France. Seven only had passed

since she entered Orleans, and already she began to be impatient that the enemy were beneath its walls. They were still in strength on the right bank, and, while that was the case, the generals were unwilling to make any serious attack on the remaining bastille, called Les Tournelles. They would wait for reinforcements which could now be poured in without difficulty, and then they would have troops enough to storm the enemy's forts without leaving the city more defenceless than prudence would warrant. When this decision was announced to Joan, she answered, "You have been to your council, and I have been to mine. Be sure that my Lord's design will come to pass, and that of men will come to nought." "I shall have much to do to-morrow," she added,—
"more than I have done yet. I shall be wounded, and lose blood. We must be ready betimes in

the morning." So at sun-rise she presented herself at the gate of Burgundy, and demanded to be let out that she might complete the work which had been so well begun on the previous day. The officer, who kept guard there, did not recognise the Maid as *chef de guerre*, and refused to obey her orders. "You are a bad man," she said, "but whether you choose or not, the men-at-arms shall come out, and shall be conquerors to-day, as they have been before." A crowd collected, and the people were on her side; so the soldier was obliged to yield to their threats, and the Maid went forth, followed by a mingled crowd of soldiers and townsmen. They rushed tumultuously to the boats, crossed the river, and began, with more of courage than of skill, to assail the formidable bulwark of which the besiegers still kept possession. Dunois, and his captains, were too generous not to second the Maid when they found the attack was well begun; so they followed in her track, and fought gallantly by her side. On the opposite bank of the Loire were some of England's best captains, Suffolk, Talbot, Fastolf, and others; but their men would not stir against "the sorceress;" dismay had spread through their ranks and turned brave men to cowards; so they looked on in silence, while Gladsdale

and his company of five hundred, the flower of the English army, defended their post with heroic bravery.

Joan was always for rapid onsets and easy triumphs. Delays did not enter into her reckoning. Prolonged resistance seemed almost like defiance of the will of heaven. When the fighting had lasted for many hours, and her friends were suffering severely from the English archers and artillery, she seized a scaling ladder, jumped into the ditch, and was in the act of mounting, when an arrow struck her between the neck and the shoulder, and, piercing the flesh, showed its point some inches beyond the wound. The Maid was frightened in the first instance, and shed tears; but she soon recovered herself, saying that she had seen her saints, extracted the arrow with her own hands, had the wound hastily dressed, and was able to remount her horse. The day, however, wore on; the French were dispirited, and Dunois was for sounding a retreat. "Wait awhile," cried Joan; "we shall enter presently; let your people rest, and give them something to eat and drink." For herself, she retired to pray; and then, assured of victory, gave orders for a fresh assault. Presently Joan, whom the English had seen struck down and carried away, was be-

neath the walls, cheering on her friends; and as night drew near, the enemy were wearied and disheartened. Then came a fresh body of assailants from the town, and, crossing a broken bridge on planks, attacked the fort on the side which had been supposed impregnable. Resistance grew fainter; Gladsdale and his bravest followers were among the slain; and at last, after a desperate day's fighting, when two hundred only of the defenders survived, the fort was carried.

Joan's return to the city was a march of triumph. The victory was decisive, and the credit of it, in the judgment of her countrymen, was all hers. Every thing had gone well since she entered Orleans. The city had a store of provisions; the enemy was panic-struck; fortifications, which it had taken the enemy months to construct, had been destroyed or captured in as many days. The Maid, nothing elated by these brilliant successes, gave God the glory. Again the aisles of the old Cathedral sounded with the midnight hymn of praise; and they, who had joined in the same act of worship but eight days before, would muse, in solemn thankfulness, upon the strange course of events by which the Maid's promises had been all fulfilled, and their own hopes surpassed.

Then came the concluding scene of this marvellous story. While the church bells in Orleans were ringing their peal of rejoicing through the night, the English leaders were in council, and the resolve was taken to raise the siege. To cover the shame of their defeat they determined to offer battle first; so when the morning came, they drew up in line beneath the city walls. The French captains would have accepted the challenge, but Joan forbade it. It was Sunday, the 8th of May. "For the love of God, and the honour of his blessed day," she cried, "do not begin the battle. It is the good pleasure of God to let them depart, if they will. Should they attack you, defend yourselves with all your might, and you shall be masters." Then, while the enemy retired in good order, the townsmen from the walls watching their retreat, and blessing themselves that their good city was safe and free, the Maid had an altar prepared, and mass was celebrated in the open air, and priests were gathered from the churches to chant their hymn of victory.

The siege
raised.
May 8.

Half, then, of Joan's mission was accomplished. Had her advice been followed, it is probable that a fortnight, instead of two months, would have sufficed for the other half. The troops, who

turned their backs on Orleans were in no fighting humour ; and, on the other hand, the newly-kindled enthusiasm of the French was likely to spread further and wider, if no time were given for it to cool. The Maid pressed an instant march to Rheims, and "her heroic folly," says Michelet, "was the height of wisdom." "Come, gentle Dauphin," was her entreaty to the King at Tours, a few days afterwards, "come and receive your noble crown at Rheims. I am greatly pressed that you should go there. Do not doubt that you shall be anointed as you ought to be."

Battle of Patay. June 18. But other counsellors prevailed. The ground must be cleared as they went along ; the enemy must be driven from the fortresses which lined the banks of the Loire ; all must be done prudently where so much was at stake. Joan was vexed and grieved, but still remained with the army, and did her best for France. Some weeks were spent in marches and sieges, during which period some places were gained, and nothing lost ; but on the 18th of June, the English commanders, Talbot and Fastolf, having united their forces, gave battle near the village of Patay, and sustained a decisive defeat. "Shall we fight, Joan?" the Duke of Alençon had asked, when he saw the English

drawn up for action. "Have you some good spurs?" was her reply. "Shall we have to fly then?" said the general. "Oh no," answered the Maid; "in the name of God, go at them; for they will be routed and fly as fast as they can; and you will want spurs to follow them." Her words came true. The English fought like men under a spell. Captains, whose names had been a terror to France, fled in terror from the field. Talbot was taken prisoner, and two thousand of his soldiers were slain. England had seen no such day since she first laid claim to France nearly a century before.

The story of the month which followed the victory of Patay is admirably told by March to
Rheims. Michelet. It seems fitting that a Frenchman should describe the burst of enthusiasm which carried Charles triumphantly to Rheims, and re-inaugurated the monarchy within its stately Cathedral. We shall, therefore, prefer his rapid sketch and glowing words to any tamer version of our own.

"It was now or never the time to venture on the expedition to Rheims. The politicians wanted to remain still on the Loire, and make sure of Cosne and La Charité; but this time they talked in vain; no timid counsels could now be listened to. Every day brought people flocking in from

all the provinces, attracted by the fame of the Maid's miracles, and believing only in *her*, and in her purpose forthwith to convey the King to Rheims. There was an irresistible outburst of the pilgrim and crusading spirit. The indolent young King himself at last yielded to the popular flood, and suffered himself to be borne along by that vast tide that set in towards the north; and off they started all together, willingly or perforce, King and courtiers,—the politic and the enthusiastic,—the mad men and wise men. They were twelve thousand when they began their march, but their numbers augmented continually as they advanced; every hour brought them additional strength, and those who had no armour followed the holy expedition in plain doublets, as archers, or sword-and-buckler men, even though they were of gentle blood.

“The army marched from Gien on the 28th of June without attempting to enter it, that town being in the hands of the Duke of Burgundy, whom there were reasons for treating with favour. Troyes had a mixed garrison of Burgundians and English, who ventured to make a sortie on the first appearance of the royal army. There seemed small chance of storming a town so well guarded, and that, too, without artillery. On the other

hand, how was it possible to advance, and leave such a place in their rear? The army was already suffering from scarcity. Were it not better to return? The anti-enthusiasts were triumphant.

“There was one old Armagnac councillor, the president Macon, who was of a contrary opinion, well knowing that, in such an enterprise, prudence was on the side of enthusiasm, and that men must not reason in a popular crusade. ‘When the King undertook this march,’ he said, ‘he did it not by reason of the number of his forces or the abundance of his money, nor because the achievement seemed to him possible. He undertook it because Joan told him to advance, and he crowned at Rheims, and that he would encounter little resistance by the way, such being the good pleasure of God.’ The Maid then presented herself at the door of the council room, and assured them they would be able to enter the town in *three* days. ‘We would wait *six*,’ said the Chancellor, ‘if we were sure what you say is true.’ ‘*Six!* you shall enter to-morrow.’

“She seizes her standard; the whole army follow her to the ditch, and they throw into it all they can lay their hands

Troyes
taken.
July 9.

on,—faggots, doors, tables, rafters,—with such rapidity that the townspeople thought the ditches

would very soon disappear altogether. The English began to be dazzled and bewildered as at Orleans, and fancied they saw a cloud of white butterflies fluttering round the magic standard. The burghers, on their part, were in great dread, recollecting that it was in Troyes the treaty had been concluded which disinherited Charles VII., and fearing that an example would be made of their town. Already they were taking refuge in the churches, and crying out that the town must surrender. The fighting men, who desired nothing better, parleyed, and obtained leave to depart with what they had.

“ *What they had* was chiefly prisoners, Frenchmen. Charles the Seventh’s councillors, who had drawn up the capitulation, had stipulated nothing with respect to those unfortunate persons. The Maid alone thought of them. When the English marched out with their prisoners in irons, she stood at the gates, and cried out, ‘In God’s name they shall not carry them off.’ She stopped them, in fact, and the King paid their ransom.

“ Master of Troyes on the 9th of July, Charles made his entry into Rheims on the 15th, and was crowned on the 17th. The Archbishop anointed him with oil out of the holy ampulla brought from St. Remi.* In conformity with ancient

usage, he was lifted up to his seat by the ecclesiastical peers, and served by the lay peers, both at the coronation and the banquet. All the ceremonies were completed without any omission or abridgment, and Charles was now the true King, and the only King, according to the notions of the times. The English might now crown Henry, if they would; but that new coronation could never, in the eyes of the two nations, be more than a parody of the other."

During the ceremony the Maid stood near the altar, with her standard in her hand. The gentlemen of the royal suite supplied, as well as they could, the places of the great peers of France who ought to have been present; but to Joan every eye was turned. "She, in fact, under God," says the old chronicle, "was the cause of that same crowning, and had gathered that noble assembly; and if any one had seen her fall upon her knees before the King, and then clasp his legs and kiss his feet, shedding warm tears the while, he must have had his heart moved within him. Many, indeed, could not refrain from tears, when she said, 'Gentle King,

Coronation
at Rhiems.
July 17.

* According to the national legend, a dove had brought it from heaven, and it had been used at the coronation of Clovis and all his successors.

now is accomplished the pleasure of God, who willed that you should come to Rheims to receive your crown, thereby showing that you are the true King, to whom the kingdom of right belongs.’”

The Maid had accomplished wonders in war, and now tried the yet harder task of reconciling sworn foes. That day of Jubilee, the memorable Sunday which witnessed the anointing of Charles, was a fit time for earning the blessing of a peacemaker; so, with characteristic simplicity and hopefulness, she addressed a letter to the Duke of Burgundy in the following terms:—“Mighty and redoubtable Prince, Joan, the Maid, requires, in the name of the King of heaven, my sovereign Lord, that the King of France and yourself shall make a good, firm, and lasting peace. Forgive one another cordially and entirely, as good Christians ought to do; and if you will go to war, go against the Turk. Prince of Burgundy, I beg and pray and demand of you, as humbly as I may, not to make war any more against the holy kingdom of France, and to command an immediate and speedy retreat to all your people that are in any places or fortresses of the said kingdom. As for the gentle King of France, he is ready to make peace with you,

saving his honour; so the matter rests with you. And I would have you know, from the King of heaven, my rightful Lord, for your safety and your honour, that you shall not win the battle against loyal Frenchmen, and that all those who war against the said kingdom of France, war against Jesus, King of heaven and all the world, and my rightful Lord. I beg and pray you, as on my knees, not to give battle, nor war against us, you and your people and your subjects; for take my word for it, whatever number of people you shall bring against us, they shall not have the better of us; and it will be a great pity that we should have fighting, and that the blood of those who come against us should be shed. I sent letters to you three weeks ago by a herald, that you might be present at the King's coronation, which is to take place this present Sunday, the 17th day of July; but I have had no answer from you, and have heard no news of my herald since. I commend you to God, praying Him, if He pleases, to have you in His keeping, and that He will bring about a happy peace."

Not yet, however, were Joan's labours at an end. Her country was still far away from "a happy peace;" and to the Maid herself it never came. With

Joan's purity
and longing
for home.

war and all its frightful evils she was to be conversant through all her remaining days of liberty. Yet, in the camp, surrounded by rude warriors, whom she found it easier to lead to battle than to restrain from evil, she kept her pure, gentle nature unsullied. After all her triumphs and successes, she had nothing of the soldier spirit kindled within her. She wore a charmed sword, blessed as she thought by St. Catherine, but she seldom used it. When it was necessary for self-preservation, she would use the lance which formed the handle of her standard, or a little battle-axe which she carried by her side; but her business, she thought, was not so much to strike and kill, as to show her countrymen the path to victory. Military licence found no favour in her eyes, and at times, when food was scanty, she preferred denying herself to living on the enemy. Her confessor, Pasquerel, who testified that he verily believed she was sent of God, as she was "full of all the virtues," mentions that she would never touch what had been procured by plunder. For the dying, too, he said, she had a special care, and when life still lingered in some of the enemy, as they lay helpless in the field, would send priests to confess them. After she had given Charles his crown and half his kingdom, instead of loving

the strange, unnatural life to which Providence had led her, she was longing to be back again in her cottage home; and, in the midst of the most exciting scenes, while keeping company with the captains and heroes of France, would talk, like a banished child, of Domremy and her aged parents. "What a good and pious people," she exclaimed one day, shortly after the coronation at Rheims, when a crowd of peasants met the King in one of his marches, with tears of joy, and greeted him with a *Te Deum* and other hymns of praise,— "what a good and pious people are these; when my time comes, I should like well to die and be buried here." Where do you suppose that you shall die, and when?" asked Dunois, who rode by her side. She answered that she knew not, that it would be as God should please, and then added, "I have done what my Lord commanded me, which was to raise the siege of Orleans, and to have the gentle King crowned; and now I wish they would send me back to my father and mother, to look after their sheep and cattle, and do what I was wont to do." *

* Michelet winds up the chapter from which I have quoted so largely (book. x. chap. 3.) with this anecdote, and describes the conversation as having been held with the King as he first entered Rheims. He refers to Petitot,

The men of France, however, would not spare her. Much was to be done before their country could be won back from its invaders, and her presence with the army seemed to be the pledge of certain victory. The risk and the loss were hers, and the gain was all theirs; but the King's entreaties were a law to poor Joan, and her own wishes were surrendered to the supposed necessities of the kingdom. She went with the army as before; she was impetuous and fearless as ever; she witnessed the progress of the royal cause with the most intense delight; but there was no longer the same confidence as when she left Blois to relieve Orleans, or set forward towards Rheims with the crown of France filling her thoughts and dreams. Her Voices were far less express and frequent, it seems, henceforth; she had a less definite course of action; she was less clear and resolved in her own mind, and more swayed by the counsels of others. In the last stage of her active career, commencing from this period, she was like a victim going to the sacrifice, and seems to have had many misgivings as to her coming fate.

vol. viii. p. 206. as his authority. There, however, we find the conversation reported as having been held at another time, and at another place.

In the weeks which followed, "the roads grew smooth before the King; the towns threw open their gates, and lowered their drawbridges." The English, on the other hand, had almost disappeared from the country of which they were lately masters. Paris was still theirs, but their diminished forces made them tremble even for that. Cardinal Beaufort, who then ruled England in the name of Henry VI., came over with reinforcements, and Bedford, thus strengthened, twice offered battle, which Charles declined. At last, while the English armies were guarding Normandy, he made a dash at Paris, hoping to carry it by assault; but his friends in the city were not strong enough to declare themselves, and he met with a repulse which seriously damaged his cause. Unwillingly, it seems, the Maid had advanced beyond St. Denys. This was sacred in her eyes as the place where the kings of France were buried, and, whenever she could, she loved to linger on holy ground. But when it was resolved to advance, she led the assailing party herself, crossing one ditch, and trying with her lance the depth of a second which was under the very walls. She was near enough to call to the soldiers on the ramparts, and cried out, like one who was speaking with the authority of heaven,

Attempt on
Paris. Sep-
tember 8.

“Give up this city to the King of France;” but they answered her with foul reproaches and a shower of arrows. One of them wounded her in the thigh, and the faithful squire, who carried her standard, was struck down by her side. Still, undaunted by the pain of her wound, and thinking that faith and courage might overcome all obstacles, she bade her countrymen cross the deep fosse and scale the high wall, trusting to God’s favour and protection. For some time she lay stretched upon the ground, while her friends were in full retreat, and it was not till late at night that the entreaties of the Duke of Alençon prevailed upon her to return to St. Denys.

Fifteen hundred men were wounded in this attack; but, what was far worse, the Maid’s name was damaged by defeat, and her promises were less trusted for the future. The assault was made on the 8th of September, which is kept holy by the Roman Catholic Church as the day of the Virgin Mary’s Nativity; and the citizens of Paris were attending high mass when the alarm was given. This fact was turned against her. Enemies and friends alike talked of the profanation of the holy season, and said that Joan, by advising or sanctioning it, had brought the wrath of heaven upon the King and his cause. Many were sure

to turn against her from jealousy and ill-will; and others, who followed her most blindly, would begin to doubt and waver, as soon as some decided check was given to her career of conquest. In fact, the retreat from Paris seems to have been the first stage in that downward course which terminated in her imprisonment and death.

She was ennobled, however, before she was disgraced. At Rheims, doubtless, on his Coronation day, Charles would have given any honours that she sought. But such prizes as common men covet were nothing to her. Badges and titles of distinction,—broad lands or heaped-up gold,—would have seemed to her cheap as dirt compared with the privilege of having favoured the right cause, and helped the King to his throne. So, for months afterwards, she remained, simply, “Joan, the Maid,” and never desired to be known by any other name to her own age or to posterity. But in December, to lighten his own burden of obligation, the King granted a patent of nobility to Joan herself, her father, mother and brothers. The document recounts the singular goodness of God in sending to him such special favours by the hand of Joan, and “the praiseworthy, most welcome, and most

Joan en-
nobled.

seasonable services which she had rendered to his kingdom, services which he hopes to see continued and enlarged as time shall serve." Wherefore, to commemorate what God hath done, and to give the world a proof of his royal liberality, he wills that she and her near kindred shall rank to all intents and purposes as if they had been nobly born, and that all the rights of nobility, of what kind soever, shall descend after them to their posterity, male and female. At Joan's own request, another favour was granted which she valued at a higher rate, namely, immunity from taxation for her native village. With the nobility, who lived in a world far away from her own humble sphere, she did not desire to be numbered; but it pleased her well to be able to offer some boon to those among whom she had spent her childhood. So in the Collector's books for that particular department, for three centuries afterwards, there appeared no sum opposite Domremy; but, instead of it, the expressive words, "NOTHING, *for the Maid's sake.*"

Joan's last
days of
liberty.

During the winter that followed the events which we have been describing, the details relating to Joan's history are much scantier than we could wish. She seems to have spent her time with the army;

but few enterprises of great importance were undertaken, and little advantage was gained on either side. We know only that she was unspoiled. Her piety and simplicity were still the same. She pretended to no knowledge of the future beyond what her Voices gave her by special revelation when her country's need seemed to call for it. When women brought her crosses and chaplets to touch, she would answer, "Why not touch them yourselves, good people; it will do quite as well." For the poor she retained a special kindness, and loved to mingle with children in the country churches who were preparing for their first communion. When she spoke humbly of her work, and some replied that nothing like it had ever been heard before, or even read in books, "My Lord," she answered, "has a book which no clerk can read, be he ever so clerk-like in his learning."

With the return of Spring, military operations were renewed with more Her capture. vigour. The town of Compiègne had surrendered in the preceding summer to the King, and was now attacked by the Duke of Burgundy, who hoped to recover it. The Maid gallantly came to its rescue, and in her usual fashion turned assailant at once, making a sortie that very day

which took the besiegers by surprise. They speedily rallied, however, and became pursuers in their turn. Then Joan took the post of danger, and tried to protect the rear; but in so doing she was shut out of the town when the gates were closed, and captured. The men of France, May 23. who should have been willing, every 1430. one of them, to buy her life with theirs, left her a prey to the enemy. The governor of Compiègne, some say, had sold her, and took this method to complete his wretched bargain. At any rate, she was left, when others for whom she had perilled life were safe within the walls; and being recognised by her costume, which had become familiar by this time to English and Burgundians, she was surrounded and made a prisoner. Popular tradition still points out the spot where an archer of Picardy seized her and dragged her from her horse, glad enough to secure such a prize, and astonished, perhaps, to find that it could be won so easily.

Her capture took place on the 23rd of May, 1430. Her execution took place on the 1st of June in the following year, and during that weary interval the Maid had to endure the tortures of many martyrdoms. Seldom have there been a rise and a fall like hers. From Domremy to Rheims,

—from Rheims to Rouen,—what a wide gulf does there seem in each instance! But the details of the second stage are as sad as the record of the first is romantic and inspiring. She seemed to have enemies every where, and friends nowhere. Too simple and single-hearted to make or court a faction, she had trodden her steep, rough path by herself, had stood alone on the lofty pinnacle of fame, and now was hurled from it without one interposing arm or protesting voice. The basest passions were at work to destroy her. Some feared to let her live, after seeing what her name and influence had wrought for their overthrow. Some hated with a cruel hatred the girl before whom their armies had fled in terror and disgrace. Some longed to discredit the royal cause by representing its champion to be an agent of the devil. Some were lusting after worldly gains to which they were to be helped at the cost of the poor captive Maid.

She was first in the hands of one Jean de Ligny, a vassal of the Duke of Burgundy, who was glad of an opportunity of doing what would please his Lord, having his eye upon an estate to which the Duke's influence might help him. Burgundy, just then, was anxious to be on good terms with

Joan sold to
the English.
Nov. 1430.

England for the sake of his trade; and gladly negotiated for the sale of the Maid to her bitterest enemies, the price being equivalent to a prince's ransom, ten thousand livres. But, even then, some plea was necessary for getting rid of a prisoner of war by violence; so an ecclesiastic was found, one Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, to claim her as being taken within his jurisdiction, and suspected of heresy and witchcraft; he, too, having his private ends to serve, for the archbishopric of Rouen was vacant, and to please Cardinal Beaufort was the surest path to promotion. Thus fear and hatred were leagued together, —ambition and covetousness went hand in hand, —leading men of three different countries were combining their efforts, —and the end which they had in view was the destruction of one pure-minded, heroic girl, whose only fault it was to have loved her King, and served her country, with a devotion that put colder loyalty to shame. Under such circumstances the end could not be doubtful. She was formally surrendered to Cauchon, as the proper person to take judicial cognizance of offences against religion; and with him was associated the Vicar of the Inquisition in France, an obscure Dominican, to give the tribunal a more dignified and impartial character.

Months were consumed in these negotiations, and in the interval the poor Maid was a solitary prisoner in the castle of Beaurevoir, at no great distance from Compiègne. The latter place was still in the hands of the King's friends, but close pressed by the English. The rumours of its distress reached her in her captivity, and true as ever to the great principle of her life, she longed for freedom that she might do battle once more for France. Her mind was bewildered, it seems, between the passionate desire to deliver the besieged loyalists, and fear of doing any thing forbidden to compass an end so precious; till, at last, one day, when she was unguarded at the summit of a lofty tower, in a fit, not of desperation, as she said herself, but of enthusiastic hope, expecting to be borne up and preserved by an act of divine power, she threw herself headlong from the walls. No miracle was wrought to save her; she found herself presently on the ground, not free to make straight for Compiègne, but severely hurt, so as to be re-captured without difficulty. The action passed for an attempt at self-destruction; and while the ladies of Ligny nursed her tenderly, her enemies elsewhere gloried in this supposed blot on her saintly character.

Joan's trial
at Rouen.

Jan. 9.
1431.

It was not till the 9th of January that the proceedings were opened at Rouen, and the first appearance of Joan before the Court was on the 21st of the following month, just nine months after her military career had ended. The indictment charged her that, having "discarded all modesty, and being a person of wonderful and monstrous depravity," she had worn garments unsightly to be seen, and suited only to the other sex; moreover, that she "had proceeded to such a pitch of presumption as to do, say and publish abroad many things contrary to the Catholic faith;"—that, in matters of this sort, both in the said diocese of Beauvais, and in many other parts of the kingdom, she had been a greivous offender;—that the Bishop, accordingly, as became his pastoral office, had determined to make inquisition into the charges aforesaid;—that John of Luxemburg and the Duke of Burgundy, moreover, "piously desiring that all things might be done for the increase of religion," and the King of England, besides, "animated by the liveliest zeal for the orthodox faith," had seconded his wishes, and delivered up the said woman into his hands, to be dealt with according to the laws and usages of the Church. More than forty assessors were mustered, includ-

ing Abbots, Priors, Canons, Doctors of Theology, and Licentiates in Civil Law ; and before a host like this, the poor Maid had to stand up, without advocate or friend, to answer for herself. Let it be remembered that everything relating to the trial, comes from the judicial documents drawn up by her accusers. All, therefore, that goes to prove Joan's perfect rectitude of purpose, is certified to us, as few things are, or can be, in any historical inquiry. When the Secretary sat in court, and noted down what she said from day to day, he little thought what a monument he was building up to the prisoner's fame. But there it is ; and as we read what he has written, we marvel successively at her self-possession, her conscientiousness, her pertinent replies, and never-failing patience. She speaks unreservedly at one time, and cautiously at another ; but never, by her speech or silence, is there any effort to conciliate her judges. The good sense and good faith are always on the Maid's side ; the trifling puerilities, and lack of wisdom and fairness, are all on theirs.

The first dispute between them was
about her oath. Being required to swear Feb. 21.
upon the holy gospels that she will tell the
truth concerning all the things respecting which
she should be interrogated, she takes her ground

as one not free to tell abroad all that has been revealed to her in times past. "I don't know what you mean to ask me about," she said. "Perhaps you will ask me what I ought not to tell you. All that relates to my father and mother I will tell you, and what I did when I had taken my journey into France. But there are revelations which I have received from God, which I never told to any living man, except my King, and would not tell, even if I were to have my head cut off." "But at any rate," it was replied, "you may swear to tell the truth about matters which concern our faith;" and to this the Maid was sworn, upon her bended knees, with both hands upon the Missal. The same scene was renewed on the second day with the same result; yet on the third day the attack was renewed on the old ground. "You must swear absolutely and without conditions of any sort," said the presiding judge, "to give true answers to all that we shall ask you." "I have sworn twice already," she said; "that is enough, and you may well dispense with more." "You lay a heavy load upon yourselves in this matter, and press me more than you ought to do." "You might command me to tell what I have sworn not to tell; and then I should have the guilt of perjury which you would not wish." It was

evident enough that her very scruples on the subject were a better security for truth-telling than twenty oaths lightly taken; but with dogged resolution, as if to tease and worry their victim, the men plied her with threats and admonitions. Joan was as firm as they, and with better reason. "I am ready to swear to tell the truth about all I know relating to this inquiry," she said again; and so the matter concluded for that time.

When this point was settled to the satisfaction of the court, they questioned her about her birth, her religious teachers, her childhood and her early youth. All was told with the greatest frankness and simplicity;—her home pursuits,—her visit to her uncle and journeys to Vancouleurs,—her repulse by Baudricourt,—her importunity and subsequent success,—her journey to Chinon, and meeting with the King. "I saw St. Michael first," she said, "when I was thirteen, and he had many angels with him. I saw St. Margaret and St. Catherine afterwards. I knew them because they told me who they were. I did all at their bidding, and when I knew the King at Chinon, it was because they prompted me."* Such had been her unvarying testimony since she first

* See NOTE (F).

left her native village and declared that she had a work to do for France; and word for word it was repeated once again before captious and hostile judges.

Joan, a heretic, or a witch. *Two* questions naturally arose out of her story:—First, did she see the saints, or not? and secondly, if she did not really see them, did she believe her own story, or try to pass a lie upon the world for truth? Was she a cheat who aimed at notoriety, and cared not how it was won? or a dreamer of dreams whose fancies had shaped themselves into forms, which to a person of her impassioned temperament had all the appearance of reality? This last conclusion, it seems quite impossible for any candid mind to resist. All the evidence tends that way, and there is no single circumstance which gives the smallest plausibility to the other supposition. A third question, however, perplexed the minds of the men who tried her. “Was she a heretic or a witch?” In either character she might be burnt; but they thought it important to settle which badge of infamy should be fastened upon her before they gave sentence in the Church’s name. Still, upon their theory, as it seems to us, nine tenths of their questions might have been spared; and a much shorter process would have been more

humane to Joan, and less discreditable to themselves. It did not much signify, surely, how Joan knew St. Catherine from St. Margaret, — whether they were of the same age, and were dressed alike, — whether she saw any thing but their faces, — whether they had rings in their ears, and long flowing hair under their crowns, — whether they had wings or arms, — whether they both spoke together or in turns ; yet such was the style of the examination often through half a day, while the poor Maid listened, and tried to recal the visions of the past, and answered some questions affirmatively, and some with hesitation, as one fearful to speak a syllable beyond the truth. “ I can’t remember now ; ” — “ I knew once, but it is forgotten ; ” — “ I told them at Poitiers about this ; I remembered then ; you can send there and learn what I said ; ” — “ Pray, spare me, and pass on to something else ; ” — were some of her simple, touching replies at times like these.

All that had been reported by friends to her honour, or invented by enemies to bring scandal on her name, was turned against her with ingenious, persevering malignity. “ Did you know,” asked her judges, “ that people on your side had masses celebrated, and prayers offered up, to do

you honour?" "If they had any religious service on my account," was her answer, "I never told them; and if they prayed for me, surely they did nothing wrong." "But did they not believe firmly that your mission was from God, and did they believe well in thinking so?" "I do not know what they believed," said Joan; "their own hearts can tell that best; but if they thought I was sent of God, they were not mistaken." "But did you not know what was in the hearts of your people when they kissed your feet and hands and garments?" "Many, doubtless, were pleased to see me; poor people especially would come about me to embrace me, because I never did them wrong, but took pleasure rather in helping them when I could."

Her Voices, it seems, had not left her: they Feb. 24. were with her in prison. She says, on one occasion, that she had heard them the day before,—that they woke her in the morning,—that some things were said which she did not understand, but, when she was wide awake, they told her to answer boldly,—that she sat upon her bed, and with clasped hands begged for their help and guidance, and they gave for answer that God would help her. Her courage seems to have grown, and her spirit to have kindled, as she

recalled the scene; for after describing it particularly, she said to the Bishop, " You call yourself my judge; take care, then, what you do; for I am truly sent from God, and you are running into danger;"—" I believe firmly, as firmly as I believe that God redeemed us from the pains of hell, that the Voice came from God." Then came the nice distinctions and refinements of men who had their own theories about angels and spirits, and thought the poor Maid must understand them too. " Was that Voice you speak of," they said, " a single angel, or did it come immediately from God, or was it the voice of some saint, male or female?" " The voice came from God," she answered; " I believe I don't tell you quite plainly what I know; for I am more afraid of doing wrong by saying what may displease the Voices than I am of answering you."

The marvel is, that human patience could hold out against the teasing of the doctors, with their infinitely small questions a dozen times repeated. *Eight* times in as many days, sometimes *twice* in the *same* day, during the month of March, she was put upon this sort of rack; and yet, strange to say, she did not turn on the men who baited her, and say, " I am sick and weary of these childish follies; you know all

Joan's patience and cleverness.

about me that you need to know ; you can kill me, if you like, for I am but a helpless woman ; but, God helping me, I will not speak another word." She went on answering, and her answers were marvellous for their discretion at one time, and for their promptness at another. When the inquiries were most irrelevant, she either brought back her judges to the point from which they had wandered, reminding them that her oath was not binding beyond certain limits, and that to statements wholly unconnected with the matter in hand she would not commit herself ; or else she met the grave old gentlemen with some quick-witted retort, without any thing of rudeness or passion, which must have flashed like lightning, almost, on their bewildered intellects. " Was St. Michael naked, when you saw him ? " they said one day ; " Do you think the Lord had not enough to find him clothes ? " answered the Maid. " Did St. Margaret talk English ? " inquired the wiseacres ; " Why, she was not on the English side," Joan reminded them ; " how should she talk their tongue ? " " Do St. Margaret and St. Catherine hate the English ? " was another query ; " *They* love what our Lord loves," said the pure-hearted girl, " and hate what He hates." " Does God hate the English, think you ? " " How He

esteems their souls I cannot tell," Joan replied, with the charity which never failed her; but added, with her true French heart, in the face of men who were all on the English side, "I know well they shall all be driven out of this land, except those who perish in it."

The doubtful points of her life were recurred to again and again, and were strangely coupled, sometimes, with supposed irregularities in military transactions, as if poor Joan, besides being the router of armies, had been presiding judge on courts-martial, and supreme arbitress in every disputed question of campaigning morality. "Were you in mortal sin, when you let a prisoner of war be put to death; — and again, when you rode on that horse which belonged to the Bishop of Senlis; — and again, when you wore man's clothes; — and again, when you attacked Paris on the festival-day; — and again, when you threw yourself from the tower of Beaurevoir?" For the trifling and the serious, in interrogatories of this sort, the Maid was alike prepared. "The prisoner was a bad man, and was judged for past crimes by the proper officers." "The Bishop got his horse back again; besides it was but a poor steed for military purposes." Then, "for her man's dress, she had done what she did at God's bidding and

in His service ; and when He pleased, her male attire should be put off again." "If she did wrong in assaulting Paris, that was the Church's concern, and she would confess gladly to a priest." "At Beaurevoir, when she perilled her life by leaping from the tower, she did *not* well, she thinks ; on the contrary, it was ill done ; but it was in charity to the poor suffering townsmen the venture was made, and on that point she made sure that she had a pardon from God."

More than once the trap was so laid as to render it difficult for her to make her ground good without seeming to exalt herself unduly. As far as her Voices went, she claimed to have favours and privileges of no common kind. Did she, then, think herself beyond the reach of danger ? Her heavenly visitants encouraged her, she said, to martyrdom by the hope of Paradise. Was it out of the question, then, that she should commit mortal sin ? "I know nothing about it ; I leave that to the Lord," was her reply ; and again, when asked whether she knew herself to be in a state of grace, she gave a reply frank and modest like herself : "If I am not, I pray God to bring me to it ; and if I am, may He keep me in it. I should be the most wretched creature on earth if I thought I were not in God's favour. Besides,

if I were in a state of sin, the Voice, I think, would never come to me; and I should be glad enough to have all the world understand it as well as I do."

When the ingenuity of the judges was exhausted, and it was difficult to find new questions wherewith to perplex or tease her, the case against poor Joan seemed but a weak one, and the Court lacked courage to condemn her. Again and again, the poor Maid was pressed to condemn herself, or at any rate to leave the whole matter of her pretensions and doings to be decided on by the Church. Submissive and docile in other things, upon one point she was immoveable. *Her mission must not be questioned.* She had guides who had sent her on her way, higher than any earthly teacher. Doctor, Bishop, Pope were no court of appeal, when the saints in heaven had spoken. So she stood out bravely, and answered nobly, "I love the Church and would support it with all my power, as a Christian ought to do; and reason there is none why I should be kept, as I am, from going to church and hearing mass. As to the good works I have done, I must refer myself to the judgment of the King of Heaven who sent me." "*But what of the Church?*" said the churchmen;

Refuses to
condemn
herself.

“ will you not submit your words and deeds to her decision?” “ Our Lord and the Church are one,” she said in her simplicity. But when she was told that she must distinguish between the *glorified* Church in heaven, and the *militant* Church, consisting of Pope and Cardinals, and Bishops and Clergy, and faithful men to boot, she went back to her old point : her convictions were more to her than all the nice distinctions of learned men. “ I came,” she said, “ to the King of France on the part of God, the blessed Virgin, the Saints in Paradise, and all the victorious Church on high ; to *that Church* I submit all that I have done, and all that I shall do ; and as to the Church militant, I will give you no other answer.”

On Good Friday and Easter Sunday, when the churches of Rouen were thronged with worshippers, she was in her prison fastened to a post by a heavy chain. No mass for her, and no communion, though her longings for them were of the intensest kind. On the intervening Satur-

day, being the last day of March, Joan
March 31.

was called upon for her final answer to a very long indictment, comprised in seventy articles, and filling one hundred and twenty printed pages. Some she had already admitted ; some she had denied ; upon some she had made judi-

cious and appropriate comments; some she had asked time to consider, that her reply might be given with more of calmness and deliberation. The question about referring herself to the judgment of the Church was one of these; and her well weighed decision is worth quoting from the original document. "As to that which is demanded of me, I do refer myself to the judgment of God's Church on earth, provided it shall not require of me an impossibility. And that which I have now in my thoughts I call an impossibility; namely, that I should retract what I have said upon the trial as to my visions and revelations, or what I have done by the command of God. I will not retract it for any body. And for that which God sent me to do, or shall command henceforth, I will not fail to do it for any man living." Here issue was joined, then; she must be dealt with as wicked laws or unscrupulous judges might determine; but to her own degradation the Maid would never be consenting.

Meanwhile, the Duke of Bedford grew impatient, and pressed for a con-
Bedford
presses for a
conviction.
demnation which should dishonour the King of France as having been helped by a witch. Joan had been seriously ill during Passion Week, and it was feared that the English might lose

their prey. Cauchon, the Duke's willing instrument, was told that it was time this business was settled; affairs of state must not be kept in suspense while they were letting a worthless girl, who had allied herself to the devil, carry on this idle war of words from week to week; he looked to have his pleasure done, and *that* speedily. The Bishop stirred himself, and appealed to the lawyers first, whom he found refractory, then to the chapter of Rouen, who did not love him well enough to decide promptly as he wished. At last, the university of Paris was tried; and while an answer was expected from that quarter, the judges did their utmost to bring Joan to confession. On the 18th of April, when she was brought very low by illness, the Bishop, and half a dozen doctors with him, went to her prison, according to their own story, that they might "lovingly exhort, and gently admonish her." To her entreaty that, in her extremity, if her sickness went on to death, she might have the last rites of the Church, and be laid in consecrated ground, they answered that these things were for good Catholics, and she must prove herself one by submission. Afterwards they tried her with other weapons.

May 9. The rack was carried into her prison; and men stood by ready to put her to the torture;

and, thus confronted, the poor Maid was exhorted to confess the truth. But the spirit was still strong even in that enfeebled frame. They might tear her limb from limb, she said ; but she could not vary her story. The angel Gabriel was with her the week before. She was well assured that God had ruled her in all that she had done, and the devil had no power in her. The decision of that day is worth giving in the Court's own words. " When we saw the obstinacy of her spirit, and the fashion of her answers, we, fearing that the torture would do her little good, determined to delay the infliction of the same until we had taken further counsel on the subject."

The longest things must have an end, and so even this weary trial did not last for ever. The reply of the university came at length, and was read out on the 19th of May. It was as decisive in its tone, and as peremptory in its conclusions, as Cauchon himself could wish. The judges had done all things well ; and for poor Joan, they decreed that she was either a wilful, wicked liar, or in alliance with Belial, Satan, and Behemoth ; that her story reflected very much on the dignity of angels ; that some of the articles proved her to be much given to superstition, a dealer in enchantments, a

Judgment
against
Joan.
May 19.

most unscrupulous story-teller, and a vain boaster; that she was a proved blasphemer and despiser of the holy sacraments, unsound in the faith, and a follower of heathen customs, if not an actual idolater; that she was a crafty and cruel traitress, thirsting for human blood; moreover, a most undutiful and unruly daughter, tampering with the divine command which prescribed piety at home; and, lastly, to crown the whole, a schismatic and apostate, who had very bad notions about the unity and authority of the Church.

Had they burnt her the next day, the judges would have spared something of their own dignity, and would have been pronounced by posterity not a whit more cruel and unjust. Or if they had kept her in prison to receive monthly lectures on orthodoxy from the doctors, threatening her with death if she did not recant her errors, they might have been supposed to wish well to her soul, though they were wretched, narrow-minded bigots who could not read a character like Joan's. But they took pains to heap infamy on themselves. They parleyed with her,—pretended to pardon her upon conditions,—tried her again on the plea that she had broken faith,—and then burnt her, apparently, without any formal sentence, as one who had troubled them too long, and must be put out of

the way for peace' sake. History lives, however, thank God, though men die; and all their mean paltry arts, now that the whole tale is known, recoil upon themselves. One only wonders why they tormented her so long if they meant to play her so foul at last; but, certainly, if they had wished to give dramatic interest to her story, they could scarcely have contrived it better. We see hard-hearted men of power arrayed against one gentle, friendless maiden,—trickery and fraud met by guileless innocence,—traitors to their country conspiring to destroy the most loyal subject in France,—judges shrinking from the last act of cruelty lest the world should cry shame upon them, while the prisoner bravely stood to all she had said and done, declaring, with simple, straightforward honesty, that duty called her to it.

Three scenes taken from the last ten days of the Maid's life will bring our narrative to a conclusion. On the 23d of May, behind the beautiful church of St. Ouen, Cardinal Beaufort, with two judges and thirty-three assessors, took their seats on a raised platform, while Joan stood on another, amid ushers and torturers. The executioner was in a cart beneath, and a doctor, noted for his eloquence, stood

Last days
of Joan.
May 23.

by her side. The proceedings began with a sermon, and the text was this,—“The branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine.” The practical application was very obvious, that the Maid must submit herself to the Church, *that* being the vine, according to the doctor’s exposition. She referred herself to God and the Pope, in the first instance; but on being told the Pope was a long way off, and that Bishops were his proper representatives, she was silent for a while, and gave no answer to a monition thrice repeated. Then, for a few moments, that noble spirit bowed beneath the storm. While Cauchon was in the act of reading out the sentence of death, she said, as her enemies report, that she would be submissive to the Church in all things, and would not uphold her visions any longer if holy men pronounced them a delusion and a cheat. A bit of parchment was produced containing a few lines, quite different from the recantation published in her name, and when the Maid had drawn a circle and a cross upon it, she was pardoned on two conditions, first, that she should wear proper clothes, like a decent woman, and, secondly, that she should pass the rest of her days in prison, “eating the bread of tears and the water of affliction,” as one mercifully spared by the Church.

That day week, Joan was again before her judges, dressed like a man. The enquiry, May 30. or rather dispute, which followed, seems almost childish amid such tragic scenes ; but there it is, and a singular conclusion we must pronounce it to this most extraordinary trial. She chose to wear man's clothes, she said ; they suited her best, while she was living among men ; she did not understand that she was pledged never to resume them. Faith had not been kept with her, for she hoped to have the communion when she recanted in the previous week ; besides, her Voices had reproved her for her sin in denying the truth to save her life. " God *had* sent her," she now repeated ; " and for her recantation, she could but say that it was forced from her by fear. *Now*, she would dress like a woman, if her judges pleased ; but rather than lie in prison any longer, she would do penance once for all, and die." The fact seems to be that she was entrapped into resuming her male attire. She could never have got her armour again, if it had not been purposely put in her way ; nay, worse, a witness swore on the second trial, when the secrets of the prison-house came to light, and the foul deeds of her accusers could be safely reported, that she was left before her guards with the choice of her old dress

or *none*, so that her modesty might be outraged or her promise broken.

All, then, was ready for the sacrifice, the judges, certainly, no less eager than the victim. The next day but one was appointed for the execution; a few hours' warning was all that was given to the Maid, and we do not like her the less for shrinking at last from the flames, after braving death a hundred times in the battle-field. When her last hope expired, she burst into tears, and said she would rather lose her head seven times over than be burnt. Alluding to the cruel insults she had received in prison, she said, "If I had been in the Church's keeping, and guarded by her officers, things would not have come to this sad end. I appeal to God, the great Judge, for they have injured me most foully." Eight hundred

Englishmen, armed with swords and
June 1. lances, conducted her to the fishmarket of Rouen. She wept and bewailed her fate, but uttered no word that reflected on her King, or threw a doubt upon her mission. The Bishop of Beauvais began to preach to her,—exhorted her to penitence,—bidding her care for her soul, though the poor body was condemned; but she needed not man's exhortations at a time like that, for her spirit was calm again, and her death was

of a piece with her life. She poured forth many supplications to the blessed Trinity, invoked the Virgin and all the saints, called upon friends and enemies to pray for her, and gave hearty forgiveness to all who had done her wrong. For something like half an hour, says an eyewitness, this scene continued, and, while it lasted, hard hearts were melted into pity. Cardinal Beaufort wept; the Bishop of Beauvais wept; hundreds, to whom her name had been odious hitherto,—citizens of Rouen by the thousand, who were all English in heart,—went away, and said that her end was saintly.

The pile on which she was to suffer was raised to an immense height, that ^{Her death.} she might be a spectacle to the vast assembled multitude,—possibly, too, that her dying testimony might not reach any friendly ear. It was heard, however, and is recorded thus: “My Voices were of God; my Voices did not deceive me.” A good monk stood near her, till, on Joan’s own warning, he retired from the advancing flames, and then held up the cross before her eyes, which he had fetched for her from the neighbouring church. “I heard her in the flames,” he said nearly twenty years afterwards, “calling on the saints to help her. And when she rendered up

her spirit, she bowed her head, and pronounced the name of Jesus, in token that she had fervent faith in God, as we read of Saint Ignatius, and many of the holy martyrs." The same witness reported that, before the day was over, the executioner came to him "overwhelmed with sorrow and contrition," and saying that he feared that his sin would never be forgiven. An Englishman, who had vowed to throw a faggot on the burning pile, kept to his purpose; but his hatred was presently turned to terror; for the demeanour of the Maid so wrought upon his excited mind that he felt like one condemned and forsaken, declaring to his friends that, as Joan sank into death, he saw a dove soar upwards from her ashes. An honest citizen of Rouen declared, in later days, when men could speak what they thought, that he heard all about the Maid's execution, but was not present at it; for himself, on account of the rumours which had reached him of her piety, he could not bear the sight. "The whole people," he said, "whispered among themselves that foul wrong was done her. I met one returning from the place of punishment, a secretary of the King of England; and he spoke with pain and bitter sorrow of all that had been done that day, exclaiming, 'We are all lost; for we have burnt a saint.'"

Thus lived, and thus died, the Maid of Orleans. Frenchmen shall not admire her virtues more heartily than we, nor declare more freely that her murder is a part of our inheritance of shame. But if their historians shall remind us, as Michelet has done*, in a tone of insolent triumph, that *we English* prompted the crime for our own selfish and malignant purposes, we will reply that Cauchon, the basest of Joan's enemies, was no Englishman, — that the wretch who sold her belongs not to us, — that Charles VII., who owed more to the Maid than king ever owed to subject, made no attempt at her rescue, — that the citizens of Rouen, who stood still and saw her burnt, were not *our* ancestors, but the ancestors of the very men who cry shame upon us, — and when we have told them all this, we may fairly call upon our revilers to repent of *their* share in the deed as heartily as *we* repent of *ours*.

Modern Frenchmen, as might be expected, have done justice to their heroine. “That glorious creature,” said one of the wisest of them lately (GUIZOT), at a banquet in Rouen, “without a parallel in the history of the world, — with a nature half angelic, half heroic, — for ever destroyed what the successors

* See NOTE (G).

of William of Normandy laboured to effect in France ;” and we shall understand only a part of Joan’s greatness unless we add that the work which she began, the deliverance of France, was carried on and completed by other hands. The nation was roused, and never sank back again into despondency, till it had won its own soil, and recovered its ancient fame. For twenty years the tide of conquest hardly ever turned, while town after town, and province after province, were wrested from the English.

A few months after Joan’s death, Bedford, hoping to strengthen his party in Paris, brought

Dec. 16. over our Henry VI., then a boy of ten
1431. years, and had him crowned there ;

but the townsmen looked on silently and coldly, and could not help connecting the utter poverty and wretchedness of their fair city with the ruinous wars entailed on them by the invaders. Long possession had made the English insolent and imperious, and no pains were taken, even at that critical time, to enlist the popular feeling on their side. They had acted the part of hard, exacting masters throughout ; and now the ceremony of inaugurating the sovereign was performed in the English mode, Cardinal Beaufort placing the crown on the child’s head with his own hands.

The triumphing, however, was short; for in less than five years, when the English garrison was reduced to fifteen hundred men, the Constable Richemont appeared before the walls of Paris with a much larger force; the citizens gladly opened their gates; and the King of France had his own again.

A. D. 1436.

Yet more important, however, to the national cause, was the peace of Arras, concluded in the year 1435 between Charles and the Duke of Burgundy. Philip the *Good*, as he was called, the prime mischief-maker through years of disaster and defeat, grew weary of the English alliance; and, after exacting hard terms from the King, and securing some important advantages for himself, consented to become the ally of France, though the name of vassal, for his own life and the King's, was to be renounced.

The people received the news of this reconciliation with transports of joy. The man who, to avenge his private quarrel, had tried to degrade France to the level of an English province, had repented of his errors, and would do his utmost to repair them. The treaty of Troyes was cancelled at last, and the badges of a long and disgraceful servitude were disappearing one by one. Even the trophies of Agincourt were given back;

for the Duke of Orleans, the King's cousin, one of the prisoners of that terrible day,
A. D. 1440. was released from his twenty-five years' captivity, and, as a pledge of better times, married a niece of the Duke of Burgundy, the son of his father's murderer. The King, meanwhile, displayed, occasionally and by fits, a vigour and activity of mind which astonished both friends and foes; the monarchy was strengthened by many internal improvements; and the power of the great lords and vassal-princes was reduced within more reasonable limits.

The prostrate nation, in fact, gathered up its strength, and became greater, more united, and more powerful, than ever. Even Normandy was conquered, which England
A. D. 1449. had so long regarded as her own, like Kent and Middlesex; the rich province of Guienne, the Garden of France, which Eleanor had brought as her marriage portion to our Henry II. three centuries before, was another prize, — Bourdeaux, the capital town, in which the Black
A. D. 1451. Prince had been more at home than in London, being the last place that held out in the South of France; and in twenty years from the death of Joan of Arc the English possessions in France were reduced to the single town of

Calais. *Such were the fruits of Agincourt*; such the results to England of a war which had spread desolation through the towns and provinces of France, while the young grew old, and a fresh generation were reared to middle life.

“But what good came of it at last?”

Quoth little Peterkin.

“Why, that I cannot tell,” said he,

“But ’twas a famous victory.”*

This narrative has been compiled from the following works:—

MICHELET’S HISTORY OF FRANCE, translated by Kelly, Vol. II.

BARANTE’S HISTOIRE DES DUCS DE BOURGOGNE, Vols. V. and VI.

PETITOT’S COLLECTION COMPLÈTE DES MÉMOIRES RELATIFS À L’HISTOIRE DE FRANCE, Vol. VIII.

QUICHERAT’S PROCÈS DE JEANNE D’ARC, three octavo volumes in Latin, containing a full Report of the Trial, and of the subsequent Process of Revision in 1456.

LORD MAHON’S interesting article in the 138th Number of the Quarterly Review, since republished in his “HISTORICAL ESSAYS.”

* Southey’s “Battle of Blenheim,” which should be duly read and learnt in every royal nursery where English is understood, and translated into other tongues for the benefit of young Princes.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

NOTE (A). Page 7.

JEANNE DARC, modern historians tell us, is her real name, and that it was so written by a descendant of her brother who wrote her history. We have known her too long by the other to make it worth while to change it. An old history of the Siege of Orleans, quoted by Southey, has another reading, and calls her father *Jacques Tart*. By the French writers, she is almost always called, emphatically, "THE MAID."

NOTE (B). Page 8.

The evidence of this witness, Joan's companion and playmate in early days, is worth quoting at length. "She said that she had known Joan, who was called the Maid, from her youth, and that she was born at Domremy, her parents being James and Isabella d'Arc, honest labouring people and good Catholics. She knows this, because she often stayed in the house of Joan's father as a friend, and slept with her when there. She does not remember about her godfathers and godmothers, except from hearsay, because Joan was three or four years older than herself. Joan was a good girl, sincere and affectionate, and went willingly and frequently to church and sacred places. She was often abashed because people

said to her that she was too pious, and went too much to church ; for she used often to go to confession, and witness has heard the priest say so. Joan's employments were like those of other girls ; she did household work, and span, and sometimes kept her father's cattle. I have seen her keeping them myself. Witness said, moreover, that the tree, which was enquired about, had been called the 'Ladies' Tree' for a long time, and it was an old saying that the Fairies used to come to it ; but she never heard that any one had seen them. The boys and girls used to go to the tree, and carried bread with them there ; and witness herself had been at the tree sometimes along with Joan, who was her playmate, and met parties of young people there ; and then they used to take their meal, and walk about and play. She knew nothing about Joan's going away, and shed many tears when she heard about it ; for she loved her dearly for her goodness, and for old acquaintance sake."—*Procès*, tom. ii. 417—419.

It would be a pity not to have this picture of Joan's girlhood. Those sports about the Fairies' Tree should be remembered along with the triumph of Orleans, and the tragedy of Rouen. It is curious to see how this old tree figures in the enquiries about Joan. There were suspicions, probably, that she had had dealings with the Fairies, and had got no good from them. The Maid herself at the *first* trial, and her surviving playmates and companions at the *second*, had to tell all they knew about *l'arbre des dames* ; and little was there to tell after all ; for the cousin

reports that she had never "heard of any one who saw a Fairy there;" and a dozen witnesses concur in telling the judges that they knew the spot only as a place of sports and *pic nics*.

NOTE (C). Page 9.

Southey was very young when he wrote his "Joan of Arc," he tells us, having begun it the day after he was nineteen; and but little of his poetical reputation rests upon that youthful performance. His faith at that time was very unsettled, and he meant, doubtless, to exalt Joan when he represented her as worshipping out of doors, and despising church ceremonies. Through nearly fifty lines of blank verse, she is made to argue with a priest in the following style:—

"The forms of worship in mine earlier years
 Waked my young mind to artificial awe,
 And made me fear my God. Warm with the glow
 Of health and exercise, whene'er I passed
 The threshold of the house of prayer, I felt
A cold damp chill me.
 But in riper years,
 When as my soul grew strong in solitude,
 *I fled*
The house of prayer, and made the lonely grove
 My temple, at the foot of some old oak
 Watching the little tribes that had their world
 Within its mossy bark," &c.

Book iii. 411—456.

Anything more unlike the real Joan it is impossible to conceive. She prayed in the fields, not because she despised sacred places, — for the church was to her like a second home, — but because the ardour of her devotion broke through the common bounds of time and place.

The poets have not been happy in their treatment of this subject. In the first part of Henry the Sixth, Joan figures as a blustering virago, challenging the Dauphin to single combat at her first interview. With her dying breath, too, she proclaims her own shame, and utters frantic curses against her enemies. But Shakspeare wrote with the prejudices of an Englishman, and probably with very imperfect information. Schiller had no such excuses; yet in his "Maid of Orleans," he has substituted wretched romance for genuine and most pathetic history. There is a certain Welshman, in his tale, whom Joan conquers in battle; and then, having looked too fondly on his handsome face, she bitterly reproaches herself as being guilty and forsworn, because in thought, for a single moment, she had broken her vow of maiden purity. Afterwards, she submits in silence to the charge of witchcraft brought against her by her own father, is banished by Charles, taken prisoner by the English, breaks her chains by main strength, and receives her death wound in leading the French troops to victory. One does not know what is gained by the dramatist in taking some historical character for his subject, if the history is deliberately falsified all through.

NOTE (D). Page 15.

Very different is the part assigned to Baudricourt in some popular works. The following is Tytler's account of the "heroic Maid," in his Universal History: — "Charles, availing himself

of the superstition of the age, projected an extraordinary scheme for the recovery of his kingdom by feigning an interposition from Heaven in his favour. A gentleman of the name of Baudricourt saw a young servant maid at an inn in Lorraine, whom he immediately conceived to be a fit person for playing a very extraordinary part. She was taught her cue, and made to counterfeit a divine inspiration. They carried her before the King, when the answers that were put in her mouth, and the demeanour which she assumed, convinced every body that she was inspired." What a sagacious man he was who detected in a servant maid the capacity of playing so "very extraordinary" a part as that of the Maid of Orleans! Joan "*taught her cue!*" Why, she would never be taught any thing after her mission began. Men had to obey and follow her, but none could manage her. Bedford is condemned by the same author as being guilty of "meanness and cruelty," when he ought to have "respected her intrepidity." But, according to the religious notions of the age, if she really "counterfeited a divine inspiration," she deserved burning, and the Duke was no spiteful enemy, but one who dealt out a just punishment for her crimes.

NOTE (E). Page 30.

The following passage, quoted by Lord Mahon from Barante, gives a lively description of the scene: —

"The day had been a weary one; Joan threw herself on her bed, and tried to sleep; but she

was disturbed in mind. All of a sudden she called out to the Sire d'Aulon, her esquire, 'My council tells me to march against the English; but I do not know whether it should be against their bastilles, or against this Fascot' (*her name for Fastolf*), you must arm me!' The Sire d'Aulon began accordingly to put on her armour. During this time she heard a great noise in the street, the cry being that the enemy were at that very moment inflicting great hurt upon the French. 'My God,' she exclaimed, 'the blood of our people is flowing. Why was I not wakened sooner? Oh, that was ill done. My arms! my arms! my horse!' Leaving behind her esquire, who had not yet clad himself in armour, she hastened down stairs; and she found her page loitering before the door. 'You wicked boy,' she cried, 'why did you not come to tell me that the blood of France is being shed? Quick, quick, my horse!' Her horse was brought; she desired that her banner, which she had left in the house, might be reached out to her from the window, and without further delay she set forth, hastening towards the Porte Bourgogne, from whence the din of battle seemed to come. When she had nearly reached it, she beheld, carried by her, one of the townsmen grievously wounded. 'Alas!' said she, 'never have I seen the blood of Frenchmen flow without my hair standing on end.' — *Historical Essays*, p. 27.

NOTE (F). Page 61.

There is one weak point in Joan's testimony, namely, her varying accounts of her first inter-

view with the King. How to account for her contradictions here, as contrasted with the clearness, promptness, and consistency of her statements generally, is one of the problems of her history. Probably, memory had somehow become bewildered; or, considering what were the illusions of her waking dreams, it would not be a violent supposition that some vision of her sleeping hours had become blended with the scene, as she really saw it. Lord Mahon thus describes the uncertainty we speak of: — “The clearness and precision of her replies on these points stand forth in strange contrast to the vague and contradictory accounts which she gives of her first interview with the King. On this topic she at first refuses to answer altogether, saying that she is forbidden by the Voices. But afterwards she drops mysterious hints of an angel bringing a crown to Charles from heaven, sometimes saying that the King alone had beheld this vision, and sometimes that it had been before many witnesses. In other examinations she declares that she herself was this angel; in others, again, she appears to confound the imaginary crown of the vision with the real one at Rheims.” — *Historical Essays*, pp. 49, 50. Michelet has a singular explanation, which, after all, may be the real one. “It seems to follow from her replies, which, indeed, are very obscure, that the crafty court abused her simplicity, and that, in order to confirm her belief in her visions, it had a sort of mystery enacted before her, in which an angel appeared carrying the crown.” — Vol. II. p. 525.

NOTE (G). Page 81.

The able work of this distinguished writer is deformed by a hatred of England, which would be ludicrous, if it were not painful. Every thing about us is sneered at or caricatured. Our climate, our scenery, our literature, our manners, our diet, are all held up to scorn, and that in the text of a grave history of France. The narrative is perpetually interrupted for the sake of some comment to show that all that was virtuous, and refined, and noble, was on the French side, while every fault, into which our ancestors of five hundred years ago were betrayed, is assumed to be national and characteristic. The conceit is simply laughable; but the malignity, which helps to keep alive antipathies between two such nations, is mischievous and wicked. The spirit of the Anti-Jacobin, and of newspapers and pamphlets written in a time of wars and revolutions, is transplanted into a work which assumes to be philosophical, and is designed to instruct future generations. A few specimens are quoted as literary curiosities.

I.

The captivity of the Duke of Orleans, who was taken prisoner at Agincourt, and passed the twenty-five best years of his life in England, is a sad tale, and a very disgraceful one. We English will condemn as strongly as Michelet himself the bad faith of a jealous government, which could deal thus with a prisoner of war, because he was of royal blood. But we wonder that a French-

man could pen no more suitable paragraph on the subject than this. "Thus he passed long years, treated honourably, but strictly, without society or amusement, except, at most, hawking or doe hunting, which was usually performed on foot, and almost without change of place. It was a dull diversion in that land of *ennui* and fogs, in which there needs nothing less than all the agitations of social life, and the most violent exercises, to make one forget *the monotony of an unvaried landscape, a climate without a season, and a sky without a sun.*" — Vol. II. p. 442.

II.

Here is a passage suggested by a quotation from Matthew of Westminster, who makes honourable mention of "the fleeces of English sheep," as having warmed the sides, and earned the blessings, of all the nations of the world. Think of a grave historian, one whose business it is to collect facts, and weigh and discriminate at every point, — who must be on his guard continually against generalizing too fast, — professing to have got "an intuition of England," which enabled him to comprehend her at last, in a day's ride from York to Manchester.

"Wool and meat are what was primitively the making of England, and the English race. England was a manufactory of meat before she became the great manufactory of iron and cloth for the world. Her people have been graziers and cattle-breeders from time immemorial, — a race fed on flesh meat. Hence their fresh complexion, beauty and vigour. Their greatest man, Shak-

speare, was originally a butcher. Let me be allowed in this place to record a personal impression. I had seen London, and great part of England and Scotland, and had admired rather than comprehended. It was not until my return, as I journeyed from York to Manchester, crossing the island in the direction of its breadth, that I, at last, *had a real intuition of England*. It was a cold, foggy morning, and the land appeared to me not only surrounded, but covered and drenched, by the ocean. A pale sunshine hardly coloured half the landscape. The new red-brick houses would have contrasted offensively with the green turf, if the floating mist had not harmonized the discordant tints. Above the pastures, covered with sheep, flamed the red chimneys of the factories. Pasturage, tillage, manufacturing industry, all were there, combined in a narrow space, accumulated upon, and nourished by, each other; the grass feeding on fog, the sheep on grass, man on blood. In this greedy climate, man, always hungering, can live only by labour. Nature compels him to it; but he fully retaliates upon her; he makes her labour, and subjugates her with fire and steel. All England pants with strife. Her sons seem flushed by combat. Look at the Englishman's red face, his strange air. You would almost imagine he was drunk; but his head and his hand are steady; he is drunk only with blood and vigour."— Vol. II. p. 144, 145.

III.

The following is a curious transition from a narrative about the Black Prince's ill-judged in-

terference in the civil wars of Spain: — “The English were exasperated with anger and jealousy, and took upon them to restore Don Pedro, to replace the bloody executioner of Spain; — always that diabolical pride which has so often turned their brains, sensible as they seem to be; the same which made them burn the Maid of Orleans, and which, under Mr. Pitt, would have made them burn France.” — Vol. II. p. 237, 238. We do not pretend to say whether pride, hatred, superstition, or fear, had most to do with Joan of Arc’s murder. But a passion for war seems as natural a motive to attribute to the Black Prince; and, assuredly, in Mr. Burke’s “Reflections,” and “Thoughts on a Regicide Peace,” some grave reasons are given for jealousy of France, quite apart from national pride.

“Virtues and crimes in them” (the English), he says elsewhere, “are almost always pride. This immense, profound vice is their principle of life, the explanation of their contradictions, the secret of their acts.” — Vol. II. p. 574.

IV.

One would gladly suppose that ignorance was the excuse for the falseness of the following passage; but how can that be in one who has criticized English literature, as he tells us, in his “Introduction à l’Histoire Universelle”? Any how it required some hardihood for the countryman of Voltaire, Rousseau and the Encyclopedists to send abroad statements like these; —

“From Shakspeare to Milton, from Milton to

Byron, their fine and sombre literature is sceptical, Judaic, Satanic, in a word anti-Christian. 'In law,' it has been very well said by a lawyer, 'the English are Jews; the French are Christians.' What he alleges as to law, a theologian would have asserted with regard to faith. The Indians of America, who often exhibit so much penetration and originality, expressed this distinction after their own manner. Christ, said one of them, was a Frenchman, whom the English crucified in London; Pontius Pilate was an officer in the service of Great Britain." In a note he adds, "I do not recollect to have seen the name of God in Shakspeare; if it occur, it is very rarely, by chance, and without the shadow of a religious sentiment."—Vol. II. p. 574, 575.

V.

The following scene is from the field of Agincourt. Strange that the sneering tone should pursue a Frenchman thither.

"An eye-witness says, that a moment before the battle he beheld from the English ranks an affecting spectacle in the other army. The French of all parties threw themselves into each other's arms, exchanged forgiveness, and broke bread together. From that moment, he adds, hate was changed into love. I do not find that the English became reconciled to each other. They confessed; each man set his own conscience in order, without concerning himself about the rest. The English army seems to have been a decent, orderly, well-behaved army; there was no gam-

bling in it, no wanton girls, no oaths. Really one hardly sees what they had to confess. Which of the two died in better plight!"—Vol. II. p. 441. Who shall settle the last question with such scanty facts before him? Yet M. Michelet, I think, means it to be understood that he has decided it in his own mind. The French, who embraced before the battle, might be very wicked, surely, and wretchedly unfit to die. The English, who refrained from embracing, might be in a very forgiving mood, notwithstanding. If they really had nothing to confess, the balance seems to be in their favour. Besides, the whole point of the story about the brotherly greetings of the French is connected with the fierce civil war which had been raging so long in France, and dividing the whole country into hostile factions.

VI.

The following puff is one of the closing paragraphs in his narrative of Joan of Arc:—"It was fit the Saviour of France should be a woman. France herself was a woman. She had the fickleness of the sex, but also its amiable gentleness, its facile and charming pity, and the excellence of its first impulses. Even when it took delight in vain elegancies and outward over-refinements, at core it remained nearer to nature. The Frenchman, even though vicious, retained more than any other man, good sense and a good heart."—Vol. II. p. 586.

CAXTON AND THE EARLY
PRINTERS.

CHAPTER III.

INVENTION OF PRINTING.

WE turn gladly from such a sickening spectacle of guilt and woe to quieter and more homely scenes. From the battle-field and the stake we will pass to the workshop. In that age of strife, — the middle half of the fifteenth century, — while England and France were convulsed by domestic wars, — while Christians and Moors were still contending on Spanish soil, — while the Emperors of Germany were battling with Popes and Electoral Princes respecting the limits of their power, — while Mahomet II. was gathering his victorious forces round the walls of Constantinople, and aiming the last fatal blow at the throne of the Cæsars, — a little company of obscure men were busily engaged in contriving a new mode of propagating knowledge, which was to effect greater social changes than all the wars and revolutions of many centuries. It is certain that, at some time during this period, printed books first saw the light. When Joan of Arc stood before her judges, written documents were the only known

medium for propagating that which men desired to make known among their fellows; and forty years later the art had not only been brought to considerable perfection, but the secret was out, and had travelled to many of the countries in Europe.

We know what the printing-press has done since. It has gone on cheapening and multiplying books, till many a working man has a better library than was possessed by sovereign princes in the fourteenth century. It is recorded, that the store of books which had descended to Charles V. of France from his ancestors, amounted, in the year 1364, to twenty volumes. Some seventy years later, a copy of Wiclif's New Testament fetched the price of 2*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, just the amount of a labouring man's wages for a whole year. Of course, the common people in those days could as little think of possessing a book, as of owning a casket of jewels. Convents, colleges, and here and there some noble patron of letters, had their little treasury of parchment manuscripts, which were valued above gold. Few even of the wealthiest could afford to buy at the rate of a certain Countess of Anjou, who gave for a single copy of some favourite homilies five quarters of wheat, five quarters of barley, five quarters of

millet, two hundred sheep, and, doubtless, was well pleased with her bargain when she got possession of her bundle of parchment, and used it to help her devotions. We need to look back to times like those, that we may understand how favoured we are in having the materials of knowledge, and the means of self-improvement, scattered around us in such abundance. The poor man's shilling, now-a-days, will go as far in the book-market as the Countess's flock of sheep. Not only may he buy a yet better book with it, but he may have a good choice of books besides, in the nearest town; whereas she, perhaps, might have wandered over half a province to collect half a dozen saleable manuscripts, if she had corn and sheep enough left to buy them.

Gladly, therefore, would we give honour to the man who first learned and practised this wonder-working art. *Who was he?* Where was his press set up? The place from which books began to go forth were better worth a pilgrimage than many a shrine whose stones have been worn hollow by kneeling devotees. We should like to know from the man's own lips how he lighted on the discovery, and what was the first rude form in which the idea presented itself to his mind, — how the world received the news when it began

to be published abroad, — what honours were heaped upon him, — or whether, having contributed more than all the world besides to make other men famous, he lived and died in obscurity. A simple, trustworthy record of his early struggles, patient labours, and final triumph, would be far more interesting than the tale of Alexander's victories.

Unfortunately, no such record exists.

Origin of
Printing
obscure.

The art, which records all other things that are done beneath the sun, has given us no distinct or satisfactory account of its own origin. Something of mystery hangs over the birth of this Enchantress. She started up before the world to work changes in human society, beyond the power of the mightiest kings, and the wit of the deepest philosophers; but she does not tell us whence she came, nor where she tried the magic of her earliest charm. A day's work, four centuries ago, might have saved a world of controversy, and given the inventor his rightful honours with posterity. A single page, printed off with name, place, and date, and sent to every library in Europe, with a challenge to multiply copies of any given manuscript a hundred times faster than the pen, would have settled the question at once, and the man who sent it abroad

would have taken his place by the side of Columbus and Galileo. But in all the books, with which the world is filled, no such page is found. Instead of a clear narrative of facts, we have disputes and controversies between rival cities. National animosities have been kindled, and eager champions, like knights fighting for the honour of their dames, have wielded the pen on either side. The poor mute press, unable to tell its own tale, has multiplied treatises about itself, and its earliest struggles into existence, till it has become a laborious and bewildering task to read them all, and harder still to find out the truth amidst such a conflict of opinions.

The reason of this uncertainty it is not difficult to discover. Self-interest was at work, in the first instance, to keep the secret as close as possible. Up to a certain time manuscripts were the only books. Whatever men desired to perpetuate and multiply had to be copied laboriously by the pen, line for line, and word for word, on paper or parchment. If we think how many days would be consumed by a good penman, supposing him to get up early and go late to rest, in copying out, clearly and legibly, a single volume of moderate size, we may guess how much he must charge for his labour, and consequently how dear each copy

would be. While the price was high, some ingenious or fortunate person discovered the means of producing copies with far less expense of time and labour. Wooden blocks, or metal types, cut or cast into the form of letters, and impressing the same characters on many sheets in succession, enabled him to outstrip the readiest scribe, and gave him more copies in a few days than the pen would produce in as many months. Still, for a time, the books would pass for manuscripts, and, of course, would fetch the price of manuscripts in the market. The printers undersold the scribes, and, so long as they could keep the world in the dark, might reap a golden harvest. Instead of boasting of their cleverness, therefore, they practised the art as cautiously as they could. As few hands were employed as possible, and workmen were sworn to secrecy by their masters. Some years elapsed before the public knew what they were purchasing. Men found that books were much more plentiful and much cheaper than they used to be, and marvelled, probably, where the army of scribes was hidden who must be busy in producing them; but the busy printer kept his secret while he could, and made the most of it.

The dispute, we have said, is one between rival cities; and we will state, as clearly as we can, the

case that is put forward by the several claimants. MAYENCE comes first. In August, 1837, a statue, by Thorwaldsen, was publicly inaugurated in that city, near Mayence and Guttenberg. the spot where JOHN GUTTENBERG once plied the printer's craft. It was a day of jubilee, and thousands of spectators were collected, among whom every country in Europe had its representatives.* The fine old Cathedral was crowded in every part; one sight of the day was a copy of Guttenberg's first Bible; and after this had been displayed, and High Mass performed by the Bishop, the multitude assembled in a vast amphitheatre opposite the statue. Then a colossal figure of Guttenberg, in bronze, holding a matrix in his hand, was unveiled; a hymn was sung by a thousand voices; and the day concluded with oratorios and processions by torch-light.

What then has history recorded respecting this man? The most particular and authentic account we have is contained in the Annals of Trithemius, finished shortly before his death, which took place in the year 1516. Speaking of the year 1450, he says, "About this time, in the city Account of Trithemius. of Mentz, on the Rhine in Germany, and not in Italy, as some have erroneously writ-

* See NOTE (H).

ten, that wonderful and unheard-of art of printing and characterizing books was invented and devised by John Guttenberger, a citizen of Mentz, who, after expending almost all his substance for the discovery of this art, when he was overwhelmed with difficulties, and found himself foiled, first on one side and then on the other, was just on the point of throwing up the thing in despair; but by the advice of John Fust, who was also a citizen of Mentz, and with his money, he went on and completed what he had begun. They first printed the Vocabulary, called ‘Catholicon’ *with the shapes of letters made (scriptis) in a row on wooden blocks, and with forms placed together.** But when they could print nothing else with the same forms, because the characters could not be detached from the blocks, but were carved upon them, as we said, at a later period, a more ingenious device was added to the first invention. They devised a mode of casting all the letters in the Latin alphabet in a mould which they called a *matrix*, from which they produced characters of copper or tin, hard enough to bear the necessary pressure; these they had previously cut with the hand. And, truly, this Printing Art had to encounter serious difficulties from the time of its

* See NOTE (I).

first discovery, as I myself heard from Peter Schœffer, citizen of Mentz, who was son-in-law to the first inventor, John Fust. When they had their edition of the Bible in hand, they expended four thousand florins before they had completed the third quaternion. But this Peter Schœffer, who was then Fust's servant, and afterwards, as I have said, became his son-in-law, an ingenious, clever man, discovered the method of casting the types more easily, and so brought the art to its present maturity. And these three men made a secret of this printing process for some time, till at last by means of their workmen, whose services they could not dispense with in their calling, it became known at Strasburg first, and by degrees universally among other nations. And thus much for the marvellous ingenuity of this Printing Art. The first inventors were citizens of Mentz, and the three partners in the discovery, namely John Guttenberger, John Fust, and Peter Schœffer, all lived at Mentz in the house called Zum Jungen, which is called the Printing Office to this day."

All this is very probable, and hangs well together. We have, first of all, the ingenious inventor, as is so often the case, calling in the aid of the more substantial man to help him out with

his scheme,—the two coming together as partners, one supplying wit, and the other money,—a third party, who began life as a servant, or apprentice, suggesting improvements in the art, and rewarded most appropriately with the hand of his master's daughter. There is the kind of certainty, moreover, that we want in historical testimony, the author being near enough to the period of which he writes, and moreover receiving his information, not at second-hand, but from the fountain-head, the very workshop in which the first printed sheet is said to have seen the light. There is documentary evidence, too, to support Trithemius's narrative. Undoubtedly, an inscription once existed on the front of the Printing Office at Mayence, giving Guttenberg the undivided honour of the discovery, and bearing the early date of 1508. Books, moreover, are found, here and there, with the years 1460, 1465, and 1468 on their title-pages, and all issuing from the Mayence press, when as yet the world knew of no other.

The weak point in the case is this, — that the main witness, Peter Schœffer, is a party interested. His own credit was at stake, and that of his partners. There is no doubt whatever that theirs was the most famous printing-house in Europe, the best known, and the most productive, when

he told his story to Trithemius ; but his testimony, if there should be any dispute upon the subject, can hardly be considered as conclusive with reference to the first rudiments of the art, and the claim of original discovery. There is a circumstance, too, which curiously contrasts with Peter Schœffer's statement. His son John succeeded to the business, and in the year 1515, in the preface to one of his books, he describes himself as "the grandson of John Fust, who began *of his own head* (*proprio ingenio*), in the year 1450, to think out and devise the art of Printing, and in the year 1452, through the Divine favour, completed the discovery, and carried it on to the actual work of printing, not without assistance from the contrivances of Peter Schœffer, his adopted son."

It is clear, therefore, that before we ^{Guttenberg} can prove that Guttenberg has earned ^{at Strasburg.} his statue, we must have recourse to other evidence. Can we learn any thing respecting him beyond the scanty notice in Trithemius? Is there any record of his early struggles and difficulties? May we have a glimpse into his workshop, and see him groping his way to the great secret which he was enabled by Fust to turn to such good account? The answer to these questions is fur-

nished by the records of a lawsuit, which took place at Strasburg, in the year 1439. The heirs of one Drizehn were the complainants, and they alleged as follows: — that Guttenberg, about the year 1436, was carrying on business there as a polisher of stones, and maker of mirrors, — that the deceased and another had entered into partnership with him, on the understanding that he was to instruct them in those arts, and in some other wonderful secrets, — that while this connection lasted, Guttenberg, who resided in the suburbs of Strasburg, was surprised one day by his partners in the exercise of some mysterious craft which had been concealed from them, — that some altercation ensued, and it was agreed that they should share his secret and his venture, certain capital being subscribed, a portion of which was to be returned to their heirs if any of the parties should die within five years. Drizehn died before the term had expired, and his representatives claimed the fulfilment of the contract. Guttenberg, who seems to have been an ill-conditioned and quarrelsome man, and was a party to more than one law-suit, refused payment, and an appeal was made to the courts. Evidence was given by carpenters, servants, and others, which makes it almost certain that the mysterious

craft was none other than that of printing. A workman declared that he had been employed, three years before, at a sort of press, and had received a hundred florins for his labour. Immediately on Drizehn's death, Guttenberg had given orders to his servant to convey certain implements from the workshop in the suburbs, to a place of secrecy elsewhere; and, on investigation, it appeared that among them were a quantity of letters cut in wood.

Here we have Trithemius's story abundantly confirmed. To Drizehn's heirs, who brought their quarrel into open court, we are indebted for this tolerably decisive proof that Guttenberg was at work with wooden letters and a press some years before the earliest date that is given to the Mayence establishment. Up to 1442 he was resident in Strasburg. From that period till 1455 he was in partner-ship with Fust. And in the interval it is quite certain that men had not only learnt to print, but to print large books, with workmanlike skill, in a good clear type. The evidence is all consistent and uniform. Trithemius tells us that Guttenberg's substance was expended, and his patience almost exhausted, when he was joined by Fust. The Strasburg witnesses tell us what

Guttenberg
at Mayence.

exactly fits on to this statement, for there we find him first working in secret with very suspicious-looking tools, and then cast in a lawsuit relating to some mysterious craft. Doubtless, then, after being partly ruined by costs, — dreading, perhaps, to seek a partner in Strasburg, where his doings had been made more public than he wished, — he found his way to Mayence, and lighted, in a happy hour, on Fust, a man of substance, who was sufficiently intelligent and enterprising to discern the value of what was offered him, and to venture his capital upon experiments in the printing art, which proved completely successful.

His subsequent history. In the year 1455 a dispute between Fust and Guttenberg led to a separation between them, and the first, as the monied partner, kept possession of the Printing Office. At that period the veil was not withdrawn which hid the new-born art from public view. The great revealer of secrets was itself shrouded in obscurity. Consequently, we get no confirmation of Guttenberg's claim from title-pages. No book survives, — probably no book ever saw the light, — bearing on its front the name of the man who is supposed to have taught the world to print. There is no doubt, however, that, while he laboured at Mayence, the fine Latin folio Bible was

completed *, of which a copy was exhibited on the Jubilee day in 1837 ; and its large clear type proves what advances the art had made in so short a period. On leaving the Zum Jungen, he is said to have set up another office at Mayence. Another account makes him wander back to Strasburg, and try his fortune there ; a third carries him on his travels as far as Haerlem. But apart from Fust he never prospered. His work seems to have been done when he had taught his secret to Schoeffer, the man of skill, and with Fust's money had been enabled to overcome all difficulties, and to carry on his art from its earliest rudiments to a very high degree of excellence.

This narrative enables us to estimate the value of the claim put forward by Strasburg. Claim of Strasburg. "Others have robbed us of our honours," its townsmen say. "*Here* Guttenberg found out what he carried to Mayence. *That* may have been the cradle of the art ; but our noble city was its birthplace. Among our fathers he lived till he had learnt to print, and then enriched others by his skill." Having stated the facts of the case, we may leave our readers to dispense the credit of

* See NOTE (K).

the discovery as they please. No doubt, in that workshop in the suburbs, the first printer was making experiments, and preparing his tools; but there is no reason to suppose he ever struck off a single sheet before he got to Mayence. *There*, so far as we know, the thought came to maturity, and yielded precious fruit. *There*, certainly, the press was set up which fairly exhibited the triumph and perfection of the art. *There*, for half a century nearly, he or his partners laboured at their noble craft, and made Europe ring with the fame of their office, as the fountain head from which the fertilising stream had flowed to so many lands.

Still let Strasburg have its due. The spot on which some great idea has struggled for birth is no mean spot. If Guttenberg saw the light there, — was trained among its citizens, — set up his first rude press just without its walls, — spent his substance there in labouring to make his work or his tools more perfect, — let the men of Strasburg tell the world all this, and rejoice to have it so. But they have gone further, and have damaged their just pretensions by claiming more than fairly belongs to them.

One Mentel is set up against Guttenberg, and John Schotten, who married his granddaughter, claims for him the honour of being the “first in-

ventor of printing," in a boastful preface bearing the date of 1520. The same pretensions were formally advanced a century afterwards by a learned physician of the same name, who pretended to be descended from the Strasburg printer, and was jealous for the honours of his great grandfather, declaring that the invention was his, and that Guttenberg stole it. Mentel, doubtless, was among the very earliest printers; none, probably, but the celebrated trio of the Zum Jungen preceded him. There is an old chronicle published at Rome in 1474, which reports, *under the year* 1458, that "John Mentel, a skilful printer, struck off three hundred leaves in a day;" and Schoep-pin, the most zealous and able advocate of Mayence, gives him credit for having sent out a German Bible from the Strasburg press about the year 1466. But the probability is, that Guttenberg was his teacher after he had parted company with Fust; and with the fact before us, that no publication has an earlier *printed date* than 1473, we cannot admit his claim to compete with those who were, undoubtedly, at work twenty years sooner.

Modern writers have taken little account of the claims of Haerlem; but

Haerlem
and Koster.

the pretensions of its citizen, Laurence Koster, as an original inventor of printing in its rudest form, seem to me by no means contemptible ; and our story will be incomplete unless his case be stated, as well as that of the Germans.

Hadrian Junius wrote a history of Holland, which was published in the year 1578, and is in good repute with the learned men of his country. In his account of Haerlem the following remarkable passage occurs ; — “ I will tell what I heard from old men whose characters gave weight to what they said ; men who had earned distinction in the service of the state, and who affirmed most gravely that they delivered what was handed down to them by their fathers. About a hundred and twenty-eight years ago*, one Laurence John, having the title of *Ædituus* or *Custos*, dwelt in a house of some pretensions near the market-place, at Haerlem, opposite the royal palace. This man has a rightful claim to the honours which have been usurped by others, as the Inventor of the Art of Printing, and well deserves all the reward,

* Junius died in 1575, but this portion of the work may have been written much sooner. A hundred and twenty-eight years from 1575 carries us back to a period subsequent to the early printing operations at Mayence. But it is clear, from a statement which follows, that the author is speaking of a time prior to the year 1442.

in the way of fame, which can be heaped upon him." The historian then proceeds to narrate, with much of detail, how this gentleman, while walking in a wood near the city, amused himself with cutting some beech wood into the shape of letters, — how, with these, inverted like a seal, he stamped a line or two on paper, first for his own amusement, and then for the use of his grandchildren, — how, with the assistance of his son-in-law, Thomas Peter, he went on and invented a more glutinous sort of ink, as the common ink was found to run, and then formed blocks on which letters were carved, — how, in this way, he printed a little book called "The Mirror of Redemption," which the Author had seen, and, as nothing, he says, comes to perfection at once, he found the backs of the leaves pasted together, that the vacant pages might not present an unsightly appearance. He adds that, as customers multiplied, the inventor became more fond of his art; — and, being compelled to engage other hands, lighted, in an unlucky hour, on one *John*, whom the writer does not expressly name, but hints, in connexion with a bad pun, that it was Faustus or Fust. This man, he says, played the knave, and watching his opportunity, stole away, one Christmas Eve, with tools and types, and fled

first to Amsterdam, then to Cologne, and settled himself, finally, at Mayence. “*There*,” the historian adds, “a grammar which was then much in use, called *Alexandri Galli Doctrinale*, and the *Tractatus Petri Hispani*, were printed with the very types which Laurence had used at Haerlem.”

Some traditionary and personal anecdotes close this story of Hadrian Junius, who is styled by his adversaries a “learned physician, critic and historian.” “I recollect,” he says, “that Nicholas Gael, my schoolmaster in the days of my youth, who was remarkable for an iron memory, and venerable for his grey hairs, used to relate to me that he had frequently heard Cornelis, the book-binder, a decent old man, nearly eighty years of age, who had assisted at the Printing Office of Laurence, relate every particular as he had received them from his master, — such as the manner in which the discovery was made, the subsequent improvements and gradual advancement of the art. “He” (that is, the book-binder) “could not mention the theft without shedding tears of indignation at the baseness of the deed. He cursed the nights in which he had slept, for months together, in the same chamber, with such a wretch. All these particulars perfectly accord

with the account given by the burgomaster Quirinus Talesius, who informed me that he had heard similar things from the mouth of the book-binder himself."

It must be allowed that this is not bad traditional evidence; and it gets confirmation in minute particulars from the registers of Haerlem; for *Cornelis*, it seems, lived there at the time specified, "in Cross Street," and the name of *Quirinus* is enrolled among the civic rulers of the day. Guicciardini, too, who was no Dutchman, and who published his account of Holland some years before the narrative of Hadrian Junius was printed, avows his belief that the rudiments of the Printing Art came to light at Haerlem, and were thence conveyed to Mayence by a servant of the original inventor. "*There, however,*" he added, "*the art was brought to such perfection that many persons gave the honour of the discovery to the German city.*" A yet more important witness, because much more ancient, is the unknown author of a Chronicle of Cologne. "The Printing Art," he says, "was first invented at Mentz about the year 1440, and the first inventor was a citizen of Mentz, though a native of Strasburg, John Guttenberg." He adds, however, in the very same paragraph, "Although this art, *as it is*

now used, was discovered at Mentz, yet the first draft, or model, of it was formed and taken from some Donatus's, which before that time had been struck off in Holland. But the second invention was greatly beyond the first in ingenuity and workmanlike skill, and is daily advancing to greater excellence. . . . I heard the beginning and progress of the business from Ulrick Zell, an honourable gentleman, who was a native of Hanover, but in this present year, 1499, is exercising his printer's art at Cologne, having himself introduced it into that city." Now Zell actually worked at the Mayence press before the year 1467, when he settled at Cologne; and if the Chronieler had told us all he heard from Zell about "the beginning and progress of the business," we might have been much wiser than we are. As it is, we must not assume, I think, that Zell vouched for the *Dutch* portion of the story, but only that he described what he knew about the *Mayence* portion; the passage, however, has a peculiar value about it as showing the current language of the day. The writer, who knew what was said about Holland, begins by telling the world that Guttenberg of Mayence invented printing; then, to save his accuracy, he adds, "The first hint, however, came from Holland;

some books printed there set the Germans thinking and working; and the second discovery, and, far the better, was theirs."

This distinction, we believe, gives the solution of the difficulty. All the world talked as the writer did. "Printing began at Mayence," — that is, printing, as they saw it, *with metal types*; whereas few, probably, knew any thing of its earlier stage, and the more learned did not think it necessary, always, to refer to it. Hadrian Junius, in his zeal for his country, says that Koster used "letters of tin;"* but in this, probably, he was mistaken. I think we may assume that metal types were first cast in the Zum Jungen, and gave the Mayence printers that advantage which speedily turned the eyes of Europe to their city as the nursery of the infant art.

If the question be whether Koster printed clumsily at Haerlem before Guttenberg printed cleverly at Mayence, some documents in the Stadt-house of the Dutch city may help to determine it. One is a copy of the "Mirror of Re-

* These were afterwards made into wine cans, he says; and these might be seen in Koster's house, which had been occupied by his nephew, "a respectable citizen, lately dead." The tin *letters* might have been worth something as witnesses; the tin *cans*, I am afraid, will hardly supply their place.

demption," a small quarto, printed on one side only of each leaf, the blank side having paper pasted over it, and the pages being made to face each other. None of the lines are straight, and many of the letters stand out of their places. It is quite rude enough to be the first book which ever saw the light, and the tradition of the place assigns a date somewhere about the year 1430. One thing seems tolerably certain, that the man who printed in that style was an independent discoverer; the German printers never taught him; for they had learned to use good metal types, and to print straight lines, and to put all the letters in their places, before their secret transpired.

Much, therefore, may be said for the claims of Haerlem *up to a certain point*. But it is very probable that Guttenberg was at work in the suburbs of Strasburg without ever having heard of what Koster was doing at Haerlem; or, if a sight of a Dutch Donatus, and a rumour about wooden letters, led him to speculate about the possible multiplication of copies by the stamping process, that will make no deduction from his honest fame. Certainly, we shall not do, as some zealous Haerlemists have done, and connect his name with the story about the runaway servant and the stolen

types.* It may be true that Koster's man, John, decamped one Christmas Eve; or this may be a gossiping tale, invented by some who wished to get for their ingenious countryman the credit of all that had been done at Mayence. But in the absence of any evidence to connect Guttenberg with Haerlem, or Koster, or with any one who ever saw either of them, we shall not conclude that he either played the thief, or harboured the thief, or did any thing unbecoming an upright man. He and his partners were certainly ingenious, enterprising men, and have made the world their debtors. We will gladly believe them all to have been honest men, besides; and will hope that the story which makes a breach of trust the connecting link between the two offices at Haerlem and Mayence is a romance of a later date.

Fust and Shœffer carried on business together after Guttenberg left them; and in 1457, a Psalter was published, in which the announcement is made that the work was not executed by the pen, but "*ad inventionem artificiosam imprimendi et characterizandi.*" After that period the two names stand together on the

* See NOTE (L).

title-pages which issued from the Mayence press till the year 1466, when Fust died ; and from that time Schœffer stands alone till 1492, when, after some fifty years of useful service, he followed his father-in-law to the grave. In the lifetime of both of them, however, as early as 1462, the mysteries of their craft were revealed, and men trained under their eye went into other lands to enlighten and enrich them. In that year Mayence was taken after a siege ; the printers were scattered, and the world was not slow to find out the worth of the treasure which they carried with them. These busy men soon got to work elsewhere, and began to date from their new homes. In less than ten years from their dispersion we have certain evidence from title-pages that presses were at work, and books published, in Strasburg, Augsburg, Cologne, Nuremburg, Lubeck, Treves, Spire, Venice, Milan, Placentia, Verona, Pavia, Naples, Bologna, Ferrara, Florence, Parma, Padua, Mantua, Rome and Paris.

CHAPTER IV.

CAXTON.

“IT was in the year 1474,” says Gibbon, “that our first press was established in Westminster Abbey by William Caxton; but in the choice of his authors that liberal and industrious artist was induced to comply with the vicious taste of his hearers, to gratify the nobles with treatises on heraldry, hawking, and the game of chess, and to amuse the popular credulity with romances of fabulous knights, and legends of more fabulous saints.” If the “knights” were *fabulous*, that is, never existed, it is difficult to imagine how the “saints” were *more* fabulous, that is, existed *still less*; but though it was not easy for Gibbon to write soberly when saints came in his way, his historical accuracy is undoubted, and the fact which he announces, as to Caxton’s pre-eminence, has been admitted, almost universally, by men of letters. The honours of Westminster, however, like those of Mayence, have not been undisputed; Caxton, like Guttenberg, has had a rival:

and, curiously enough, Haerlem figures in both stories.

It is an undoubted fact, that in the public library at Cambridge there is a small quarto volume, a Latin Exposition of the Acts of the Apostles by St. Jerome, which bears on its title-page these remarkable words, "Printed and finished at Oxford on the 17th of December, 1468." On this foundation a story has been built, consisting of certain statements, very positively made, but very scantily proved, by one Richard Atkyns, who published a book on the Origin and Growth of Printing in 1664. Cardinal Bouchier, he tells us, who was Archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of Henry VI., when printing began to make some noise in the world, conceived the idea of buying or stealing a workman from Holland who should teach Englishmen this useful art. A thousand marks were required to carry out the plan, of which three hundred were supplied by the archbishop, and the rest from the royal treasury. Mr. Turnour was employed in this mission, "who took to his assistance Mr. Caxton, a citizen of good abilities, who traded much with Holland;" and the two "went first to Amsterdam, and then to Leyden, not daring to enter Haerlem itself." When the

thousand marks were all spent "in gifts and expences" (*to whom and for what* the historian does not say), they begged five hundred more of the King, which he was liberal enough to send. At last a bargain was struck between Mr. Turnour and two Hollanders to bring off one of the underworkmen, Corsellis by name, who stole away by night and got safe to London. "It was not thought prudent to set him on work *there*" (*why* it is impossible to guess); so he was sent to Oxford, and guarded till he had taught his art to others; so that in that city, Mr. Atkyns saith, "printing was first set up in England, before there was printing press or printer in France, Spain, Italy or Germany, except Mentz." For the truth of this history, he vouches a certain record belonging to the Lambeth library, of which a "worthy person" gave him a copy; but the original, so far as appears, no one ever saw.

It is very extraordinary, certainly, that a man should invent such a story, and then print it; but it would be much more extraordinary that Caxton, who loves to tell us all about himself and his patrons in his Prefaces, should say nothing about the most important transaction in his life. It would be much more extraordinary that he should have enjoyed for so long a time the undisputed re-

putation of the first English printer, if there was a rival press in so public a place as Oxford, and books were current, with a date earlier than his earliest, stamped upon their front. Mr. Atkyns's story we do not pretend to account for; but the date of the Oxford *Jerome*, as Dr. Middleton has argued, is, in all probability, a misprint, and the 1468 ought to be 1478. Such errors, as he has shown, are by no means uncommon in the early history of printing; and the probability of this conjecture is greatly increased by the fact that no other book from the Oxford press has been discovered of an earlier date than 1479.

But, really, if the facts were better vouched for, the question is too trifling to be worth settling. It is not the Mentz and Haerlem question over again. Whether Guttenberg has a right to his honours, — whether he fairly discovered for himself the art which has done more for the world than any other, or merely stole his master's invention, and improved upon it, — *this*, we cannot help feeling, is a most interesting historical inquiry. But whether a certain press which was brought from Holland and set up at Oxford, or a certain other press which was brought from Germany and set up at Westminster, began to work first, cannot at all signify to England or

the world. In either case, Caxton was the FATHER OF ENGLISH PRINTING. His works prove that he planted the stately tree in a kindly soil, and watched its early growth, and gathered fruit from its spreading branches for the public good. If Corsellis ever lived, we know that he did not teach Caxton, for Caxton learnt his art not at Oxford, but in Germany. English literature would be precisely where it is if Corsellis had stayed at Haerlem, and died there. Caxton, on the other hand, raised up a school of printers. His workshop was the centre from which light streamed over England for more than one generation. He selected foreign works which he thought would improve his countrymen, and put them into his best English first, and printed them with his best types afterwards. He toiled to extreme old age like one who felt that he had a vocation to do this particular work, and must serve God with such gifts as he had. The fame of a man like that could not be touched by the date upon half a dozen ancient title-pages, even if they were correctly printed; and it is highly probable that the *one* witness produced to magnify the Oxford press is a false witness.

Caxton is his own biographer. Almost all that

we know of him is supplied by his title-pages, and by the prefaces to his works, in which, before getting to more serious work, he loves to gossip with the reader. We shall cull from these a few particulars which mark the character of the man, and bring before us some of the peculiar features of his age.

Caxton
apprenticed
A. D. 1428.

He was born in the Weald of Kent, and apprenticed to a citizen of London about the year 1428. In his youth, he tells us, he was "set to school" by his parents, — probably a rare privilege for a youth of his class, as he makes special mention of it fifty years afterwards, and says that he felt bound, on that account, to pray for his father's and mother's souls who had enabled him to "get his living truly." His master was Robert Large, a mercer, who rose to the dignity of lord mayor. Of his youth we hear but little, but can hardly doubt that he was gifted by nature with a studious taste, which his situation in early life gave him some opportunities for cultivating. The mercers of those days were not only dealers in silks and drapery, but general merchants who bought and sold a great variety of articles on commission. The commerce between England and the Low Countries passed mainly through their hands, our wools

being exchanged for such articles of luxury as were in request among the nobles and gentry of the fifteenth century. Among these, manuscripts would sometimes find their way to the merchant's house, and a studious lad might get a glance, now and then, at some book of devotion, or tale of chivalry, on its passage to a high-born customer. If his early ideas were thus associated with literature as something quite beyond the reach of any but the wealthy, he must have rejoiced the more when he began to exercise the art, a mile or two only from his master's shop, which was to make books a marketable commodity among persons of humble fortunes.

Robert Large, who, from his legacies His residence abroad. to the Church, the poor, and London Bridge, seems to have been a man of substance, died in the year 1441, and left his "servant, William Caxton, twenty marks," about 13*l*. This little capital was, probably, embarked in some foreign venture; for during thirty years from this time he resided almost constantly in Holland or Flanders. There, it seems, he prospered, and rose to some consequence, though the nature of his employment, and the stages of his advancement, are hidden in obscurity; for in the year 1464 we find him named by Edward IV. as one

of two persons appointed to negotiate a commercial treaty with the Duke of Burgundy.

For twenty years before that time the two countries had been proscribing each other's goods, and trying in vain to create home manufactures by ordinances and acts of parliament, — by fine, confiscation, and banishment. "It hath been piteously shewed and complained," says one of the statutes of the day, "by the artificers of manual occupations, how that they be greatly impoverished, and much hindered of their worldly increase, by the great multitude of commodities, pertaining to their mysteries, being fully wrought and ready made to sale, fetched and brought from beyond the sea, whereof the greatest part in substance is deceitful; by which the said artificers cannot live as they have done in times past, but divers of them be unoccupied, and do hardly live in great poverty, idleness, and ruin." Wherefore, say the lawmakers, let no man bring in from abroad caps, laces or ribbons, — saddles, stirrups or spurs, — hammers, fire-tongs or dripping-pans, — gloves, buskins or shoes, — knives, daggers or bodkins, — chafing-dishes or candlesticks, — ladles or basins, — hats or brushes, — and if he does, half of the said wares shall be forfeited to the King, and the other half to the

person who shall first seize them. To this famous enactment Burgundy replied by an ordinance which bore on the face of it that it was "evermore to endure, and never to be repealed," declaring that all English cloth and wool that went thither should be "banned and burnt."

Under these circumstances, Mr. Knight's conjecture seems highly probable, that Caxton was, in fact, an "accredited smuggler," and that his irregular business was carried on with the connivance of those royal personages who first made absurd laws and then countenanced a contraband trade for their own convenience. This would account for the obscurity which hangs over so large a portion of his life, for his complete silence as to his vocation during the whole of that period, and for his selection as a negotiator when both parties began to long for peace. Two years were occupied in bringing this business to a conclusion; and in the following year, 1467, Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, was succeeded by his son, Charles the Bold, whose impetuous character, and strange adventurous career, are depicted so vividly by Sir Walter Scott in "Quentin Durward."

With such a man one of Caxton's habits would seem to have little in common; but the Duke married Margaret, sister to our Edward IV., and,

as an officer in her household, he occupied a place for some time in the court of Burgundy. Here, again, Caxton's particular vocation is unknown. He tells us expressly that he was "servant unto her Grace, and received of her yearly fee," but the nature of the service, and the amount of the fee, he nowhere confides to his readers. It is plain that he was not hard worked, and that he lived on no distant terms with his mistress; for he took to literature, it seems, through fear of idleness, and consulted with the Duchess respecting his book-making schemes. The announcement of his labours as a translator is pleasantly told by himself in one of his auto-biographical prefaces.

Caxton a
Translator.

"When I remember that every man is bounden by the commandment and counsel of the wise man to eschew sloth and idleness, which is the mother and nourisher of vices, and ought to put himself unto virtuous occupation and business,—then I, having no great charge or occupation, following the said counsel, took a French book, and read therein many strange and marvellous histories, wherein I had great pleasure and delight, as well for the novelty of the same as for the fair language of the French, which was in prose, so well and

compendiously set and written, methought I understood the sentence and substance of every matter.* And forasmuch as this book was new, and late made and drawn into French, and I never had seen it in our English tongue, I thought in myself it should be a good business to translate it into our English, to the end that it might be had as well in the kingdom of England as in other lands, and also for to pass therewith the time, and thus concluded in myself to begin this said work, and forthwith took pen and ink, and began boldly to run forth, as blind Bayard in this present work, which is named the Recule (Summary) of the Trojan Histories. And afterwards when I remembered myself of my simple-ness and unperfectness that I had in both languages, that is to wit in French and in English, (for in France was I never, and was born, and learned mine English in Kent, in the Weald, where I doubt not is spoken as broad and rude English as in any place of England, and have continued by the space of thirty years for the most part in the countries of Brabant, Flanders, Holland, and Zealand;) and thus when all these things came before me, after that I had made and written five or six quires, I felt in despair of

* See NOTE (M).

this work, and purposed no more to have continued therein, and the quires were lying apart, and in two years after laboured no more in this work, and was fully in will to have left it." But he had shown it one day to the Lady Margaret, and she criticized his English a little, and then told him by all means to go on with the work and finish it, "whose dreadful commandment" was to him a law, so that after his "simple and poor cunning" he "forthwith went and laboured in the said translation," and meekly besought her Highness to "accept and take in *gree**, his simple and rude work," and all others who should read it to correct it where it was wrong, and to hold him excused for its simplicity and rudeness.

His wander-
ing life.

While Caxton was thus engaged, he led an unsettled life; for he tells us the translation was begun at Bruges, continued at Ghent, and finished at Cologne in the year 1471. The times, he says, were troublous and contentious: Duke Charles's motions, we know from other quarters, were rapid and eccentric; and his Duchess, as well as her servant in an unknown capacity, may have been

* The first obsolete word in the whole passage. "GREE, goodwill, favour."—*Johnson*, who quotes from *Spenser*, —

"Which she accepts with thanks and goodly *gree*."

compelled to shift their quarters frequently. Caxton meant to have finished his task at the end of the *second* book, "John Lydgate, monk of Bury, having made a poem out of the *third* book," which describes the destruction of Troy; and for himself, as compared with "that worshipful and religious man," he did not feel himself worthy to "bear his ink-horn after him." But Caxton loved the work, evidently, and was loath to part with it. Lydgate's paraphrase was in English, to be sure, but in rhyme, and not in prose; — and men have different tastes, some liking verse best, and others not; — and his predecessor, possibly, may have translated some other Author; — and his Lady might take it kindly; — and, besides all this, he had "good leisure" just then, being in Cologne, and having nothing else to do; — so *for all these reasons* he got to work again, and told the world, for the first time, in plain English, how the noble Hector fell, and by what arts Troy was betrayed to ruin.

So much for the commencement of Caxton's labours as an *Author*. But what made him a *Printer*? Where did he first hear of the new art, and how? From whom did he learn his business, and in what place did he

set up his first types? It is singular that, having told us so much about himself, he has not told us any of these things. At the end of the *third* book of this same "History of Troy," there is a most curious and interesting passage, in which, for the first time, we hear of him in connection with the calling which was to make his name immortal; but even there we have no note of time or place. "Thus end I this book," he says, "which I have translated after mine author, as nigh as God hath given me cunning, to whom be given the laud and praising. And for as much as in the writing of the same my pen is worn, mine hand weary and not stedfast, mine eye dimmed with overmuch looking on the white paper, and my courage not so prone and ready to labour as it hath been, and that age creepeth on me daily, and feebleth all the body, and also because I have promised to divers gentlemen and to my friends to address to them, as hastily as I might, this said book,—therefore I have practised and learned, at my great charge and dispense, to ordain this said book in print after the manner and form as ye may here see (and is not written with pen and ink as other books are), to the end that every man may have them at once; for all the books of this story, named the *Recule of the Histories of*

Troy, thus imprinted as ye here see, were begun in one day and finished in one day.”*

This was, in all probability, Caxton’s earliest publication; and if so, His earliest works.

we cannot doubt that, while the work was in progress, his thoughts took a new direction, and the work, which he *began* for the Lady Margaret and a few high-born dames and gentlemen, he *finished* with quite another intention, having learnt, in the mean time, how copies might be multiplied so that one man should do the work of fifty scribes. Clearly he was not a printer when, at Bruges, in March, 1468, he began to translate romances for the sake of having something to do. We can hardly think that he had learnt the art, or was in the act of mastering its difficult processes, when, as late as the summer of 1470, perhaps later, he had “good leisure,” and continued his work for the “eschewing of idleness.” When the *History of Troy* is all rendered into English, we have it under his own hand that he was at Cologne. We know, too, that by that time the first Cologne press was at work; and some rhymes of Wynkyn de Worde, Caxton’s assistant and successor at the Westminster press, expressly inform us that his master printed in that city.†

* See NOTE (N).

† See NOTE (O).

There we cannot doubt, then, he found what completely cured him of his roving, desultory habits, developed his latent energies, and gave a new impulse to his character. Being an ingenious, persevering man, fond of quiet pursuits, with a dash of literary ambition in his nature, what was said of the novel art would prove exciting and captivating in no common degree. While he was writing and translating, we can easily imagine how the fire would kindle, and how pleasant would be the thought that this famous work, which he prized so highly, might be sold for a reasonable sum, and become the delight of countless readers. When it was finished, therefore, we suppose him to have learnt how to make these dreams realities. At the age of fifty-five he served a second apprenticeship, learned how to set the types, and arrange the pages, and strike off a hundred fair sheets in a day; and, when he had become master of the craft, put to press his own well-loved Tale of Troy. If eighteen months, or two years, were thus occupied, 1473 will be the date to be supplied on Caxton's *first* title-page*; and his *second*, that which announces the *Game and Play of Chess*, bears the date of 1474.

* See NOTE (P).

Again we have a gap in his history which neither his own pen, nor that of biographers, enables us to supply. We do not know when he returned to England. The wars of the Roses had left his unhappy country in the last stage of exhaustion, — its wealth consumed, its commerce interrupted, and the flower of its nobility cut off in the field, or on the scaffold. There was little, just then, to attract homewards one who had been so long abroad; and, as a prudent man, Caxton would desire thoroughly to master his art before he ventured to transplant it to his native soil. The Printer, in those early days, was a man of many trades. He made his own press, or, at any rate, was competent to overlook its construction, and to give directions for necessary repairs. He had to cast his own types in moulds which were part of his stock in trade, — to bind the printed sheets in volumes, — and then to be his own publisher, — incurring all the risk of unprofitable ventures and unsold copies. With so much to learn and bring home, a year or two would hardly suffice to acquire the competent skill in each department; and for a yet longer period it is highly probable that Caxton was a busy resident in Cologne.

After the publication of the *History of*

Returns to *Troy*, we hear no more of Lady
 England. Margaret or the court of Burgundy.
The Game of Chess was dedicated to the Duke
 of Clarence, the brother of Edward IV.; and
The Life of Jason, his next work, is humbly and
 most respectfully presented to the little Prince of
 Wales, then three or four years old, in the hope,
 as the author confesses, that the story of the
 Golden Fleece will be admitted to the royal
 nursery, and draw the child on to the reading of
 English. Both works, therefore, were, in all pro-
 bability, printed in England; but we have no
 certain evidence of his being settled here before
 1477, when he sent forth the *Dictes and Sayings*
of Philosophers, and announced that it was “Em-
 prynted by William Caxton at Westmestre.”

Caxton's *Industry.* From the time of Caxton's settle-
 ment in England to the day of his
 death, his history is traced by his works. His
 press was set up beneath the roof of West-
 minster Abbey, and there for some fifteen years,
 during four successive reigns, it was kept actively
 at work. Steadily he laboured on at his allotted
 task, and for one who began late, and had to strug-
 gle with all the difficulties of a new craft, it is
 marvellous to see what he lived to accomplish.
 His translations alone, Dr. Dibdin tells us, amount

to five thousand folio pages, and would fill twenty-five modern octavos. And all these works he printed, besides a number of others which he found in English, and made current among his countrymen. Before his labours ceased, a new æra had begun for England under the settled and pacific rule of Henry VII.; and in the age that followed, books had a better chance of being sold and read than during the troubled and disastrous period of the 15th century.

Of all the works which he printed during that period, “romances of fabulous knights” form a large proportion, and were doubtless among the most popular of his publications. There is the *Noble History of King Arthur*, with a preface to prove it no fable, but a veritable narrative of bygone events, — and the *History of the valiant Knight Paris*, not him of Troy, but one who loved the fair Vienne, instead of the fairer Helen, — the *Knight of the Tower*, — the loves of *Prince Blanchardin*, son of the King of Ffryse, and the beauteous Eglantine, Queen of Tormady, — *Godfrey of Boulogne*, too, printed purposely, as he tells us, to rouse England and Christendom to a new Crusade. What Caxton selected of that sort, as well as his *Fayt of Arms* and *Order of Chivalry*, containing the rules and

Printer of
Romances.

practice of kighthood, were not intended, merely, to cater to a prevalent taste. He mourned, in honest sincerity of heart, that the race was dying out which once figured in jousts and tournaments; and what he could do, in his retreat at Westminster, to check this growing evil he did with all his might. He multiplied books to show the gentlemen of England what knights of renown had done in better times, and added exhortations of his own to rouse their slumbering manhood. It is amusing to read these laments of the old man, once a mercer and now a printer, and to think how busily he was engaged in making his words of none effect by providing more rational entertainment for the men who wore swords, and had been fond of using them too freely. "O ye knights of England," he says, "where is the custom and usage of noble chivalry that was used in those days? (the days of King Arthur and the Round Table). What do ye now, but go to the baths and play at dice? And some, not well advised, use not honest and good rule, against all order of knighthood. Leave this, leave it, and read the noble volumes of St. Graal, of Lancelot, of Galaad, of Trystram, of Perse Forest, of Percyval, of Gawayn, and many more; there shall ye see manhood, courtesy, and gentleness. . . . Read

Froissart, and also behold that noble and victorious King Henry the Fifth, and the captains under him, — his brethren, the Earls of Salisbury, Montague, and many other, whose names shine gloriously by their virtuous noblesse and acts that they did in the honour of the order of chivalry. Alas! what do ye but sleep and take ease, and are all disordered from chivalry? I would demand a question if I should not displease. How many knights be there now in England that have the use and the exercise of a knight? that is to wit, that he knoweth his horse, and his horse him. I suppose, an a due search should be made, there should be many found that lack; the more pity is. I would it pleased our Sovereign Lord that, twice or thrice in a year, or at the least once, he would do cry (cause to be proclaimed) jousts of peace, to the end that every knight should have horse and harness, and also the use and craft of a knight, and also to tournoye one against one, or two against two, and the best to have a prize, a diamond or jewel, such as should please the prince."

Many of Caxton's publications, Moral publications. however, were of a graver character.

Among these are the *Book of Good Manners*, — the *Life of Christ*, — the *Golden Legend*, — the

Sayings of Philosophers,—the *Cordial, or Four Last Things*. The two last were supplied to him by the accomplished and unfortunate Lord Rivers, who figures in Shakspeare's "Richard the Third," and was one of the victims of that monarch's tyranny. The friendship between him and Caxton was creditable to both, and was the means of turning the Printing Art to its noblest use, the courtier employing his leisure in translating what he judged profitable for his countrymen, and the tradesman gladly seconding his wishes by scattering them over the broad realm of England. A passage from the Preface to the *Sayings of Philosophers* is worth quoting, both as showing the terms on which they lived, and also as affording a good specimen of Caxton's quiet humour, and quaint, homely style. I shall, therefore, give it entire. "Here endeth the Book named the Dictes or Sayings of Philosophers, imprinted by me, William Caxton, at Westminster, the year of our Lord 1477; which work is late translated out of the French into English by the noble and puissant Anthony, Earl of Rivers, Governor of my Lord Prince of Wales. And it is so that at such time as he had accomplished this said work, it liked him to send it to me in certain quires to oversee; which forthwith

I saw, and found therein many great, notable and wise sayings of the Philosophers, according unto the books made in French which I had oft afore read; but certainly I had seen none in English till that time. And so afterward I came unto my said Lord, and told him how I had read and seen his book, and that he had done a meritorious deed in the labour of the translation thereof into our English tongue. Then my said Lord desired me to oversee it, and where as I should find fault, to correct it. Wherein I answered unto his Lordship that I could not amend it, for it was right well and cunningly made and translated into right good and fair English. Notwithstanding he wished me to oversee it, and shewed me divers things which, as him seemed, might be left out, and also desired me, that done, to put the said book in print. And thus obeying his request and commandment, I have put me in devoir to oversee this his said book, and beholden as nigh as I could how it accordeth with the original, being in French; and I find nothing discordant therein save only in the sayings of Socrates, wherein I find that my said Lord hath left out divers conclusions touching women. Whereof I marvelled that my said Lord hath not writ on them, nor what hath moved him so to do, nor what cause

he had at that time. But I suppose that some fair lady hath desired him to leave it out of his book,—or else he was amorous on some noble lady for whose love he would not set it in his book,—or else, for the very affection, love, and goodwill that he hath unto all ladies and gentlewomen, he thought that Socrates wrote of women more than truth; which I cannot think that so true a man, and so noble a philosopher, as Socrates was would write otherwise than truth. For if he had made fault in writing of women, he ought not, nor should not, be believed in his other sayings. But I perceive that my said Lord knoweth verily that such defaults be not had nor found in the women dwelling in these parts and regions of the world. Socrates was a Greek, born in a far country from hence, which country is all of other conditions than this is, and men and women of other nature than they be here in this country. For I wot well, of whatsoever condition women be in Greece, the women of this country be right good, wise, pleasant, humble, discreet, sober, chaste, obedient to their husbands, true, secret, stedfast, ever busy and never idle, attemperate in speaking, and virtuous in all their works, *or, at least, should be so.* For which causes so evident, my said Lord, as I suppose,

thought it was not of necessity to set in his book the sayings of his author, Socrates, touching women. But forasmuch as I had commandment of my said Lord to correct and amend whereas I should find fault, and other find I none save that he hath left out these sayings about the women of Greece,—therefore, in accomplishing his commandment, forasmuch as I am not in certain whether it was in my Lord's copy or not, or else peradventure that the wind had blown over the leaf at the time of the translation of his book, I purpose to write those same sayings of that Greek Socrates, which wrote of those women of Greece, and nothing of them of this kingdom, whom I suppose he never knew; for if he had, I dare plainly say that he would have reserved (excepted) them in especial in his said Dictes." Then follow certain sayings, not over civil, certainly, respecting the gentler sex, which we hope, for the sake of Athenian morals, or for his own credit as to choice of company, the philosopher never spoke.

One of Caxton's religious publications was the *Pilgrimage of the Soul*, a curious specimen of the taste and theology of the age in which it was printed and found favour. It is written partly in poetry, and partly in prose, and the solemn

and the ludicrous are strangely mingled together. With our notions, the title suggests an allegory relating to our earthly pilgrimage, which shall set forth the toils and perils of the way, furnish us with suitable helps and encouragements, and remind us of the blessed home which is to receive the faithful when their work is done. Such is Bunyan's dream, full of imagination, yet practical and useful too,—amusing our childhood with its varied and appropriate symbols, but natural and life-like all through, and teaching us some lesson of heavenly wisdom in almost every parable.

Caxton's book is quite of another sort. The story does not belong to this world, every scene being laid beyond its confines. It describes the wanderings of a soul after it has left the body,—its descent to purgatory, its journeyings through it, and departure out of it. The narrator begins with describing his own death, and sees Dame Misericorde “lap his body in a clean linen cloth, and so full honestly lay it in the earth,” while Dame Prayer speeds her to heaven on the errand of pleading his cause there before Sathanas is permitted to seize him. There are specimens in abundance of the wretched taste of the much-lauded mediæval times,—conversations in the homeliest style between Dame Misericorde and

St. Michael, also between Lucifer and Dame Pride, his daughter, — such ditties in rhyme as the “Green Tree’s complaint of the Dry for spoiling her sweet apple,” — minute descriptions of the torments of hell, — busy fiends, for instance, with bellows and iron forks, — as unlike Milton in the higher flights as it is distant from the good sense and holy feeling of the “Pilgrim’s Progress” in the simpler portions. Books of this sort are much better than curiosities for the antiquarian. They are historical monuments, helping us to measure the wide difference between the popular religion of Roman Catholic England, and that which has succeeded it since the Bible and the Reformation have banished puerilities from holy ground. Men carried about poor, wretched tapers because the heavenly light was hidden; but the tales and allegories, which amused both the vulgar and the learned, had no sound in them of the divine parables which enrich the Sacred Volume.

Caxton was a *printer* of history, and, Historical publications. in a small way, a *writer* of history, too. “The fruits of virtue,” he writes, “be immortal, especially when they be wrapped in the benefice of histories Other monuments, distributed in divers changes, endure but for a short time or season; but the virtue of history, diffused

and spread by the universal world, hath time, which consumeth all other things, as conservatrice and keeper of her work." This is above his common strain; and the Chronicles which he printed, it must be allowed, are in parts as fabulous as his tales, recording, among other inhabitants of our globe, "broods that be wonderfully shapen," of whom it is questionable whether they come from Adam and Noah, — Cyclopes, for instance, with one eye, and others who "defend themselves with the shadow of their feet from the heat of the sun." But he did his best, at any rate, in an age when his readers could get nothing more trustworthy, and materials for authentic history were very scanty. In the chapter which he added to the translation of Trevisa's *Polychronicon*, embracing the century from 1357 to 1460, he complains that he had been able to get no books of authority save two which he names, and in them he found "right little matter" relating to those times. Froissart, Knyghton, Walsingham, and others, were then in manuscript, but either unknown to Caxton, or so scarce that he could not procure a copy to help him in his work. His *Chronicles of England* was the first printed history in which our countrymen could read any account of their ancestors; and Caxton's continuation of it to his own time, com-

prising the first twenty years of Edward IV.'s reign, was, doubtless, as interesting to his contemporaries as the more doubtful records of an earlier age.

One of Caxton's many translations was *The Image or Mirror of the World*, containing a great many very curious disquisitions about a great many different things. The following are some of the headings of the chapters:— "Wherefore God made and created the world," — "Wherefore and how the seven liberal arts were found, and of their order," — "How the four elements be set, and How the earth holdeth him right in the middle of the world," — "Of Nature, how she worketh, and what she is," — "What the roundness of the earth is, and why God made it round," — "Of the serpents, beasts, and precious stones of India," — "How the winds grow," — "Why men see not the sun by night," — "Why money was made," — "How the Scriptures and sciences were saved against the flood," — "Of the virtue of the heaven and the stars," — "Wherefore and why the earth was measured," — "How much the earth hath of height, how much of circuit, and how thick in the middle."

Æsop's Fables, as might be expected, ^{Æsop and} were among Caxton's contributions to the ^{Chaucer.} popular literature of his day. He translated

them from the French, and adorned them with rude cuts, and then gave Englishmen the treasure which has amused and instructed succeeding generations in so many languages. They, like their neighbours, began to hear how birds and beasts might talk if they had but tongues, and to read the short, lively tales which are made up of the simplest incidents, yet full of that wisdom which the world has never ceased to want for so many centuries. Very precious must the gift have been to all classes when books of rational entertainment were so few; great must have been the delight in many nurseries as the prints were examined, and the stories spelt out one by one; and in that sad "first year of king Richard the Third," while men talked in whispers of the strange disappearance of their youthful Prince, and rumours were rife that the new Monarch would not long be unchallenged on his throne, those pleasant tales, late published by Master Caxton, would find a ready welcome, doubtless, and be read with eager interest, in halls and mansions.

Yet greater was the joy of Englishmen when they began to read in print the works of Chaucer. The commendations of our first great writer, scattered through Caxton's prefaces, are very interesting, and well worth quoting as specimens of

early criticism. "In all his works," we read in one place, "he excelleth in mine opinion all other writers in our English; for he writeth no void words, but all his matter is full of high and quick sentence, and of him all other have borrowed sith (since) and taken in all their well saying and writing." Elsewhere he bestows upon his author the high praise of "eschewing prolixity, and casting away the chaff of superfluity," and says that we "ought to give a singular laud unto that noble and great philosopher Geoffrey Chaucer, the which, for his ornate writing in our tongue, may well have the name of a laureat poet. For before that he by his labour embellished, ornated, and made fair our English, in this royaume was had rude speech and incongrue, as yet it appeareth by old books, which at this day ought not to have place nor be compared to his beauteous volumes and ornate writings."

The *Canterbury Tales* were now to become the property of hundreds who could never hope to read them in manuscript. They contained entertainment for all classes, — stories grave and gay, — the romantic and the satirical, — tales of love and chivalry followed by humorous descriptive pieces in which homely scenes, and the domestic manners of the times, were depicted to the life. Some of the stories

should never have been written, their rather indifferent wit being a poor apology for coarseness of the most offensive kind; but the fact that a company of pilgrims, including a prioress and her attendant nuns, should be represented as listening to them without rebuke or shame, is, in itself, a curious specimen of the manners of the age. Others, which are tedious to a modern reader, were full of exciting interest, probably, to an older generation. At any rate, when books were scarce, and poetry in English yet scarcer, our fathers gave a welcome to every one of them; and so Caxton had to print more than one edition of his well loved tales.

Progress of
the English
language.

The praise which Caxton gives to Chaucer we cannot help thinking is partly Caxton's own. Considering what our language had been,—how diligently he laboured in the way of translation,—how few obsolete words we find in his writings as compared with those of a preceding age,—and what an engine he had for making his own English current among his countrymen, we can hardly doubt that he contributed a good deal to fix the standard of our language when it was tending to a more permanent form. What progress was made in his time he has told us himself, with

much of detail, in one of the last prefaces that he printed; and, certainly, if he has not overstated the case, three centuries and a half can hardly have done so much in modifying our ordinary speech as the time that elapsed between his childhood and old age. In his translation of the *Story of the Æneid* from the French, he tells us, that he was perplexed as to his choice of words, thinking some that he had employed too curious to be understood by the common people, especially as he had lately been charged by some of his friends to use "old and homely terms" in his translations. "And fain would I satisfy every man," he says, "and so to do, took an old book, and read therein; and certainly the English was so rude and broad that I could not well understand it. And also my Lord Abbot of Westminster did shew to me late certain evidences written in old English for to reduce it into our English now used; and certainly it was written in such wise that it was more like to Dutch than English. And certainly, our language now varieth far from that which was used and spoken when I was born; for we Englishmen be born under the domination of the moon, which is never steadfast, but ever wavering, waxing one season, and waneth and decreaseth another season; and

that common English that is spoken in one shire varieth from another. In so much that in my days happened that certain merchants were in a ship in Thames for to have sailed over the sea into Zealand, and for lack of wind they tarried at Foreland, and went to land for to refresh them ; and one of them, named Sheffelde, a mercer, came in to an house, and axed for meat, and especially he axed after *egges* ; and the good wife answered that she could speak no French ; and the merchant was angry, for he also could speak no French, but would have had eggs, and she understood him not. And then, at last, another said that he would have *eyren* ; then the goodwife said she understood him well. Lo ! what should a man in these days now write ? *egges* or *eyren* ? Certainly, it is hard to please every man by cause of diversity and change of language. For, in these days, every man that is in any reputation in his country will utter his communication and matters in such terms that few men shall understand them. And some honest and great clerks have been with me, and desired me to write the most curious terms that I could find, and thus between plain, rude, and curious I stand abashed." Happily, Caxton's good sense prevailed ; as he was composing and printing for the whole reading public,

and helping, undoubtedly, to form their style and speech, we may be thankful that he rejected the *rude* and the *curious*, and chose the *plain*. "In my judgment," he adds, "the common terms, that be daily used, be lighter to be understood than the old and ancient English."

The old man drew near his end, and the indications are not few, among the Popular religious works. notices of himself which he has left us, that he was looking on to it with a good hope. "He wrote like one," says his Biographer, Mr Lewis, "who lived in the fear of God, and was very desirous of promoting His honour and glory." His prefaces often conclude with a prayer, expressing the pious wish that God will bless the reader in this world, and bring him safely to eternal joys. The preface to the *Mirror of the World* concludes thus: "Let us pray the Maker and Creator of all creatures, God Almighty, that at the beginning of this book it list Him, of His bounteous grace, to depart with us that we may learn of the same, — and *that* (what is) learned, to retain, — and that retained, to teach, — that we may have perfect science and knowledge of God, that we may get thereby the health of our souls, and to be partners of His glory permanent, and without end." His *Golden Legend*, besides

recounting the virtues and miracles of many saints, from Saint Andrew to St. Albin, contains the "Stories of the Bible," and popular accounts of the Christian festivals. It was intended, doubtless, for the use of those to whom the Latin, which was heard in the churches, was an unknown tongue. WICLIF'S was a proscribed name, and the popular expositions of Scripture contained in his Postils, of which whole volumes still remain in manuscript, no man, who lived so near "my Lord Abbot of Westminster," could dare to print; but what was approved by ecclesiastical authorities he gladly sent abroad, and tells us plainly what his intent was in his preface to the *Doctrinal of Sapience*, translated from the French. He saw what a want there was of plain, useful teaching, such as peasants might understand, and apply to the realities of common working life; and that want, besides supplying entertainment for knights and gentlemen, his press should supply. "This that is written in this little book," he says, "ought the priests to learn and teach to their parishes, and also it is necessary for simple priests that understand not the Scriptures; and it is made for simple people, and put into English." Then follow some comments which may serve for our day as well as his,

when "simple people" have to be instructed. "To hear examples," he says, "stirreth and moveth the people that be simple more to devotion than great authority of science." St. Austin taught in this fashion, he adds, and a greater than St. Austin, the Lord Himself. Besides, "the right reverend father and doctor Bede, hath told us in his History of a certain Bishop of Scotland, 'a subtle and great clerk,' who was sent into England to preach the word of God; but he used in his sermons 'subtle authorities,' and the people understood him not; so he did no good, and went back again. Then came 'another of less science,' the which was more plain, and used commonly in his sermons, examples and parables, by which he profited much more unto the erudition of the simple people than did that other."

The best book of all for rich and poor, — the wisest and the plainest for religious teaching, — Caxton might not print. The Bible prohibited. Sir Thomas More assigns a curious reason why it would have been a hazardous service to take that work in hand. Wiclif's translation, he says, was forbidden by Archbishop Arundel; older translations, to be sure, which the Church had never denounced, might lawfully be printed; but then

“ who should know, if the Holy Scriptures were now sent forth, whether the manuscript translation, used as a copy, were made *before* Wiclif’s days or *since* ? ” In the first case, all would be right ; in the second, error might be mixed with truth. In this state of things, writes the Chancellor, one of the Church’s most devoted sons, “ no printer would lightly be so hot as to put any Bible in print at his own charge, and then hang upon a doubtful trial ” as to the time when the copy chanced to have been made.

Last works
and death.

When Caxton’s years drew on towards four-score, he translated and put to press the *Art and Craft to know well to die*. We cannot doubt that he meant to be his own teacher, and had his thoughts busy with the sense, as well as the types, while he formed them into words of pious counsel. The confessions and prayers, which he printed for the dying, he felt were those which he must soon need, and his heart went along with the humblest of them as he laboured at his craft. On the 15th of June 1490, the translation of this book was finished. Soon afterwards, probably, it was printed ; and in the accounts of the churchwardens of *St. Margaret’s*, Westminster, ending in June 1492, we find an entry relating to four torches and the

ringing of the bell "at the burying of William Caxton." He died, we may almost say, pen in hand; for among Wynkyn de Worde's first publications was one in which he has dutifully inscribed his master's name, and recorded the singular fact that there was no interval between his working time and his final rest. It was "translated," he tells us, "out of French into English by William Caxton, of Westminster, late dead, and finished at the last day of his life."

Honour to the kindly-natured, patient, hard-working old man who did so good a work for England! Very pleasant company are these BOOKS which then began to see the light, —always communicative, when we are willing to hear, like some sensible, well-bred friend, yet never forward, never captious, never overbearing, — full of information on all sorts of subjects, yet kindly letting us choose our own, and then telling us no more than we wish to know, — imparting some fresh truth continually to curious and eager listeners, or repeating the old with untiring patience again and again for the benefit of those who learn but slowly, —ready for a *tête-a-tête* if we wish for retirement, and making society more pleasant when they give out their store among

congenial friends, — never taking it amiss if we do not converse with them for weeks together, and, when we seek them once again, agreeable and free-spoken as before, — accommodating themselves to all our moods in turn, giving us grave and edifying discourse when we desire instruction, yet merry as the merriest when we are disposed for mirth. Who that loves a BOOK will not thank the man who sent forth such a goodly store, and helped to civilize our fathers by giving them some better employment for their leisure than war, the tournament, and the hunting field?

Further information respecting the first Printers will be found in the following works :—

BIOGRAPHIE UNIVERSELLE ; Articles GUTTENBERG, FUST, SCHŒFFER, and MENTEL.

CONVERSATIONS LEXICON ; Articles PRINTING and GUTTENBERG.

HISTOIRE DE L'ORIGINE ET DES PREMIERS PROGRÈS DE L'IMPRIMERIE, a valuable compilation, printed at the Hague in 1740.

THE ORIGIN OF PRINTING, in Two Essays ; containing the substance of DR. MIDDLETON'S DISSERTATION and MEERMAN'S ORIGINES TYPOGRAPHICÆ.

COGAN'S LETTERS ON THE RHINE ; a lively de-

scription of the Rhine country, published more than fifty years ago, when it was little known to English tourists, and containing a full and clear statement of the case between Haerlem and Mayence.

DIBDIN'S TYPOGRAPHICAL ANTIQUITIES. Vol. I.

KNIGHT'S CAXTON; one of his admirable shilling volumes.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

NOTE (H). Page 107.

MR. KNIGHT, the celebrated publisher, was there, and England could not have sent a fitter representative. He has described the scene in his interesting *Life of Caxton*, the first of his shilling Weekly Volumes, itself a marvellous product of the press, whose early history it recounts. He tells us that, while there was much of zeal and enthusiasm abroad, some listened with supreme indifference to what was passing so near them. A lady, whom he met in a steam-boat on his way, and who was learned in all the lore of German baths and watering-places, advised him by all means to avoid Mayence, "as a crowd of low people from all parts would be there to make a great fuss about a printer who had been dead two or three hundred years." — *Knight's Caxton*, p. 81.

NOTE (I). Page 108.

I have made the best I can of a hard bit of Latin,—" *Imprimis igitur characteribus literarum in tabulis ligneis per ordinem scriptis, formisque compositis, Vocabularium, Catholicon nuncupatum, impresserunt.*" Perhaps the exact meaning of the terms cannot be given without a sight of the rude materials with which the first printers exercised

their noble art. Others, evidently, have been puzzled besides me. Dr. Cogan translates it thus: "They first printed a vocabulary, called the Catholicon, with the characters of letters carved in wooden tablets in a series, and *composed in forms*;" and then adds (his correspondent, I suppose, being something of a scholar), "Do not you think this the proper translation?" I cannot say I do. *Compositis*, I think, must agree with *formis*. Mr. Knight gets over the difficulty by omitting the words, "*compositis formis*" in his translation. The question is, What was the *tabula*, and what was the *forma*? And another very natural question is, What can *scriptis* mean? Here was no *writing* surely, but a substitute for writing. If I might imitate the great critics who escape from a difficulty by hazarding a conjecture, I should say *scriptis* ought to be *sculptis*. The letters must have been *carved* in wood, surely; and the author, a little farther on, says that the characters were not "*amovibiles de tabulis, sed INSCULPTI, sicut diximus.*" The *tabula* may have been the block on which a whole word was carved, and the *forma* a frame holding a line of words, or more.

NOTE (K). Page 115.

Mr. Knight quotes a fine passage from Mr. Hallam on the execution of this noble work: "It is a very striking circumstance that the high-minded inventors of this great art tried at the very outset so bold a flight as the printing an entire Bible, and executed it with astonishing success. It was Minerva leaping on the earth in

her divine strength, and radiant armour, ready, at the moment of her nativity, to subdue and destroy her enemies." There is a current story about Fust taking some of these Bibles to Paris for sale, and offering them, in the first instance, for *sixty* crowns, whereas the price of a manuscript Bible on parchment of that size and quality would have been *four* or *five hundred* crowns. When the first buyers came to compare their copies, the exact correspondence of each with every other surprised and confounded them. Pages, words, letters, stops, all answered to pages, words, letters, stops elsewhere, without a single deviation or exception. Men wondered and paused; the sale was less brisk than at first. Then Fust began to reduce the price; he sold for forty crowns, — for thirty, — at last, for something much less. But soon there was a stir among the purchasers; for some, who heard of their neighbours' good fortune, thought themselves wronged and plundered; and bringing back their copies demanded the difference between the highest price and the lowest. Fust had to appeal to the Courts, says one story; Fust fled away in disgrace says another; at any rate, the secret was soon divulged, and printed books, like other things, began to have their market-price, and to invite numbers by their cheapness, who had no more thought hitherto of possessing a folio Bible than of possessing a principedom. The story is one of rather uncertain authority; but it is highly probable that such scenes did take place between the years 1450 and 1460; and the price assigned to the manuscript copy, four or five hundred crowns, is no unlikely one. We may look upon the publication of the Sacred Volume

at so early a period as a pledge of the service which the press was going to render to religion; for the scattering of God's word in the following century was worth more to the cause of the Reformation than the favour of all its royal and noble patrons put together.

NOTE (L). Page. 125.

Among these are Meerman, in his *Origines Typographicæ*, an able and learned work, and Dr. Cogan, in his *Letters on the Rhine*. They adopt the whole of Hadrian Junius's story, trust old Cornelis, the bookbinder, and are as indignant as he was with the false workman who stole away with his master's tools. This man, they think, was not Guttenberg himself, but his elder brother, from whom he learnt to print with wooden letters. The proper name of the two brothers, it is said, was John Geinsfleische (it being by no means uncommon for members of the same family to have the same Christian name), and the younger was called Guttenberg for distinction. It may have been, certainly, that one ran away from Holland in no creditable way, and the other harboured him; but we have no proof of any sort to fasten such a charge upon them, and, in the absence of it, cannot conclude that either of them was a rogue.

NOTE (M). Page 137.

Some persons may be curious to see how Caxton spelt. This sentence, therefore, is given as

it stood in the original black letter, printed by himself.

“ Whan I remembre that every man is bounden by the comandement and counceyl of the wyse man to eschewe slouth and ydlenes, which is moder and nouryssher of vices, and ought to put himself unto vertuous occupacion and besynesse, — than I, havynge no grete charge or occupacion, followyng the sayd counceyl, toke a Frenshe booke, and redde therein many straunge mervellous historyes, wherein I had grete pleasyr and delyte, as well for the novelte of the same as for the fayr langage of the Frenshe, whyche was in prose, so well and compendiously sette and wretton methought I understood the sentence and substance of every mater.”

NOTE (N). Page 141.

Some writers have made a great mystery of the concluding words of this passage. “Clearly,” they say, “Caxton could not mean that the book was printed in twenty-four hours, for it consists of 778 folio pages. But then, what *did* he mean?” The true answer, manifestly, is that furnished by Mr. Knight. The old printer does not say he began and finished his work *in the same day*, but that each book was begun in one day, and finished in one day; meaning that all the copies of the *first* sheet were struck off in a few hours at one time, and all the copies of the *last* sheet in a few hours at another time.

NOTE (O). Page 141.

The rhymes are these. They occur in an English translation of *Bartholomæus de Proprietatibus rerum* printed at the Westminster press after Caxton's death ; —

“ And also of your charyte call to remembrance
 The soul of William Caxton first prynter of this boke
 In Latin tonge at Coleyn himself to advance
 That every well disposyd man may theron loke.”

The meaning of this stanza we have to make out as we can, without help from punctuation. Mr. Knight suggests two renderings.

1. “ William Caxton was the first printer of this book in Latin, at Cologne, and he printed it, as a commercial speculation, *himself to advance*, or profit.”

2. “ William Caxton was the first printer of this book (meaning the English translation), and he printed it at Cologne for the *purpose of advancing or improving himself in the Latin tongue*.”

He prefers the first. A third, perhaps, might be proposed ; and then let the reader choose.

“ William Caxton was the first printer of this book in Latin, at Cologne, and he printed it *to advance, or improve, himself* (not in languages, but) *in the Printing Art*,” which we know he *did* learn at Cologne. It seems hardly worth telling that a book was printed for gain, or in the way of business. But if, while Caxton was learning to print at Cologne, he worked at a Latin edition of Bartolomæus, and, among his reminiscences of by gone times, had mentioned this to Wynkyn de Worde while they worked together at West-

minster, we can easily suppose the book had a special interest in the scholar's eyes, and that, when he came to print an English edition, he might think the fact worth recording, and might be glad to couple it with a request that the reader would give one prayer "for the soul" of his honoured master.

NOTE (P). Page 142.

Dr. Dibdin, a very high authority in these matters, puts Caxton's earliest publication *six years earlier*, and Mr. Hallam follows him. It is adventurous to oppose such names; but it would be presuming to make a contradictory statement without noticing theirs. The argument lies in a very narrow compass. There is a certain French edition of the History of Troy, which, from internal evidence, seems to have been printed as early as 1467. It has no printer's name, but corresponds exactly with Caxton's English edition. The two were printed with the same types, say the learned, or with types cast in the same moulds. *Therefore Caxton printed both.* "We venture to doubt this," says Mr. Knight, and proceeds to give good reasons for his doubts. Caxton bought his types, no doubt, from the earlier printers, and what these types had printed *before* they became his, would, of course, correspond exactly with what they printed *after* he began to use them. The similarity proves nothing as to the identity of the *workmen*, only as to the identity of the *tools*. We learn that the English History of Troy, and the Game of Chess, are printed with the same types as those which Fust and Schœffer used at

Mentz; yet Caxton certainly printed both. The obvious conclusion is that the types had changed masters; and it is quite clear that the man who *bought* from the Germans, and *sold* to the Englishman, may have been the printer of the *French Tales of Troy*.

Nothing can be inferred with any positiveness, therefore, from the resemblance between the earlier and later editions in respect of typography; and to us it seems quite plain that we must have positive and uncontradicted evidence to the effect that Caxton *did* print before 1470 in order to get rid of his own testimony collected from the two passages already quoted. In 1468, and again in 1470 or 1471, he took to translating, he tells us, for lack of employment. He had been wandering in the interval from Bruges to Ghent, from Ghent to Cologne. At the later time he was still in the service of the Duchess of Burgundy. All this is completely inconsistent with his having been a printer from 1467. The whole air and carriage of the man, as he depicts himself at that period, is of another sort. He might work at the press, and be a dabbler in literature, too, as he afterwards was; but, from the day that Caxton's second life began, he can hardly have said that he had "none other thing to do" but to translate romances.

COLUMBUS:

HIS FORERUNNERS AND PATRONS.

CHAPTER V.

PORTUGUESE DISCOVERIES — FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

IF the fifteenth century had been signalized by the Invention of Printing, and nothing else, it might well have ranked with the most remarkable æras which the world has seen. But it has other distinctions besides. It was THE AGE OF MARITIME DISCOVERY, — all former triumphs over the sea being completely distanced by what was done between its beginning and its close. At the earlier period no European had sailed along the coast of Africa farther than the 27th degree of North latitude; at the later, VASCO DE GAMA had sailed round the Cape of Good Hope to India; COLUMBUS had crossed the Atlantic to America three times; and an army of adventurers, following in their track and envying their fame, were scattering themselves, East and West, over the wide Ocean, and connecting Europe by new ties with the other three quarters of the globe.

As compared with the present relative positions of our own country and some others in respect of maritime power, it

Prince
Henry of
Portugal.

is curious to see who were the leaders in this great movement,—to find Englishmen no where mentioned, and the boldest navigators sailing from Venice, Genoa and Portugal. The last-named country took the lead, and PRINCE HENRY, a younger son of John the First, must rank with the two great explorers whom we have named as having made the sea a highway for commerce. He was no seaman himself; but for nearly fifty years he urged on the race of discovery, helping to turn the minds of thoughtful men throughout Europe to the great subject which filled his own soul. All through that dreary period of our own history and the history of our nearest neighbours,—when Joan of Arc was growing up,—during the long minority and troubled reign of Henry the Sixth,—while France was half won by the English, and wholly lost,—from the commencement of the War of the Roses almost to its close,—this noble Prince was devoting money and time and heart to his favourite studies and projects. He had his dwelling on the shores of the Atlantic, near Cape St. Vincent; and there, with an unexplored expanse of ocean continually before his eyes, he dreamed of new conquests to be won under his auspices which should bring honour to his country, and extend the boundaries of

Christendom. His companions were men of learning who knew what books could teach of the world's size and shape, or seamen who had wandered as far as men dared then to venture in unknown seas.

To the African coast his researches were naturally directed; for he had shared the danger and the glory of his father's expedition against Barbary; and from Moorish guests, in later days, he had received glowing accounts of the wealth which was hidden in the interior of that vast continent. *Cape Non*, long the southern boundary of European enterprize, had been passed by some of King John's naval commanders; but a sail of fifty leagues had brought them to *Cape Bojador*, and from thence they had returned with the report that its rocky cliffs, projecting far into the sea, presented a barrier too formidable to pass. Still the Prince longed to penetrate beyond it, and fitted out a vessel for that express object; but it was carried out to sea by a gale, and lighted on *Porto Santo*, more than three hundred miles from shore. Pleased with the discovery, which fell in with his temper and genius, Henry began to colonize, and sent out settlers in the following year, who, after noticing for some time together

African coast
explored.

A. D. 1412.

an object in the distant horizon, which seemed
always to keep the same position, made
A. D. 1419. sail for it, and landed on MADEIRA.

The fruitful little island, which still remains in the hands of the Portuguese, became a thriving colony. The vine and the sugar-cane yielded a rich return to the cultivator, and a traffic grew up which taught men to navigate the open sea more boldly. The formidable Cape
A. D. 1433.

Bojador was passed, and *Cape Blanco* and *Cape de Verde* were reached in succession, — the latter being within fifteen degrees of the Equator. The dreaded Torrid Zone was found not to be destructive of human life; and as point after point was gained, and the interminable shore was seen stretching yet farther to the South, curiosity was excited; new hopes were raised, and speculations about reaching India by circumnavigating Africa became favourite ones with many inquiring minds.

Before Prince Henry's death in 1473, the Cape de Verde Islands were discovered, three hundred miles from the cape of that name, which is the western extremity of Africa; and the Azores, nine hundred miles from Portugal, and yet farther from the southern continent. Triumphs such as these were greatly surpassed by the men

of the next age ; but to the Prince belonged the credit of kindling the spirit which sent them forth. Columbus himself may have had his noble aspirations fed and strengthened by what he heard of the Portuguese successes. Henry had been politic enough, moreover, to get the Pope on his side. It would be his endeavour, he said, to carry the light of the Gospel into new lands, and gather barbarous tribes into the fold of the Church, wherever God should prosper his enterprizes ; and on the faith of this promise, sincerely made and kept, a grant was made to the Portuguese of all countries discovered by them between Cape Non and the Indian Continent. In those palmy days of the Papacy, pretensions utterly monstrous for their absurdity were acquiesced in by the European powers as a part of the international law of Christendom ; and, accordingly, this gift was recognized by them as valid.

John II. followed in the track of his great uncle, Prince Henry. Encouraged by reports, partly true and partly fabulous, about the wealth of distant kingdoms in the East, he became more anxious than ever to reach India by sailing along the African coast. The Gulf of Guinea was explored ; the Equator was left behind ; the constellations of

Progress
towards
India.

the southern sky shone out with dazzling brilliancy ; farther and farther the Portuguese captains penetrated, and brought home word that Ptolemy was mistaken as to the shape of Africa, for, instead of widening as they advanced, the shore contracted itself, and retreated towards the

East. An expedition was fitted out, A. D. 1486. therefore, with special orders to solve the problem, and to sail past Africa eastward, if an outlet could be found. The commander, Bartholomew Diaz, passed the *Cape of Good Hope*, and reached the Great Fish River, some hundred miles beyond it : he was, in fact, on the high road to India, the long-wished-for goal of Portuguese explorers ; but shattered vessels and furious storms, combined with a mutinous crew, compelled him to return. For a time nothing more was done. Diaz's report was formidable even to the bold and enterprizing. The long-sought southern promontory, which we know by its fairer name, had been called by him the *Cape of Storms*, and for ten years it was never passed again.

In the meantime, however, the subject did not sleep. Information was being gathered from other quarters, and curiosity was quickened as fresh reports came in of what travellers had seen

or heard in the newly-explored parts of Africa, and in the far distant East. Embassies were sent in search of Prester John, a fabulous Christian prince, supposed to reign in Abyssinia or Ethiopia, or somewhere else, about whom Marco Polo and other early travellers had written, and who, in this stage of European discovery, was often hunted for, but never found. Covillam, a nobleman of distinction, dispatched on an exploring mission just about the time of Diaz's return to Portugal, went through Egypt and Arabia to India, visited Calicut, Goa, and other cities on the Malabar coast, and, having crossed to the western shore of Africa, found his way to Abyssinia, where he became an influential person at court and spent the remainder of his days. The result of his enquiries was transmitted to Portugal, and found favour there. The Cape of Good Hope, Covillam reported, was well known to navigators of the Indian seas. At this point, therefore, the two tracks met by which vessels had steered eastward from Europe, and westward from the ports of Asia. What hindrance could there be to a voyage from one continent to the other? What was wanting but sound vessels, sufficient provisions, and stout hearts, to effect a maritime communication between Portugal and the untold wealth of India?

India
reached. Then came the crowning triumph in this memorable progress from Cape Non to India. Emmanuel succeeded his cousin John, and encouraged by favourable reports from so many quarters, determined to spare no pains to win for his country the commerce of the East. So another expedition was fitted out, consisting of three vessels, which sailed for the Cape of Good Hope in July 1497 ; and VASCO DE GAMA was selected for his skill and courage to conduct the enterprize. The trust was faithfully discharged. Advancing in the track pointed out by his fore-runners, he sailed round the southern coast of Africa, left the Great Fish River behind him, and then sailing northwards, cast anchor opposite the city of Mozambique in the following March. Having explored the coast as far as Melinda, 2000 miles from the Cape of Good Hope, he turned his prow eastward across the Indian Ocean, and a run of three and twenty days realized all his hopes and dreams by bringing him to Calicut, then the great mart of commerce in the East.

Such was the career of discovery which occupied eighty years of Portuguese history, — and a noble career it was for a nation not ranking with the first-rate European kingdoms in wealth or power. Now Spain was to rival and surpass her

neighbour; for, before Vasco de Gama sailed on his memorable voyage, Columbus had returned from America; and the marvellous tales from the far West threw into the shade what had been done by Prince Henry and his worthy successors in another field.

Such was the preparatory work done for Columbus on the seas. The course of events which seated FERDINAND and ISABELLA on the throne of SPAIN, and made them powerful enough to carry forward his great enterprize is full of interest; and a brief account of it will fitly introduce the narrative which follows.

In the year 1454, John II., King of Castile, died, leaving two sons, Isabella and her brothers. Henry and Alfonso, and a daughter, Isabella, scarcely three years old. He left behind him a kingdom which embraced about three fourths of modern Spain, the excepted portions being the Moorish kingdom of GRANADA at the southern extremity, comprised within a circuit of some five hundred miles,—NAVARRÉ, less than half as large, lying under the Pyrenees, — and ARAGON, containing the province of that name, along with Catalonia and Valencia, and shut in between

Castile, the Pyrenees, and the Mediterranean. His successor, Henry IV., speedily disgusted his subjects by his feebleness of character and habits of reckless extravagance, combined with oppressive exactions, and submission to unworthy favourites. A hostile party was formed, headed by the Marquis of Villena, a man of great talents and of a restless intriguing spirit, and his uncle the Archbishop of Toledo; and after some years of smothered indignation or outspoken remonstrance,—when royal pledges had been given and broken, and the national feeling was at last outraged by Henry's recognition of his wife's daughter, born in adultery, as the heiress to the throne,—in the year 1465, a formal deposition took place with more of ceremony than belongs commonly to revolutionary movements. A scaffold was erected in an open plain; and there, upon a chair of state, clad in sable robes, sat an effigy of King Henry, crowned and sceptred. His crimes were read out, and forfeiture of the crown declared to be their rightful punishment; then prelates and nobles stripped the figure of the royal insignia, one by one, and concluded by rolling the bare image from the throne to the dust.

Henry's younger brother, Alfonso, a youth of eleven, was proclaimed King; but a large party

still adhered to Henry ; and for a time the strange spectacle was seen of two rival courts and rival governments in the same kingdom. Then came civil war, — a pitched battle with a doubtful issue, — the sudden death of

A.D. 1468.

Alfonso, — confusion and bewilderment among the insurrectionary leaders, — and, at last, a resolution to rally round the Infanta Isabella, and make her Queen by the people's choice. This illustrious Princess had just completed her seventeenth year, but had a maturity of understanding and a force of character, beyond her years. Trained in privacy under the eye of a watchful mother, she had imbibed lessons of piety which governed her future life, and now that she was tempted on the side of ambition, she had her decision and her answer ready. Nothing should induce her, she said, to occupy the throne which was her brother's by lawful right. She would do what she could to reconcile contending parties, but would not help to perpetuate dissensions which had inflicted such misery on her country. The confederates, deprived of a chief, had no hope of making head against Henry, and terms were agreed upon which promised immunity to the rebels, and put Isabella's title as presumptive heiress to the throne beyond dispute.

Her suitors
and mar-
riage. Thus splendidly endowed, Isabella did not want for suitors. The King of Aragon for his son, Ferdinand,—Edward IV. of England, and Louis XI. of France, for their respective brothers,—the King of Portugal for himself,—all pressed her in turn; and, like ladies who have kingdoms for their dower, she seemed likely to have a husband given to her for some political object. But her delicacy and her pride alike revolted against coercion where her happiness and her duty were concerned; and threatened violence on her brother's part was met with determined spirit on hers. For his own selfish objects he favoured the old King of Portugal; for her people's sake, as for her own, she preferred the young Prince of Aragon; and when imprisonment in the fortress of Madrid was hinted at, she took counsel with some of the nobles of Castile, negotiated her own treaty of marriage, and placed herself by a hasty flight beyond the reach of Henry's unscrupulous advisers. Having reached Valladolid, where the citizens were devoted to her interests, she sent a message to Ferdinand, claiming his advice and support; and assuring him that a speedy union had become necessary to her safety. The Prince, though the most favoured of her lovers, was unhappily the poorest, and could bring

no army to her rescue. There was insurrection in his father's little kingdom ; and neither soldiers could be spared for his body-guard, nor money for a royal bridal. He was driven, therefore, to take his measures rapidly and secretly. If his journey were publicly known, Henry would not scruple to interrupt it by violence ; so he travelled with half a dozen attendants disguised as merchants, and, when his party stopped for refreshment, took charge of the mules, and did the servant's part at table. At Valladolid he found his mistress, the Archbishop of Toledo, and a party of Isabella's devoted friends, who gladly gave him homage as their future sovereign ; and there, in humble state, money being borrowed to defray the necessary expences, the marriage took place which laid the foundation of the great Spanish monarchy.

Oct. 19.
1469.

The hero of this romance was in his eighteenth year, and the heroine a year older, — he, not spoiled by luxury, but active and temperate in his habits, wise and experienced beyond his years, handsome, too, and endowed with all knightly accomplishments,— she, adorned with graces, and ennobled by virtues, which the Spanish writers love to paint in the most glowing colours. ISABELLA THE CATHOLIC she was styled by her own age in

token of her devotion to the Church and the Pope ; but her religion was of that higher kind which purifies and elevates the character, and it kept her safely through the temptations of prosperous and adverse fortune. Her later career was full of honour ; but at the time we speak of, and for many years afterwards, she led a troubled and anxious life. Wisely, therefore, had she chosen for her friend and companion one on whose judgment she could rely for aid, and whose tried affection would be worth more to a heart like hers than all the splendours of royalty.

Distracted
state of
Spain.

Henry's death, five years after the marriage of Isabella, was followed by a protracted civil war, which endangered her throne, but called forth qualities which made her dearer than before to every loyal Castilian. The King of Portugal took up the cause of Joanna, the bastardized daughter of Henry's wife, and, after going through the form of betrothment with the lady, who, in respect of years, might have been his daughter, gathered his armies to enforce her claim. So sudden was the invasion, — so little expected this hostile attempt from one who was Isabella's own suitor but yesterday, — that at the beginning of the war not a thousand horse could be mustered to oppose his march.

The nation, too, was distracted and impoverished; the troops were ill-appointed and half-disciplined; the civil functionaries left to the Queen by her reckless predecessor were feeble and incompetent; some of her old friends turned against her, and became bitter enemies, including the Archbishop of Toledo, the first dignitary in Spain.

In the midst of distresses like these Isabella never lost heart or hope. She trusted in God and her people; and did her own part with exemplary prudence and with unflinching energy. When things were at the worst, she hardly gave herself rest or sleep. The night was sometimes spent in dictating dispatches, and the day in rapid visits to garrison towns, in which the allegiance of her subjects was most doubtful. All was done that wisdom and courage could do to maintain her own rights and the independence of her country. While the issue was doubtful, Alfonso offered peace, on condition of having Galicia and two frontier towns ceded to Portugal; but to such terms Isabella would not listen. With money, if necessary, she would buy for her country a release from the scourge of war; but Castile was given her in trust to keep

Isabella's
noble qualities.

and rule, and not an inch of its territory would she consent to resign.

At last a victory, gained near Toro, in the year 1476, gave a decided superiority to Isabella, and fixed the wavering allegiance of many of the nobles. But for three years longer the contest continued; and then the war between rival Princesses was terminated by the intervention of lady-peacemakers. An Infanta of Portugal, sick at heart for the miseries inflicted in both countries, and closely allied both to Alfonso and Isabella, sought a meeting with the latter in a frontier town, and in less time than

is commonly given to such negotiations the terms of peace were agreed on.

Alfonso was to renounce his bride, the Pope's dispensation for the marriage being withdrawn; Joanna was to resign her pretensions to the throne; and, strangely enough, having lost a lover who might have been her father, it was stipulated that this ill-fated lady should wed Isabella's son just born, or retire into a convent. She preferred the latter course, and lived to see the grandson of Isabella occupy a far more splendid throne than that of which she had a glimpse in her own youthful dreams.

Five years of war had desolated Spain. Five years of peace followed; and it may be questioned whether the history of any nation presents a spectacle of such rapid progress in a much more lengthened period. Order succeeded to confusion; the royal revenue had increased sixfold; the grandees of the kingdom were no longer permitted to reign like petty tyrants in their own domain; the people, in town and country, learnt to look to the throne as the fountain of justice, and rallied round it with devoted loyalty; ecclesiastical encroachments were firmly, yet temperately resisted*; above all, the courts were purified, and the laws administered so as to command respect and confidence. The judge's decree, say the Spanish writers, began to be more respected than the warrior's sword; the roads were swept of banditti; fortresses, which had been the strongholds of titled plunderers, were thrown down; the knight and squire, who had oppressed the labouring people without mercy, felt that a stronger arm was upon them which they could not resist.

Rapid advancement
of Spain.

Isabella herself was the spring of this improved administration. Her desire to have her throne established

Isabella's
personal
influence.

* See NOTE (Q).

in righteousness gave vigour and directness to all measures of reform. Her wise economy, which never degenerated into meanness, but was varied by noble munificence when the occasion called for it, gave her kingdom a flourishing exchequer without any harsh exactions. Her Castilian subjects every where loved to connect her name with their new-found blessings; while those, who came within the sphere of her personal influence, gave her the tribute of a warmer and livelier admiration. The Court, which had been a sink of pollution, became a safe dwelling-place for innocence and modesty; and lessons learnt in the palace by the future mothers of her nobles helped to form a far better race than the proud and lawless men who had often proved themselves too strong both against Prince and people.*

In 1481 the last war with the Moors began, which lasted ten years, and ended in their overthrow and expulsion. It was raging when Columbus first sought the Court of Spain, and Granada was taken just before he sailed on his first voyage. Thus, at the same time, the whole of Spain, with the very slight exception of Navarre, became consolidated into one kingdom, and a new empire sprang up in the West to increase

* See NOTE (R).

its wealth and fame. Very different was the Spain of Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second from that which Ferdinand and Isabella looked upon as their future inheritance when money was borrowed for their wedding festivities at Valladolid; and the different stages of its growth till it became the rival of the foremost nations of Europe, and the dread of many of them, form an important chapter in Modern History.

CHAPTER VI.

COLUMBUS.

SOMETIME in the early part of the year 1486, a stranger stopped at the door of a Franciscan convent, near the town of Palos, on the western coast of Spain, and begged of the porter some bread and water for his son. They were journeying on foot to a neighbouring town, where some members of their family resided, and the length of the way had exhausted the younger traveller. As they stood and refreshed themselves with the humble cheer which was readily granted them, the guardian of the convent, one Juan Perez de Marchena passed by, and was attracted by the noble appearance of the stranger, and by his foreign accent. Conversation ensued, and was followed by the offer of hospitality on the friar's part. The convent stood upon a height, and commanded a view of the great Atlantic Ocean. The possibility of crossing it was canvassed; and some discussion ensued as to the countries and races which might be found on the opposite shore.

The traveller, it seemed, was one who had meditated deeply on the world's size and shape. He had conceived the notion that Europe and Africa, and the known parts of Asia, did not comprize the whole of the solid portion of the globe, but that new countries might be discovered by stretching boldly to the West. He talked like one who was bold enough to venture into unknown seas, and test the truth of his theories by actual experiment; but to practical skill he added scientific acquirements of a high order, and showed himself master of all the learning that bore upon his favourite subject.

The wayfaring man was Columbus, and it chanced that in Marchena he found an intelligent and willing listener. A physician of Palos, Garcia Fernandez, was invited to their conferences, a man of some scientific reputation, and one Pinzon, also, who belonged to a wealthy family, and was himself a bold and experienced navigator. To this little party the great explorer announced his hopes and plans. They rested not on fancies and conjectures, but on specious reasonings and solid facts. The records of ancient and modern travellers had been searched and sifted. With the stores which were gathered from books he had compared the observations of

living men. He could tell of what had been seen at Porto Santo, at Madeira, on the Azores and Canary Islands. Trunks of trees, evidently not of European growth, and reeds of an immense size, of which some were preserved by the King of Portugal, had been drifted on those shores by westerly currents; dead bodies, too, belonging to some unknown race, had been found on one of them; and whence could these come but from some undiscovered country beyond the Atlantic?

When Columbus's tale was finished, other evidence was sought after. The weather-beaten pilots of Palos were sent for and examined; facts noted by one and another of them were brought together, and pointed to the same conclusion. Then the lofty enthusiasm of Columbus painted his darling project in the most glowing colours, as full of hope to Christendom, and promising lasting glory to Spain, if her rulers would supply the necessary complement of ships and men.

In the common discourse of Columbus there was the elevation of genius and the fire of eloquence. The solemn earnestness of his tone marked the sincerity of his convictions, and gave force and weight to all that he said. So his hearers listened, wondered, and believed. Marchena, especially, was caught by the grandeur of

the scheme, and charged Columbus to go straight to Cordova, where the Court was then residing, and lay his plans before Ferdinand and Isabella; at the same time giving him a letter of introduction to Talavera, the Queen's confessor, and promising to take charge of his son till his return.

A few words will suffice for the previous career of Columbus. His father was a woolcomber at Genoa; and at a very early age, probably, there were some indications of genius; as he studied for a short time at the University of Pavia, and there acquired a good knowledge of Latin, besides the rudiments of geometry, astronomy and navigation. But his passion was for the sea; so at fourteen his nautical life began; and he grew up to manhood amid the toils and dangers of active service between the great ports of the Mediterranean.

In the commercial enterprizes, as well as the maritime wars, of that age, there was abundant occupation for an active mind and a fearless spirit. The Italian states were continually battling with each other; and petty fleets, laden with precious freights, had to be attacked or defended. Piratical expeditions were not unfrequent, and men of reputation did not disdain to serve in them for

Early history
of Columbus.

hire. The common enemy, too, the Mussulman, was braved in his strongholds, or pursued, like a trespasser, upon the high seas. In expeditions of this sort Columbus served a rough apprenticeship, and a better, perhaps, could not have been found for the enterprize which became the business of his life.

Of this period scarcely any thing is known in detail, for Columbus has left no record of it; and early historians, who wrote to exalt the glory of Spain in connection with his great achievement, took no account of what had been done while he was training up for it in other lands. One incident remains, told by himself, no doubt, to his son Fernando, that while serving with a relative, who was a noted corsair, and had a name so terrible as to be the bugbear of Moorish nurseries, he was once engaged in a desperate action not far from Cape St. Vincent. This man, with his little squadron, attacked four Venetian galleys richly freighted. There was no manœuvring, but hard fighting between the hostile decks, while each ship was fastened by grappling-irons to its antagonist. Columbus's vessel, or the one with which he was engaged, took fire, and both crews were compelled, for safety, to plunge into the sea. He seized an oar, and with the help of that, being a

man of great physical strength and an expert swimmer, escaped to shore *two leagues* off. So the story runs; and, if it be strictly true, we may well acknowledge, with the dutiful narrator, that "God gave him strength, and preserved him for greater things."

From this unpromising school Columbus emerged, not only a hardy seaman, but with many scholar-like acquirements, — of a temper calm and patient, yet full of energy, — with aims and motives, moreover, which elevated him far above the crowd of money-seeking or danger-loving adventurers. In 1470 we first hear of him in Portugal. During his residence there, considering its situation, and the known incidents of his story, it is highly probable that he began to speculate concerning the western boundary of the Atlantic, and to dream of lands beyond it. Prince Henry was then alive, and the fame of his discoveries was quite enough to attract a man like Columbus, and to make him wish for some share in the exploring expeditions which were pushing the boundaries of the known world yet farther to the South and West. At Lisbon he became acquainted with a noble lady whom he courted and married, the daughter of one of the Prince's band of distinguished cap-

Arrives in
Portugal,
A. D. 1470.

tains. He resided for a time with his mother-in-law, and from her he received, what was more precious in his eyes than a marriage-portion of gold and jewels, the journals and charts of her deceased husband. His wife's sister was married to a man of similar genius and tastes with his own, who had once been governor of Porto Santo, the island from which Madeira had been seen and discovered; at that outpost of the world of discovery Columbus himself resided for a time; and the talk of the two brothers, when they met, would naturally turn upon all that had been done, and all that might yet be done, in the way of discovery on the element with which they were both familiar. Facts were collected from many quarters, which seemed to speak the same language as to far off countries in the West; and to these were added floating rumours of distant islands sometimes dimly seen by navigators who had been driven by storms beyond the usual track. During this period Columbus was employed sometimes in voyages to Guinea; and when at home eked out his scanty income by drawing maps and charts for sale. Something was saved, however, from his little store to assist his old father at Genoa, and to advance the education of his younger brother.

By 1474 it is certain that the theory of Columbus had assumed a definite shape. Reflection, study, observation, and the report of many witnesses, all brought him to the same conclusion. The earth he assumed to be a globe, of which the surface was divided between land and sea, and which might be travelled round from East to West, men on opposite sides of the sphere, of course, standing foot to foot. Measuring the known portions of the globe eastward from the Cape de Verde Islands to the extremest point of Asia, he concluded that about two-thirds of the whole circumference were comprized within those limits; and the remaining third, partly occupied by land and partly by water, had yet to be traversed. The land he supposed to be, not another continent, as he found it, but ASIA, known or unknown; and already he had formed a determination, if ships could be procured, to sail across the intervening ocean in quest of India. As the hope grew up in his mind of finding new lands, peopled with strange, probably barbarous, races, he began to look at the project through the medium of his strong religious feelings. Christ's name would be magnified, and the blessings of redemption extended, possibly, to nations of idolaters. He thought himself called to a mission

His theory
and plans.

of peace, and longed to bring fresh provinces beneath the Church's rule. In this strain he loved to speak of his great design; and when he invited the attention of princes, or discoursed about it to learned men, there was in his air, and style, and tones, something of the prophet's manner, announcing the high purposes of heaven.

Correspon-
dence with
Toscanelli.
A.D. 1474.

In his hopes and plans he was encouraged by a learned Florentine, Toscanelli, with whom he corresponded. "Four thousand miles from Lisbon," he said, "must bring you to Mangi and Cathay, — to the Spice Islands, which send their perfume across the ocean, — to Cipango, with its hidden stores of precious stones, — and to the palace of the great Khan, covered with tiles of gold." Such were some of the wonders described by Marco Polo, the celebrated Venetian traveller, who had penetrated to the remotest parts of Asia a century before. The names here mentioned were for ever in Columbus's mind throughout his earlier voyages; and the map sent to him by Toscanelli, which travelled with him when he first sailed across the Atlantic, exhibits India where America ought to be, with islands, small and great, of unknown names, scattered over the intervening ocean. Cipango figures very prominently; a nut-

meg forest is put down among its supposed products; and Syrens are commemorated as sometimes visiting its shores.

Years went by, and reflection did but root this theory more strongly in the mind of Columbus; but there was no hope of its ever coming to any practical result till some European potentate should put an exploring armament at his disposal. Portugal had been the patron of similar projects, and seemed likely to become so again when John the Second, on his accession to the throne, in the year 1481, talked of following up the career of discovery so nobly begun by his great uncle, Prince Henry. So to Portugal he went, and told his tale to the King himself, who referred the whole matter, first, to a body of learned men, and afterwards to his own council. Both reported the scheme to be utterly extravagant; but John, who had a hankering after the reputation of a discoverer, borrowed the maps and charts of Columbus, and, having fitted out a vessel at the Cape de Verde Islands, charged the pilot to sail boldly in the track which they indicated till he came to land. Faith and courage to venture very far were naturally wanting in men who were thus driven forth into unknown seas: they returned with an ill report;

Overtures to
Portugal.

the monarch lost character without gaining his prize; and Columbus, threatened with an arrest for debt, and disgusted with an act of baseness which might have robbed him of his honest fame, left Portugal after three years of weary expectation.

A.D. 1484. It is rumoured, but not very clearly ascertained, that overtures were next made to Genoa and Venice, and rejected by both of them. To England he certainly dispatched his brother Bartholomew to solicit the countenance of Henry the Seventh for his great undertaking. But up to the time of his appearance at Palos, he had found favour with no European Potentate. Fifty years of a laborious and anxious life were already spent, and his mission still was to "beg his way from court to court, while he offered to princes the discovery of a world."

In the little sea-port town of Spain, we have seen, he found listeners and friends; and encouraged by their approbation, with hopes somewhat revived, he sought the Court of Spain.

Columbus at Cordova. At Cordova he found King and Queen, courtiers and soldiers, laymen and ecclesiastics, all occupied with an intended attack on Granada; and a solitary, unfriended

stranger, asking for assistance towards what looked a romantic enterprize, was little likely to find favour, or obtain a hearing, at a time like that. He waited, and sold maps for bread, and went abroad among gay cavaliers with his grave, earnest look, and simple, modest garb, making no secret of his mission, and often mocked at in the streets as a mad enthusiast. Still there was that innate nobleness of soul, and that dignity of look and manner, which arrested observation, and by degrees won listeners among men of education and intelligence. Herrera's may be taken as a faithful portrait, and is worth quoting as the traditional likeness current among his countrymen, though the historian could hardly have conversed with those who knew Columbus. "He was tall of stature, long visaged, of a majestic aspect, his nose hooked, his eyes grey, of a clear complexion, somewhat ruddy; his beard and hair, when young, fair, though through many hardships they soon turned grey. He was witty and pleasant, well spoken and eloquent, moderately grave, affable to strangers, to his own family mild. His conversation was discreet, which gained him the affection of those he had to deal with, and his presence attracted respect, having an air of authority and grandeur; always temperate in eating

and modest in his dress. As to religion, he was very zealous and devout, often saying, "I will do this in the Name of the most Holy Trinity"; kept the fasts of the Church very strictly, often confessed and communicated, said all the canonical hours, abhorred swearing and blasphemy, had a peculiar devotion to our Lady and St. Francis, was very thankful to Almighty God for the mercies he received, zealous for God's honour, and very desirous of the conversion of the Indians. In other respects he was a man of an undaunted courage and high thoughts, fond of great enterprizes, patient, ready to forgive wrongs, and only desirous that offenders should be sensible of their faults; unmoved in the many troubles and adversities that attended him, ever relying on the Divine Providence. In short, had he performed such a wonderful enterprize in the ancient days, as the discovery of the New World, it is likely he would not only have had statues and even temples erected to his honour, but that some star would have been dedicated to him, as was done to Hercules and Bacchus; and among us his name will be renowned whilst the world endures."

Introduced to
Ferdinand.

By degrees Columbus won his way
to Cardinal Mendoza, the first ecclesi-
astic and Prime Minister of Spain, and by him

was introduced to Ferdinand. The King longed to rival Portugal on the high seas, and caught with some eagerness at the sound of an exploring expedition with the promise of such grand results. Talavera, therefore, was instructed to assemble a conclave, comprizing men of the highest dignity and profoundest learning. Dignitaries, professors, and friars of scientific reputation, assembled at Salamanca, the seat of the most famous University in Spain ; and there, at last, Columbus had the audience he longed for, — men, as he thought, superior to vulgar prejudices, who would listen to his facts, and weigh his reasonings with calmness and patience ; men, above all, who would look at his great enterprize as Christian men should do, and would sympathize with his earnest longings to carry the blessings of redemption to new tribes of the human family. Alas ! his old fate pursued him ; some mocked him as a dreamer ; others thought him more than half a heretic ; few had the penetration to see how much of sober truth and probability was mixed up with the project that looked so daring ; one only, Diego de Deza, became a convert, and was his advocate and fast friend ever afterwards ; and this man, like Marchena, was a friar.*

* See NOTE (S).

Conference at
Salamanca.

We do not know how long the examination lasted ; nor is there any full report of the arguments on either side ; but enough is told to make us long for more. The earth's spherical form was a thing unproved as yet ; so some of the doctors made themselves very merry with the notion of the topsy-turvy world at the Antipodes. Besides, if there were such a world, as Augustine had well argued, how could it be peopled ? Not by descendants from Adam, for the ocean was impassable ; and to suppose another progenitor would be to contradict the Bible. — The earth must be flat, moreover, some argued ; for did not the Psalmist speak of the heavens as being “ spread over it like a curtain ? ” But suppose it round, and let Columbus sail over the convex surface to India, — how could he possibly return ? for he and his ships would have to climb the slope, and get over what would stand, like a mountain, in their course. Columbus was prepared at every point. To the old objection that the torrid zone was uninhabitable, he replied that he had sailed almost to the Equator, and not only lived to come back again, but found Guinea both populous and fruitful. He was at home in the writings of the fathers, and could quote Scripture like the doctors ; only, instead of strained inter-

pretations of particular texts, he gave them a glowing picture of lands rescued from idolatry, and blessed with the knowledge of a Redeemer, — then, pointing to one passage and another of the prophetic writings, he argued that the time was come for their complete fulfilment. His mission, he said, was to find new lands that they might be peopled with obedient converts, who should bring in a fresh tribute of praise to Christ, the universal Lord.

Very startling, probably, was this strain from a man like Columbus. We can imagine grave men looking from the speaker to each other, and marvelling where he got his learning and his eloquence. But the physical difficulties remained; the doubts of almost all were too stubborn to be charmed away by reasonings of this sort; the conclave was dispersed without coming to any decision; but Columbus was left to hang about the Court, hoping for renewed deliberations, and a more favourable issue.

At the end of five years from this time, Columbus was again at the Con-
vent of La Rabida, where he had left
his son. He came to tell his friend, Marchena, that he had done with Spain. He had followed the wanderings of the Court, had been partly

Columbus
returns to
Palos.
A. D. 1491.

maintained at its charges, had put up with suspense and delay through weary months and years; but now patience was exhausted, and hope from that quarter was dead. His thoughts were turned to France. Other sovereigns might yet adopt the enterprize which the rulers of Spain had held cheap. At any rate, no pains should be spared on his part to bring about the happy consummation in which Christendom had a common interest.

Arrested by
Marchena.

Marchena's patriotic feelings took alarm. For his country he coveted with all his heart the glory of adopting and carrying out the scheme of Columbus. With his own hand he wrote a letter of remonstrance to Isabella, to whom he had once been confessor, and dispatched it by a trusty messenger. A speedy reply invited his attendance at the royal camp before Granada, and without the loss of an hour he hastened to the royal presence. His hearty commendation of his friend, and earnest entreaties to the Queen not to lose such a golden opportunity of adding to her high renown, won the ear of Isabella, and instant orders were given for the recal of Columbus. He came in time to witness the fall of Granada, the last stronghold of the Moors in Spain, and found the royal councillors more willing than before to listen to new schemes

of conquest. His claims, however, which nothing would induce him to abate, seemed to them perfectly monstrous and extravagant, for in his poverty, like one born to rule, he would deal with Princes on equal terms, and demanded honours and rewards in proportion to his own estimate of the prize he offered them. Again he was repulsed, mounted his mule, and was on his way to Cordova, when a last effort was made by one zealous friend. To the Queen he spoke of the little that was asked compared with all that might be expected, if the great adventurer should be crowned with success. Her name was great already, and would be yet greater if she allied herself to a noble cause, and carried the Christian faith to other lands. To enlarge the boundaries of knowledge, and solve difficult and perplexing problems, was the work of enlightened Princes; and if the little fleet were beaten back, and the explorer's hopes should be never realized, something was gained and learnt, and her own part faithfully discharged towards God and man. The Queen's enthusiasm was kindled; her judgment was decided, and never wavered more. "For my own crown of Castile," she said, "I adopt the enterprize; and if funds are wanted, my own jewels shall be pledged to raise them."

His terms
granted. Columbus was pursued and overtaken; and after a moment's hesitation, (a critical moment in the world's history), he turned his mule's head back towards Granada. His terms were now complied with. He was to be Admiral in all seas, and Viceroy over all lands, discovered by himself; his offices were to be hereditary; a tenth of the revenue which the new provinces should yield in the way of tribute or merchandize was to be his; he or his officers were to be arbiters in all disputes connected with the traffic of the new-found countries. As to all future expeditions, it was settled that he should contribute one-eighth of the outlay, receiving in return one-eighth of the profits. One other article Columbus wished to include, — that the revenue derived from his discoveries should be devoted, in the first instance, to the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre from the infidels. The sovereigns smiled, perhaps, at his haste, but were well pleased with his devotion. The article was not written down as a part of the treaty; but the wish to furnish funds for a last crusade was the darling wish of Columbus through all his days, and sustained him often amidst the vexations and disappointments of his troubled life.

Orders were now given to furnish all that was

necessary for the expedition without delay. Palos, so singularly connected with this romantic story, was chosen for the starting-place. Martin Pinzon, of whom we have heard already, the steady adherent of Columbus through all those years of expectation, was now willing to become the partner of his dangers. Two of his brothers joined him; and their united influence with their fellow townsmen contributed greatly to the completion of the armament. It consisted, at last, but of two light caravels, without decks, save at the prow and stern, commanded by two of the Pinzons, and one ship of larger size commanded by Columbus himself. Fernandez, the physician, who had shared their early conferences at the old convent, now sailed with them as steward. One wonders, almost, that Marchena did not go as chaplain, to make the party complete; he did his part, however, on shore, — Columbus reverently confessing himself, and receiving the Communion at the hands of his old friend, when all was ready for his departure, and officers and men following the example of their chief. It was a day of anxiety and gloom for the little community of Palos; for few among the crews were sustained by the hopes which animated their captains; and their relatives looked upon them as doomed to destruction.

Sail for
the New
World.

On the morning of the 3rd of August, 1492, the three vessels stood out to sea, having on board three skilful pilots besides the Pinzons, and a hundred and twenty men. Owing to some delay occasioned by a broken rudder, the Canary Islands were not left till the 6th of September, and on the 9th Ferro was passed, the extremest point hitherto known to European navigators. Then came the plunge into unknown seas, and each day's sail separated the crews more widely from the world which they regarded as their own. No wonder, while their prows pointed steadily to the West, that their eyes were continually searching for shore or mountain in that direction; but, wherever they looked, all was one wide waste of waters. Evening after evening, for weeks together, the sun went down, and no outline of coast, far or near, could be traced in the glowing sky. A mast floated by them at one time, belonging apparently to a vessel of some size, and the timid began to question whether it were lawful to tempt Providence by venturing rashly where some unhappy voyagers had perished helplessly before. The needle did not point truly, but varied several de-

grees; and the pilots, in wonder and alarm, asked whether it were safe to go where the common laws of nature seemed to be suspended, and the skill and knowledge, which had served them in other seas, might prove altogether useless. They came next within the range of the trade wind blowing steadily from East to West; and for a time they were content to be speeded on their way by gentle, favouring breezes, without the shifting of a sail; then came the apprehension that no other winds might ever blow in those unknown regions, and that return would be impossible, whether they found land beyond them, or gave up the search as hopeless.

More than half the sailors, instead of being willing helpers, had been
Troubles
on board.
pressed into a service from which they shrank with terror. Winds and waves, therefore, now presented less formidable difficulties to the great commander than the wild, refractory crew who held him, like a captive, in their power. An hour's mutiny would be fatal to his purpose. The disaffected had but to seize the helm, and tack about, and tell their own story in Spain, and the dream of his life was at an end. All the resources, therefore, of an ingenious and fertile mind were called into play while he appealed

successively to their hopes and fears, — to their patriotism and sense of shame. He gave them large promises of lands and wealth, and prophesied that the toil of weeks would be recompensed a hundred fold when their great end should be gained. He pictured in glowing words the Paradise of plenty which was to be their future home, told them of the renown which must follow their high achievement, as if it were already finished, and said the meanest man on board would have his share. With visions of this sort his own mind had been filled, and his own hopes sustained, through years of disappointment. But he had to do with vulgar minds, and low, grovelling natures; and the lengthening track behind, with the unexplored ocean in front, began by degrees to appal the hearts of the bravest, while a thousand tales of mysterious and unknown horrors were sure to be current among the timid and superstitious.

Hopes and
fears.

Again and again Columbus revived their hopes by his own unfailing confidence. He praised them for their past services, and assured them that perseverance must soon be crowned with success. Let the pathless ocean once be crossed, and not only would they be amply recompensed by their grateful country, but the heroic achievement would be one for Spain and

the civilized world to talk about in future ages. His words were seconded, often, by favourable signs. Patches of green herbs came floating from the West; birds, neither large nor strong of wing, lighted on the ships, and cheered the sailors with their song; clouds, in the distant horizon, would take the shape of islands, and then hope seemed to be exchanged for certainty. On the 25th of September, Martin Pinzon, from the stern of his vessel, cried, "Land, land," and claimed for his own the reward of thirty crowns promised by the government to the man who should first descry it. Columbus threw himself on his knees, and gave thanks to God; while, from the Pinta, the hymn *Gloria in Excelsis* was heard, in which the crews of both ships gladly joined. Sailors were soon in the rigging, looking out towards the South-West; and there, at a great distance, something like land was seen. So their course was altered a few points, and through the night they steered in that direction; but morning came, and an unbroken expanse of waters was around them as before.

Disappointments of this sort made the admiral's position one of yet greater difficulty and peril. His promises were less trusted, and his orders more grudgingly obeyed. Little

Growing
discontent.

groups began to talk in whispers of the necessity of caring for their own safety. They had ventured far enough already; the duty which they owed to Spain had been faithfully discharged; they never could be bound, in compliance with the mad wishes of their leader, to pursue this hopeless, endless voyage any farther. Return was possible now, and their ships were sound; but who could answer for the future in unknown seas? Delay was dangerous, and the time for resistance was surely come if, on further remonstrance, the Admiral should prove deaf to reason. Some hinted at deeds worse than mutiny. One life, they said, was cheap in comparison with many. If they were driven to extremities, and threw Columbus into the sea, they had but to keep their secret, and say that he had fallen overboard while engaged in his favourite pursuit of star-gazing. He was no powerful courtier with an army of partizans at his back, — no grandee of Spain whose loss would make a stir at home, — but a stranger in small repute already, whose name would soon perish, or would be remembered only as that of a rash, dreamy adventurer. The temper of the crew could hardly be concealed from Columbus. He must have watched the gathering gloom and discontent with the feeling that his life

hung by a thread; but he was a brave man, who never feared danger, and a devout man, whose reliance on a watchful and all-disposing Providence did not desert him in the most trying times. While some, therefore, were plotting insurrection about him, and others looked on him with an evil eye, with thoughts of murder in their hearts, he kept the same unruffled aspect, and gave his orders in a tone of undiminished confidence.

On the 7th of October, according to his private reckoning, they had sailed seven hundred and fifty leagues, though to his frightened crews he admitted only a little more than six hundred. Cipango, if Toscanelli's map might be trusted, was not far off; and hour after hour the Admiral expected to see it come into view. Large flights of field-birds thronged the air above them, and their course was always to the South-West. So, concluding that land must be there, he took a more southerly course for three days. To him every thing looked bright and promising. Small birds came flying by in great numbers as before, and in the same direction; while a single heron and pelican were eagerly pointed to as signs that some home was near. But the sailors had lost all faith in signs. The boundless sea filled their eyes and imagina-

tions, and to find a shore seemed a sheer impossibility. Accordingly, on the evening of the 10th, the long slumbering spirit of insubordination broke out into open mutiny. Men and officers assembled tumultuously on deck, and demanded permission to tack about, and return to Europe that very hour.

Columbus
immovable.

Then was seen, on board that little vessel in the broad Atlantic, what has been so often seen on a wider stage, how one resolute spirit can charm numbers into submission;—how, too, when some work is to be done for the advancement of God's designs on earth, the instrument is made ready at the appointed time, and exactly fitted for its purpose. Less of determination in Columbus at that critical moment would have been followed by his complete discomfiture; and, instead of returning to Spain in triumph, he would have been a dishonoured man in his own age, and an unknown man to us. But he met the storm, and quelled it. Nothing should turn him back, he said, till he had done the bidding of his sovereigns. Seek land they must till they found it; and it would be madness to give up the search when every thing indicated that it was close at hand.* So another anxious

* See NOTE (T).

but yet more hopeful day succeeded. A green fish was observed of a kind that lives among the rocks; a staff was picked up artificially carved; and a branch of thorn floated by with the berries on it fresh and red. More cheerfully, therefore, was the Vesper hymn to the Virgin sung that night on board the Admiral's ship, according to his usual custom; and when he addressed his crew in the language of grateful praise, showing them how God in His goodness had given them gentle breezes and tranquil seas through all their voyage, and almost promising that they should make land that very night, past troubles were forgotten, and every heart beat high with hope.

The occurrences of the memorable night which followed cannot be better described than in the language of Washington Irving, a writer whose vocation among men of literature has been something like that of Columbus among navigators, it having been the business of his life to link together the great communities of England and America by the bonds of mutual kindness.

“At sunset,” he writes, “they stood again to the West, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate; the Pinta (Pinzon's vessel) keeping the lead from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed

Land discovered
Oct. 11th.

throughout the ships ; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to *him* a time of the most painful anxiety ; and now, when he was wrapped from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, a gentleman of the King's bedchamber, and demanded whether he saw a light in that direction ; the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called another, Rodrigo Sanchez, of Segovia, and made the same enquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams, but they were so transient and uncertain that few attached any importance to them. Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was in-

habited. They continued on their course till two in the morning, when a gun from the Pinta gave the joyful sign of land. This was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn."

The dawn came at last, and disclosed an island, of which the visible extremities seemed only a few leagues apart. It proved to be one of the Bahamas, and was named by Columbus San Salvador. To the delighted Spaniards, as they first gazed upon it from their vessels, and then landed on the nearest shore, it seemed like an earthly Paradise, with its clusters of unknown fruits, its balmy delicious air, and its beautiful forests sloping to the sea. Columbus was the first to land, as he had a good right to be; a crucifix was erected, and thanks were devoutly offered to God, who had guided them safely through unknown seas to so fair a haven; then a banner was set up emblazoned with the arms of Castile, and the Sovereigns of Spain were proclaimed lords of the new-found territory. Natives came from the woods, and began to throng about the strangers. To them every thing was wonderful alike. Splendid dresses, glittering armour, bearded chins, fair complexions, — all

Landing at
St. Salvador.

were new and strange. Ships and men, they thought, must have descended from the skies. The Spaniards, too, gazed in their turn upon a people in all the rude simplicity of nature. Their naked bodies were painted with various devices in white and black and red. Their lances were headed with fish-bones; and when some handled a Spanish sword, they took it fearlessly by the edge. They bartered freely anything they had for glass beads or trifles which had a showy look. The sea seemed almost like their native element, they paddled their canoes with such dexterity, or swam with so much ease and grace. Questions were put and answered, of course, by signs. Some ornaments of gold soon caught the eye of the strangers; and the natives, when enquiry was made respecting them, pointed to the South. All was interpreted by Columbus in connexion with his previous theories. Recollections of Marco Polo haunted him at every step. So the South in his eyes meant Cipango, and there, doubtless, within a few days' sail, was the golden-roofed palace, and the city of the great Khan.

Cuba and
Hayti dis-
covered.

Real islands were lying thickly about him, while he was dreaming of others which had no existence. In the course of a fortnight's sail, besides three smaller ones,

which he named Santa Maria de la Concepcion, Fernandina, and Isabella, he reached Oct. 28th. a fourth, which he loyally called Juana, in honour of Prince Juan of Spain. After many days of coasting, its shores still stretched far away beyond his sight; mountains, rivers, harbours, were all on a much grander scale than he had seen elsewhere; and Columbus made sure that he had reached *Terra Firma* at last. But it was really CUBA, its old name having survived; and it remains to this day the noblest colonial possession of the Spanish Monarchy. A month was occupied in cruising and landing at different points; and then the Eastern extremity was reached, after two hundred miles of the Northern coast had been explored. The name of Alpha and Omega, given by Columbus to the last headland, marked his conviction that he had reached the beginning or the end of Asia. Whither, then, should he steer next? Home-wards, to announce his triumph,—or onwards, to learn yet more? While this point was undecided, some lofty mountains were seen in the distance, yet more to the East, separated Dec. 6th. by some miles of sea from Cuba; so onwards he sailed in that direction, and lighted

upon the island which became so famous in his subsequent history, HAYTI or HISPANIOLA.

The latter name was given from some fancied resemblance to the mother country; and a *little Spain* it became in after years,—the seat of her Western Empire,—alternately a mine of wealth, and a theatre of misery and crime, to the countless adventurers who came flocking to its shores. Nothing, however, could be more friendly than the earliest greetings between the natives and their future masters. Trinkets were exchanged, as before, for golden ornaments. The strangers were still supposed to have come from *Turey*, the Indian name for heaven. The wild, naked race, at the bidding of their chiefs, entertained Columbus with their games and dances; and he astonished them, in return, with the flash, and noise, and destructive powers of a cannon which he had brought to shore. A cacique, named Guacanagari, played the host with all possible generosity and consideration. When Columbus's ship was wrecked on a sand-bank on the morning of Christmas Day, help was freely rendered, and the property of the strangers was safely stored and guarded as if they had been friends or brothers. There was much, in fact, to justify the glowing description of Columbus, in his first

report to his Sovereigns, "These people love their neighbours as themselves; their discourse is ever sweet and gentle, and accompanied by a smile. I swear to your Majesties there is not in the world a better nation, or a better land."

The beauty of the country, indeed, was a perpetual source of delight to the great discoverer. He revelled in the luxuriant scenery which met his eyes on every side, and was never tired of expatiating on the rich, varied landscapes, the fragrant gales, the spreading foliage of the woods, filled as they were with birds of brightest hue and sweetest song. So, at least, they sounded to his ear, though to naturalists it is a known fact that, according to that law of compensation which prevails so extensively in God's works, the most musical note and the most brilliant plumage never go together. "The nightingales," he writes, "and various birds were singing in countless numbers, and that in November;" but neither in spring nor winter has their song been heard in those latitudes by any later travellers. He was half-bewildered, in fact, with joy, and his very senses were under the influence of his strong and active imagination, as he explored the charms of these beautiful lands, and remembered the toil by which he had won his way to them.

Settlement in Hispaniola. His followers, too, some of them, began to look around them, and to covet a place of rest in that delicious climate. The eyes of others were turned wistfully towards their distant homes. So Columbus resolved to divide them into two parties, leaving some to form a settlement in Hispaniola, while he returned with the rest to Spain. Many things concurred to make a speedy return desirable. Pinzon, in the Pinta, had parted from the other vessels, and had not been seen for a whole month. Columbus's ship being lost, it was all-important to secure the safe return of the remaining caravel to Europe. Delays were dangerous; and he could ill afford to run any needless risk while he carried with him the burden of such a mighty secret. A convenient site, therefore, having been chosen, a wooden tower was erected, and thither the necessary stores were conveyed. Thirty-nine men were chosen for the garrison from a larger number of volunteers, and one or two cannon were supplied to them from the lost ship. Before he sailed, Columbus specially charged them to be considerate and forbearing in all their dealings with the natives, and for their own safety recommended them not to scatter themselves over the

island, but rather to keep themselves within the territories of the friendly cacique, Guacanagari.

On the 4th of January the solitary vessel left Hispaniola. After a month's sail, a storm raged for many days without intermission, threatening destruction to ship and crew. His life Columbus would have laid down willingly in any great cause; but to perish in the wide ocean, between the two shores which he was about to bind together after ages of separation, seemed to him a calamity beyond endurance. He had fallen in with the *Pinta* shortly after leaving Hispaniola; but in the tempest she was missing again; and Pinzon's account of his previous separation made his fidelity very questionable. If his ship had foundered, then everything depended on one frail vessel outliving that dreadful tempest; if he got first to Spain, the temptation would be great to intercept the fame which belonged of right to Columbus himself. In his distress the Admiral adopted the expedient of putting a brief record of his discovery into a cask, and offering a handsome reward to the finder, if he should forward the packet straightway to the court of Spain; but how small the chance that it would reach its destination! and how

A. D. 1493.
Sails for
Spain.

great the loss if, for generations to come, the tale of wonder should be untold !

Return to
Europe.

Happily He, who had guided the explorer on his way, stilled the storm at the critical moment, and Columbus lived to tell the tale himself. One of the Azores was the first land he touched ; and having been delayed there some days by uncivil treatment at the hands of the Portuguese authorities, and encountered another storm after he had left the island, he landed on the 4th of March off the rock of Cintra, at the mouth of the Tagus. Thence a courier was dispatched straightway to Spain, with the tidings of his discovery and safe return* ; and when the news reached Lisbon, only a few miles off, he was invited to court by King John, and entertained there with the greatest honour. The events of his voyage were narrated to a crowd of courtiers, who listened with feelings of mingled admiration and envy, as they learnt what Spain had won, and Portugal had missed ; then the tale of wonder was repeated for the entertainment of the Queen and her ladies, who gave him yet heartier sympathy, and hung delighted at his lips ; at last, the princely offer was made by the Monarch to attend him to the Spanish frontier, and provide the

* See NOTE (U).

charges of his journey, if he chose to travel by land. But it was fit that the sea should bear him homewards, with his great conquest achieved; so in his good vessel the *Nina*, he sailed out of harbour once more, and reached Palos on the 15th of March, — the same Palos at which we first saw him begging a meal for his child, and which he had left for his great enterprize seven months and a half before.

There are few scenes of more thrilling interest in the modern history of Europe than that which describes the reception of Columbus, after his first voyage, by the Sovereign and people of Spain. His journey to Barcelona, where the court then resided, was like the progress of a sovereign. As he drew near, many of the youthful courtiers and cavaliers, followed by a vast concourse of the populace, came forth to meet him. His entrance into the city had all the solemn state, and much of the picturesque beauty, of a Roman triumph. First were paraded six Indians, whom he had brought from the other side of the globe, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with ornaments of gold, looking, to the wondering eye of the multitude, almost like the natives of another planet. After this were borne various kinds of live parrots, to-

Reception
in Spain.

gether with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants supposed to be of precious qualities; while special care was taken to display the Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly-discovered regions. Then came Columbus on horseback: every eye was attracted by his look of nobleness and majesty, which corresponded well with the greatness of the occasion, and the magnificence of the spectacle. The streets were almost impassable from the multitude; the houses, even to the roofs, were crowded with spectators. The Sovereigns awaited his approach under a rich canopy of gold, and, when he bent the knee and would have kissed their hands, they raised him graciously, and bade him be seated in their presence. After Columbus had recounted the principal events of the voyage, and had spoken, in his glowing style, of wealthy provinces to be added to the Spanish crown, and nations of infidels to be gathered into the Church, — the King and Queen sank on their knees, and with streaming eyes and uplifted hands poured forth their thanks and praise. There was no vulgar applause, no shout of triumph; but the *Te Deum* was chanted by the choir of the Chapel Royal, and, for the time, all lower feelings seemed

to be swallowed up in adoration of that good Providence which had guided him in his perilous voyage, and brought him back to proclaim his great achievement.

Spain did her best, during the few succeeding months, to give honour to the man who had ventured so much for her, and fulfilled all his promises. But Columbus wished for nothing but to be again afloat, with a goodly band of settlers and explorers, who should help him to occupy the new-found territory, and push his discoveries yet farther. So a second expedition was prepared, and numbers gladly joined him, this time, who were eager for adventure, or athirst for gold. A body of ecclesiastics was added by the special command of Isabella; and to priests and laymen the charge was given to treat the natives with compassionate tenderness, and win them by patience and kindness to the Christian faith.

By the following September all was ready; and on the 23rd Columbus sailed from Spain with a fleet consisting of three large vessels and fourteen caravels, — the little port of Palos, made so famous by his history, being once more his starting-place. Six weeks were occupied in crossing the ocean, and after sailing for some time among the Antilles, and

Sails on second voyage.

touching at Guadaloupe, Dominica and Porto Rico, another fortnight brought Columbus to the harbour of the Nativity in Hispaniola, where he had left the Spanish settlers. As the vessels approached the shore, darkness prevented him from seeing whether things remained as he had left them; and a night of anxious expectation preceded his landing. The morning Nov. 28th. dawned, and he looked anxiously for some signal from his countrymen on shore; but no boat came out; cannon were fired, but no answer was returned; neither European nor Indian appeared within sight; and the busy, animated scene, which had met the voyagers on their first arrival, when the land was covered with wondering natives, and the water thronged with their swift canoes, was exchanged for a silent solitude. A boat was sent ashore, and the crew, on their return, reported that the fortress was a ruin. Not a Spaniard was to be found; only fragments of their property were scattered about, which gave rise to fearful conjectures respecting their fate. Two or three Indians lurked among the woods, who fled in terror as the other party approached them.

Disasters at
Hispaniola.

Such was the first disappointment of Columbus in the New World, and

it was followed by a thousand others. His hope of peaceful triumphs to be won by wisdom and love over heathen tribes would begin to fade away on that morning of doubt and gloom; and the tidings which quickly followed changed his fears into certainty. By degrees the sad truth came out. The Christians, who were left behind, had begun by oppressing the natives, and had gone on to dispute among themselves. No discipline was kept up; no rights were respected; the Indians were stripped of their golden ornaments; their very homes were assaulted, and their wives and daughters taken away by force. Esteeming themselves invincible, the strangers had taken no precautions for their safety. Instead of continuing together under the shelter of the fort, they wandered in groups over the island; and, while every thing was done to provoke resistance, they despised the natives too much to apprehend the possibility of danger. Still their first friends did not turn against them. The inhabitants of the coast wondered to see men whom they had been ready to worship as gods thus sunk and debased; but they bore with their wrongs, and made no effort at retaliation. There were bolder spirits, however, in the interior, who had watched their opportunity; and, when the Spanish force was divided,

assailed and destroyed their stronghold, burnt the surrounding houses, with their sleeping inmates, and cut off the stragglers without leaving a single man alive. "Such," says the historian, "was the first foot-print of civilization in the New World." What a faithful epitome of the injuries and reprisals repeated so often on a larger scale in the commerce between Christian Europe and the Aborigines of Asia, Africa and America!

Discontent
of settlers.

The months which followed were eventful ones in the life of Columbus, and made him acquainted with the countless difficulties which rendered his career henceforth one continued scene of trouble and vexation. A colony had to be formed, — houses and fortresses to be built, — the land to be cultivated, — natives to be won upon by kindness, and made subservient to the purposes of the settlers. But a large portion of his followers were men utterly incompetent for services of this sort. Many of them were from the noblest families of Spain, and had come out, not to toil, but to revel in the delights of that land which the glowing fancy of Columbus had pictured to himself and others as an earthly Paradise. Gold was the bait which had figured largely in his descriptions, and drawn many an adventurer from his home. Yellow dust, in con-

siderable quantities, was collected from the beds of rivers; and lumps of the shining metal were brought to them sometimes by the natives; but the mines, for which they enquired, were ever in some distant province, or beyond some lofty mountain. Treasure, therefore, accumulated but slowly, and the necessity of labour was an immediate and pressing evil. Provisions became scarce; mills and other appliances of civilized life had to be furnished; all hands were wanted; distinction of ranks was forgotten; and the young hidalgo, who had looked upon any service but military service as degrading, found himself compelled by the impartial justice of Columbus to take tool in hand, and to live upon short commons. Murmuring and contumacy were followed by restraint; and then indignation became yet louder against the upstart foreigner. Nothing can be nobler than the manner in which the injured Governor speaks of wrongs like these. "It was then," he writes to the Sovereigns, "that complaints arose, disparaging the enterprize that I had undertaken, because, forsooth, I had not immediately sent the ships home laden with gold; no allowance being made for the shortness of the time, and all the other impediments of which I have already spoken. On this account,

either as a punishment for my sins, or, as I trust, for my salvation, I was held in detestation, and had obstacles placed in the way of every thing for which I petitioned.” *

Columbus, disappointed himself, — finding the natives not all of them so harmless and docile as he hoped, — baffled in his search after the treasure of which he had spoken so largely, — and meeting with unexpected difficulties in his new work of founding a Christian commonwealth among savage tribes, — had to feed the hopes, and satisfy the yearning curiosity of the Spanish court and people. The task was a difficult and delicate one ; particularly as other reports would be sent home, and were sure to be coloured by the discontent of the factious portion of his followers. Still, in keeping alive the expectations which he had once excited, Columbus did but speak what he believed and hoped. Amidst all that was discouraging, he still kept in view the great end of civilizing and improving the simple child-like race who had won his heart by their gentleness. Some were sent home from among the hardier and bolder tribes whom he had encountered in his outward voyage, to be instructed in the useful arts, and to learn the language and religion of Spain ; and all disappointments and disasters were

treated as insignificant compared with the glorious scheme of carrying the light and blessings of Christianity to lands peopled with idolaters.

Amidst all the difficulties of his anxious, busy life, Columbus never lost the spirit of adventure which prompted his great enterprize, and had given it success. By the spring of 1494, having founded the first Christian town of the New World, and named it after his royal mistress, — having spent some time, moreover, in exploring the interior of Hispaniola, and done what he could to establish a government which should be respected by the settlers and the natives, — he was ready for an exploring voyage, and started, with his three smallest vessels, for Cuba. He longed to ascertain its size and shape, and to put to the test his favourite theory, that the extreme point of Asia was either there or not far away. So beginning from the East he sailed along the Southern coast of the island, cultivating a friendly intercourse with the natives as he proceeded, and gathering from them such uncertain information as could be communicated by names and signs. When he enquired for gold, they pointed South, and, gathering from them that an island lay there which was rich in the precious

A. D. 1494.
Exploring
voyage.

29th April.

metal, he turned his prow in that direction, and a few hours' sail brought him within sight of the blue mountains of JAMAICA. He found a land rich in natural beauties, and a people more advanced in intelligence than the inhabitants of the other islands; but he was disappointed in his search for treasure; so he returned to his original purpose, and for a month together kept coasting Cuba to the West, hoping more and more confidently, as he passed league after league of unbroken shore, that his great end was gained at last. Only let the land at his right be a continent, and the great Indian Ocean, he made sure, was at no great distance. Thence he could return to Europe, either by circumnavigating Africa, or by sailing up the Red Sea. Visions of this sort kept him ever satisfied and hopeful; but he had to deal with scanty resources and unwilling followers. His little vessels were unequal to a lengthened voyage, and the crews were indisposed, as usual, to venture into new dangers for the sake of speculations in which they took no interest. Again, therefore, he was beaten back. His ardent spirit had to check itself when he was in full pursuit. Before he turned, however, he made every man on board sign a declaration that he believed Cuba to be a continent. Doubtless they subscribed the do-

cument with hearty willingness, having no opposing prejudices in the way, and would have called it by any name Columbus liked best to get back sooner to their homes and friends. The point at which they turned back is tolerably well ascertained; and it is remarkable that they were then almost within sight of the Western extremity of Cuba. A look-out from the mast-head might have dissipated all the Indian fancies of Columbus, and given another direction to his life of adventure.

One incident from the narrative of
his return voyage is worth extracting. July 7th.

The crews landed one day, after a fatiguing sail, at the mouth of a fine river in a fertile part of the island. Their store of provisions had run short, but was quickly replenished by the generosity of the natives. The commander, as his custom was in places that had anything of a marked character about them, set up a large cross by the river side; and, it being Sunday morning, mass was celebrated in a grove hard by, while the cacique, or Indian chief, with some of his attendants, looked on in silent wonder. An aged man of fourscore years was among the company, and when the ceremony was over, he thus addressed Columbus:—"I am told that thou hast lately come to these lands with a mighty force, and hast

subdued many countries, spreading great fear among the people. But be not, therefore, vain-glorious. Know that according to our belief the souls of men have two journeys to perform after they have departed from the body; one to a place dismal, foul, and covered with darkness, prepared for such as have been unjust and cruel to their fellow-men; the other, full of delight, for such as have promoted peace on earth. If, then, thou art mortal, and dost expect to die, beware that thou hurt no man wrongfully, neither do harm to those who have done no harm to thee." What an appropriate and needful homily for many who have gone forth from Christendom to heathen lands and tribes! How often has the cross been set up in mockery, and plain morality like that of the aged Indian been discarded and forgotten!

Meeting with
his brother.

Columbus returned to Hispaniola completely exhausted in body and mind. He was carried to his new town of Isabella in a state of insensibility; but found tidings awaiting him there which revived and gladdened him beyond measure. His brother Bartholomew had arrived in his absence. After years of separation, and a lengthened pursuit, he was come to join counsels and fortunes with the great discoverer, and was his best and most faithful helper

ever afterwards. He had qualifications of the highest order for the service to which he was called, being the equal of Columbus in seaman-like skill and daring, generous in temper, resolute in action, of a penetrating and commanding intellect, with yet more of sagacity and worldly prudence to shape his own course, or meet the evil designs of others. Surrounded as the Admiral was by restless, intriguing spirits,—his greatness always envied, and his authority not unfrequently defied,—one such fast friend was invaluable. To no other could he depute the cares of government so confidently, when summoned to a distance; and with none besides could he consult so freely amid the thousand perplexities of his anxious life. Columbus gladly nominated his brother *Adelantado*, or Lieutenant-Governor, of all the newly-acquired Spanish territories; and amply did he justify the appointment by faithful, vigilant service in future years.

Bartholomew, as we have already mentioned, had been dispatched by Adventures of Bartholomew. Columbus about the year 1486 to solicit from Henry VII. the means of prosecuting the great enterprize which had since been crowned with success. A long time elapsed before the proposition was fairly laid before the English mon-

arch. The country was only just beginning to recover from the exhaustion consequent upon a disputed succession, and ruinous domestic wars; the temper of the King, moreover, was cautious and pacific; but it chanced that the project met with more favour here than in other European Courts, and Bartholomew was actually on his way to Spain to report to Columbus that ships and men would be supplied to him from England, when the news met him at Paris that Spain had made the venture, and won the prize. He felt immediately that his place was by his brother's side, and a hundred crowns were advanced by the King of France to enable him to prosecute his journey; but Columbus had sailed on his second voyage before he could reach Seville, and had started again for Cuba before Bartholomew reached Hispaniola. After eight years, however, of strange adventure, each labouring in his way towards one common end, they met, at last, in the New World, of which they had so often spoken, and where duties and trials awaited them no less severe than those to which they had been called already.

Insubor-
dination at
Hispaniola.

During the absence of Columbus, his countrymen had done all that men could do to ruin the infant colony.

He had left the government too much divided, and the men whom he had invested with authority began soon to quarrel about their respective portions. There was his brother Diego at the head of a council at Isabella, and, associated with him, one Father Boyle, the Apostolical Vicar of the New World, but in heart an ambitious priest, instead of a faithful, devoted missionary. One Margarita was appointed military commander, with orders to make a tour of observation through the island, while Alonzo de Ojeda was left with a small garrison at Fort St. Thomas, which had been erected by Columbus in the strongest part of the country, near the richest mines, and in the territory of the most warlike of the native chiefs, Caonabo. Margarita and his soldiers, instead of exploring the island, lingered wherever they found themselves most comfortable, treated the wealth of the country as if it were their own, and soon roused the indignation of the patient natives by their oppressive and licentious conduct. When called to account by Diego Columbus, he claimed to be independent of the council, was supported in his arrogant claim by Father Boyle, and presently found a host of followers among the young nobles of the colony. "Who was Diego Columbus," they said, "to lord it over

men of noble birth? What pretensions had he or his brother to assume the airs of princes, merely because one of them led the way to this new-found country?" With so many materials for disaffection, it was not difficult to get up a hostile faction; and to such extremities did its leaders proceed that Margarita and Boyle, the two men who were bound by every consideration of duty to keep up discipline and promote goodwill among the settlers, actually sailed for Spain to accuse Columbus and his brother to their Sovereigns.

League among
native chiefs.

While the Spaniards were thus weakening their forces by discord, the enemy (for so the gentle natives were fast becoming under repeated provocations) were learning the necessity of union. The whole island was divided between five caciques or sovereign chiefs; and Caonabo, dreading the encroachments of the Spaniards, and indignant at seeing a garrison already established at Fort St. Thomas, in the heart of his own domain, had done his utmost to unite them in a league of mutual protection, and then to watch their opportunity for a combined attack on all the Spanish forces. His endeavours were so far successful that *four* out of the five were already banded together for this

purpose. The *fifth* held out against all solicitations. In fair weather and foul, nothing could shake the devotion of Guacanagari to the Spaniards. He was too conscious of their power, too much awed by their commanding superiority, and, apparently, too much bound by the ties of friendship to their noble leader, to join any hostile confederacy; and, accordingly, soon after the return of Columbus, full particulars of the intended attack were furnished to him by the friendly chief, and the offer was given, at the same time, to assist the Spaniards to the utmost, and to fight by their side if his brother-chiefs should bring matters to the crisis of a battle.

In this state of things, it was all-important to strike at the head of the opposing league. If Caonabo could be removed, the other caciques would be comparatively harmless. But he lived in a wild, woodland country, protected by mountain fastnesses, and to attack him in his strongholds, with only a handful of men against a numerous army, was an act of daring on which no prudent commander would venture. Ojeda had already stood a siege in his fort of St. Thomas, with a garrison of fifty men, against Coanabo and his ten thousand warriors; and emboldened by success, and delighting in enter-

Capture of
Caonabo.

prizes of the wildest and most romantic kind, he offered himself to Columbus to penetrate into the very heart of the chieftain's country, and bring him as a friend or foe to the Spanish quarters. He was the very model of an adventurer of that age, half cavalier, half freebooter, trained to all martial exercises and stratagems in warfare with the Moors, with a touch of superstition which made him fancy himself a charmed man when dangers were thickest. He was the sworn champion of the Virgin; he invoked her aid in every time of difficulty; he carried her picture in his knapsack, and, while his treasure was safe, fancied no mortal weapon could do him harm. So with ten of his boldest followers for a body-guard, all well-armed and well-mounted, he sought the cacique in the midst of his own people, and begged him to come to the town of Isabella to make a treaty of peace with Columbus. His chief bribe was the chapel-bell which summoned the Spaniards to mass. This had excited the wonder of the natives, partly for its far-reaching music, and partly for the influence which it seemed to exercise over the motions of the strangers, bringing them to their knees by the Vesper-peal, or drawing them from twenty different places at once to the sacred spot at the

appointed times of gathering. Coanabo had heard of the wonder-working instrument, and had longed to see it. To possess it, he would give up his dream of conquest, and become, for a time at least, the friend and ally of the white man. He was attracted, moreover, by the noble bearing of Ojeda, by his uncommon physical strength, and frank, soldier-like address. He bore no ill-will to the man who had repulsed his armies at the fort, but thought him only the worthier associate. Caonabo professed his willingness to go to the Admiral, but, as a king, he must be royally attended, and accordingly, to the surprise of Ojeda, an army was assembled for the purpose. A meeting on such terms would not answer the Spaniard's purpose; so a stratagem was boldly conceived, and executed with complete success, which ranks with the most romantic feats of that romantic age. Producing a pair of manacles of highly-polished steel, Ojeda persuaded the unsuspecting chief that they were princely ornaments such as were worn on state occasions in the country from whence he came. Then exhibiting his own splendid war-horse to the admiring Indians, he proposed that, mounted and fettered, like the great king himself whom Ojeda served, Caonabo should enter the presence of

Columbus. The bait took. The prince ranked with the first of his countrymen for wisdom and for courage; his spirit and energy had well nigh brought ruin to the intruding strangers; but he was like a trusting child in the hands of the white man. He let himself be mounted behind Ojeda, and shackled like a prisoner; then it was no hard matter for the Spanish horsemen, by a little manœuvring, to separate themselves from the body of Caonabo's followers, to surround their chief, to threaten death to the prisoner if he provoked them by resistance, and to gallop across the country with their prize.

We give this as a specimen of the mingled subtlety and daring by which the weaker race was made subject to the stronger,—as a sample, too, (must we not add?) of the crimes by which Christendom was disgraced in the eyes of those whom it should have taught and blessed. Caonabo was sent as a prisoner to Spain, but died upon the voyage. Had he lived, neither Spain nor Europe could have boasted a prisoner of more royal bearing. He honoured his captor with special honour as one who had executed a master-stroke in the warfare which he loved. When Columbus visited him, he sat in his prison while others stood; when Ojeda entered, he rose and

gave him reverence. He recognized no rank above his own; but the man, who had the courage and address to seize a warrior in the midst of his fighting-men, was one to whom a prince might make obeisance. The widow of Caonabo was Anacaona, who played an important part in the history of her country. Her beauty and grace were accompanied by commanding talents; and, in spite of all that she had suffered from the Spaniards, their genius and successes drew her to their side. Her fate, we shall see, was yet sadder, and her story yet more full of shame to the white man, than that of her noble husband.

The spring of 1495 found the whole Spanish force arrayed against an immense Indian host gathered from almost every quarter of the island. Two short years had brought to a close the friendship of early days, and repeated injuries had roused the natives to attempt a last struggle for freedom. For a long time they bore their wrongs in silence, hoping that they would soon be ended. They asked the strangers when they would be returning to *Turey*, meaning the heavens from which they supposed the white men to have come, and expected, from week to week, to see the last of them depart, as they had come, in their great canoes,

A. D. 1495.
War and
victory.

with sails like wings. But when it was found that the arrivals were many, and the departures few,—when rising forts and growing towns betokened a lengthened residence,—and acts of tyranny became more frequent as the growing numbers of the colonists made it difficult to restrain them by discipline,—the most patient and enduring of races began to look to their own safety, and thought the time was come for driving out the intruders. Caonabo's brother, eager to revenge his own private wrongs and those of his suffering countrymen, headed the combined armies of the four hostile caciques, and was on the point of attacking the Spanish forces at Isabella, when Guacanagari, constant in his friendship to Columbus, gave him notice of their coming. Attack, in such a case was better than defence, and a single battle decided the fate of Hispaniola. The

March 27th. little Christain army of two hundred

men having been so disposed as to make the terrifying accompaniments of artillery, horses and blood-hounds, as conspicuous as possible, a panic presently seized the Indian host, and left them the unresisting prey of the pursuers. Their spirit was gone from that day, and they sank despairingly into the place of bondsmen. Fortresses were scattered thickly over their beau-

tiful island; a tribute was imposed which drove every youth above fourteen to the streams or to the mountain to hunt for gold; and their life of dreamy indolence was exchanged henceforth for oppressive, consuming toil.

One grieves to hear of such wrongs in connexion with a man like Columbus, who meant better things, and longed to exercise a sort of paternal rule over the simple natives. But his difficulties were those which have ever beset the invader, when determined to keep his ground against a people strong in numbers, but far inferior in all the arts of civilization; and he was surrounded by men whom, as a governor, he could hardly help protecting, but whose crimes were continually thwarting his benevolent intentions. Sometimes their lawless habits compelled him to measures of severity; and then the outcry was renewed that his rule was harsh and despotic, and fresh resolutions were taken, by fair means or foul, to destroy his interest at court. Already had it begun to decline. The representations of Margarita and Father Boyle, though not implicitly trusted, had produced their effect: they might be true, and could only be sifted by enquiries on the spot; so before the end of 1495 a Commissioner landed in

Columbus
pursued by
slanderers.

the New World, with authority from the Spanish Government to report upon the affairs of the colony, and to learn, if possible, how the truth stood between Columbus and his enemies. Complainants were invited to come forwards, and obtained a ready hearing; men who had been punished for their crimes now retorted on the judge; and mal-administration was easily proved when all the public acts of the Governor were canvassed by reckless accusers before a partial tribunal. Columbus, never unmindful of his dignity, and strong in the sense of his ill-requited services, yielded implicit respect to the Commissioner as representing his Sovereigns, permitted the enquiry to proceed without condescending to put himself on his defence, and when the charges were concluded, and Aguado was preparing to carry them back to Spain, resolved to sail with him, and tell his own story in the royal presence.

A.D. 1496.
Confronts
them in
Spain.

His second progress, after landing, was a strange contrast to his memorable entry into Barcelona. He met the Sovereigns at Burgos, but he met them, not like a warrior on his day of triumph, but clad in the humble garb of a Franciscan monk. It is not unlikely that this was done in obedience to

some religious vow; but, at any rate, the change agreed but too well with his own faded hopes and altered prospects. Of the dreams of conquest and glory which then filled his mind how little had been realized! and how much endured of suffering and disappointment! His companions, too, had quite another look from the hardy seamen who had then followed in his train, proud alike of their leader and their conquest. They were returned colonists, who had come back discomfited from the land of promise; men of broken health or ruined fortunes; many of them idle, profligate adventurers, who had become speedily disgusted with a settler's life, when they found it did not yield them wealth without toil, and that there was some check to their lawless habits abroad as at home.

Still, with so much against him, Columbus kept his ground. Accusers and enemies seemed to be charmed away by his noble presence and lofty enthusiasm. As in the convent at Palos, ten years before, it was difficult for those who heard him not to believe what he hoped for so confidently, and pictured in such glowing terms. One of his recent theories made Hispaniola the Ophir of the ancients. A region had been discovered, shortly before he left the island, more

rich in gold than any that had been previously explored; there were remains, too, apparently of mines that had been opened and left; then his imagination travelled back to the reign of Solomon, and he made sure that from this very spot the gold had been transported which adorned the Temple at Jerusalem. Cuba had a prominent place in his narrative. He described his adventures on its shores,—its natural beauties,—its vast extent,—its promise of wealth,—and then, with scraps from Marco Polo, and well-known passages of Holy Writ,—all made to agree with his own discoveries and teeming fancies,—he dressed up a tale which captivated his royal and noble hearers, and gave him the undisputed victory over his unworthy assailants.

Prepares for
third voyage. More ships were promised him, and abundant resources for prosecuting his enterprizes; but again, as in former days, he had to encounter harassing delays, to stand up against intriguing courtiers, to wait for his handful of vessels while a whole fleet was employed to bring home a prince's bride, to bend his noble spirit to all that was most humbling and most trying, while he begged only of his Sovereigns to be true to their promise, and to exalt their own greatness. Two years were thus spent, and, at the end of

them, vexed, wearied, but still unbroken, Columbus sailed on his third voyage of discovery.

May 30th,
1498.

This voyage was made memorable by the discovery of the Continent of America. Columbus determined to take a more Southerly course than he had taken hitherto, and accordingly steered South-West from the Cape de Verde Islands till he got within five degrees of the Equator. There the heat of the climate became intolerable; the Admiral himself was seriously affected in health; and the crew had before their minds all they had heard of the terrors of a tropical summer; so their course was shifted to the North-West, and keeping steadily in that track they sailed between Trinidad and the main land of South America, landing on the shores of both, and so enlarging the great navigator's field of discovery greatly beyond its former limits. As usual, he had his theory to suit the new facts which had recently come under his observation; and, as usual, it contained some shrewd conjectures along with strange, and almost childish, fancies. The immense body of fresh water which was poured into the gulf of Paria, freshening and sweetening the surrounding ocean,

Lands on
American
Continent.

satisfied him that the mouth of some far-flowing river must be near, and that a Continent was wanted to supply room for its lengthened course. As truly, therefore, as if he had seen the lower half of the great western hemisphere mapped out, he inferred that the points of land which he had seen thereabouts were parts of one vast continent, occupying the unexplored space on both sides of the Equator, and reaching far towards the southern pole. Then, to account for the fresh verdure, and soft, delicious air, in so low a latitude, where scorching heat might rather have been expected, he made sure that the surface of the earth was elevated in one direction, so that, instead of being a perfect sphere, it had a pear-like shape. He was nearing the apex, he thought, and the gentle breezes, which just fanned his sails, gave token of the higher, purer region to which his course had conducted him. The summit he imagined to be under the equinoctial line, in the centre of the continent which he was now coasting.* There he placed the garden of Eden; and the great rivers which flowed into the surrounding ocean he supposed to issue from the fountain of the tree of life. The continent, we know, was there; already had he set his foot on it, as he

* See NOTE (V).

deserved to do. The great river was there, too, the first land he saw being that which is intersected by the branches of the Oronoco. The rest, we know, was fable; but such fables amused the world's wisest men four centuries ago; and if Columbus was not free from the common delusion, at any rate he did more than any man whom the world has seen to undeceive his fellows and give them sounder notions in geography.

Gladly would he have prosecuted his discoveries in that quarter; but Returns to Hispaniola. again he was driven to Hispaniola for supplies. He was suffering, moreover, from a complaint in his eyes,—eyes which had done more service, probably, in six eventful years, watching by night and searching the distant horizon by day, than had ever been done by human sight before. Exhausted, crippled by gout which had been brought on by the tropical heats, and almost blind, he landed for a third time from Europe on the island which was more his home than any other spot, hoping to find the repose he wanted, and assured of sympathy and support from his brother Bartholomew. But, alas! rest was not for Columbus in the Old World or the New. From the day he sailed on his first voyage to his dying hour, his life was one of unintermitted labour, and almost

unceasing vexation. He enriched his adopted country; he enlarged the field of observation for all who took an interest in man and his doings; he developed the resources of commerce to an unknown extent; he stirred the mind and heart of Christendom, we may say, by throwing open such a sphere for enterprize to the strongest intellects and most daring spirits of every European nation; but his own harvest was that which has so often been reaped by the greatest men, — scanty thanks and bitter envyings from their own generation, who could not appreciate their motives, or measure their services.

Disorders in his absence. Bartholomew, during the absence of his brother, had displayed the vigour and prudence of an enlightened governor, but there had been so much of trouble and confusion that the return of Columbus was most seasonable and welcome. Turbulent spirits had taken advantage of his altered position to bring his authority into disrepute, and had formed themselves into hostile factions which set all government at defiance. The ringleader in sedition was one Roldan, who had been raised by Columbus from a humble rank to the place of chief judge of the island. All ties of gratitude were broken through, and

obligations of a public kind were utterly disregarded, while he endeavoured to gather a party which should make him independent of the Admiral and all his loyal supporters.

With fair professions on his lips,—avowing himself the redresser of Indian wrongs, and a faithful subject of the crown of Spain,—declaring to his followers that he would submit himself to the Admiral without reserve, but would own no meaner master,—he soon had a party of devoted adherents, consisting mainly of those who hated restraint and longed for plunder. Bartholomew had tried mild measures at one time, and then, when the insolence of Roldan and his party grew with every fresh overture for peace, had proceeded to outlaw them as traitors. But the country was too wide, and the Spanish rule too imperfectly established, to enable him to pursue and seize them; so threats of punishment did but drive the rebels to wilder courses, and made them reckless oppressors of the natives at one time, and their pretended champions at another. The payment of tribute in gold had become a heavy burden to many of them, and promises of exemption had an inviting sound from men who were in arms against the existing authorities. Others, too, seeing that dissensions had broken

out among the strangers, thought their time was come for throwing off the yoke; so with two caciques in succession the Adelantado had to renew a contest which ended in their capture, but left behind it a more wide-spread feeling of hostility to the Spanish rule.

Such was the island in which Columbus sought the repose he needed. His first measure was to give his public sanction to all that Bartholomew had done; his next, to offer a full pardon to Roldan upon his instant submission; and a politic proclamation was issued at the same time, offering a free passage home to all who were tired of the colony. The strength of the rebels, however, had been increased by the arrival of some vessels, which had been dispatched by Columbus from the Canary Islands, and touched first, most inopportunately, at the part of the island which was in their possession. Representing himself as the officer in command under the Adelantado, Roldan had procured from them arms and stores, and had corrupted many among the crews before his cheat was detected. Thus reinforced, when overtures came from Columbus, he assumed a bolder tone, and, instead of suing for pardon, demanded extravagant terms for himself and his followers.

The Admiral saw himself defied by one of his own creatures on the ground which seemed to be his by a special right; and, what was yet more humbling, when he summoned all loyal Spaniards in the new settlement of St. Domingo to arms, he found that a little handful gathered under his banner, while great numbers, on one plea or another, held themselves aloof. Such a crisis could only be met by concession and compromise. Jealous of his own rights, and yet more jealous for his Sovereigns' honour, Columbus was compelled, in spite of himself, to make a treaty of peace with rebels who deserved no mercy. Rol-dan was restored to his office of Judge, while lands and slaves were assigned to his followers. It was stipulated, moreover, that they should be permitted to claim service from the caciques in the cultivation of their estates, in lieu of the tribute which had been paid directly to the crown. A humbling surrender for a noble spirit! but everything must be hazarded, Columbus thought, to restore peace to the colony; and paltry disputes with underlings and mischief-makers must not be permitted to hold him back from that career of discovery which had been so hopefully begun.

Other troubles of a similar kind succeeded. Ojeda was the next insurgent, and Roldan, anxious to retrieve his reputation for loyalty, proved the Admiral's most devoted auxiliary. Disaffection in the colony was seconded by treachery in the mother-country; for a certain Bishop Fonseca, President of the Council for the Indies, having received Columbus's letters and charts, describing his outward voyage, showed them to his friend Ojeda, and between them the scheme was contrived of following in the track of Columbus, and outstripping him in the race of discovery. Four ships, therefore, were fitted out by the authority of Fonseca, and a letter of licence was given without any reference to the Sovereigns. With these Ojeda had explored six hundred miles of the Northern coast of South America, beginning from the mouths of the Orinoco. Having touched at the western side of Hispaniola, without seeking any communication with the authorities of the island, he was challenged by Roldan in the name of Columbus, and after dissembling for a while, and promising a speedy visit to St. Domingo, threw off the mask and assumed the vacant post of rebel-chief-tain. Gathering to his standard numbers who longed for change, and many more who had been

punished for their crimes, he proposed to them to march in a body to the seat of government, and there call the brothers to account for the accumulated evils which had afflicted the colony. Few were prepared for so decisive and perilous an enterprize, and at last, by the dexterous management of Roldan, Ojeda was persuaded to leave the island. Presently, however, almost before the coast was clear of this dangerous intruder, another conspiracy was formed under another Spaniard of distinction, and the incidents of a love-story, with a beautiful daughter of Caonabo for the heroine, connect themselves with a deadly feud between Roldan and a more favoured suitor. The private quarrel grew to be a public one, and a desperate party were concerting measures to seize Columbus and his zealous lieutenant, when they were surprised by the Admiral in the dead of the night, and their chief, by a measure of rare but well-timed severity, was consigned to execution.

It was hard and trying discipline for one like Columbus to have his time thus frittered away, and his spirit vexed and wearied, when his mind was teeming with great projects which might well fill up the remnant of his days. The seventh year had now expired since his first triumphant

return to Spain, and in that time he had solemnly vowed to heaven that he would contribute from the profits of his government enough to fit out an army of fifty thousand infantry and five thousand cavalry for a last Crusade. More than sixty years of his eventful course were run; and what hope was there that he could finish his work, and transmit to posterity the legacy he longed to leave with them, if his life were thus consumed in putting down insurgent caciques, or making terms with his own refractory followers?

Hostile
party at
home.

Heavier trials, however, were in store for him. His enemies were busy in Spain, and it was no one's vocation, and no one's interest, to defend him there. His successes in the colony did but strengthen the case against him. Defeated rebels took their revenge by carrying home complaints and accusations, which found willing listeners, and met with no reply. The men, whose excesses he was bound to punish, had influential friends, many of them, about the court, and by them the malicious charge was invented and propagated that Columbus was aiming at an independent sovereignty, or would transfer to the highest bidder this jewel of the Spanish crown. Fonseca was ever at hand

to give force and currency to all that might damage the great subject with his Sovereigns; Ferdinand was of a jealous temper, and only too ready to distrust the man whose services could not be repaid or forgotten; Isabella herself, assailed from so many quarters, began to waver. To her credit be it spoken, the supposed wrongs of the natives weighed more with her than the clamour of her own complaining subjects. Many of the returned followers of Roldan had brought home slaves assigned to them under the articles of capitulation to which Columbus was forced. Among them were the daughters of caciques, who had been seduced or carried from their homes, and who were the impatient or willing mistresses of many a Spanish gentleman. Her sensibilities were touched by a spectacle like this; her woman's heart kindled with indignation for the wrongs of her sex; and as the offenders laid all the blame on the Admiral, she not only condemned him for his inhuman conduct in this particular, but was more ready to believe the stories which were circulated so freely to his disadvantage. She no longer opposed the measures suggested by the hostile faction. A Commissioner was appointed to proceed to Hispaniola, and investigate the charges on the spot; FRANCISCO

BOBADILLA was the person chosen for this office ; and authority was given to supersede Columbus if he should find them true.

Bobadilla at The name of this man has become
St. Domingo. a bye-word of infamy. He ranks
with the little men who are known to posterity
as having crossed the path of great ones, and, in
return for the pitiful triumph of an hour, have
contempt or execration heaped upon their me-
mories. The accusers of Columbus were with him
Aug. 23rd, before he landed. When everything
1500. *should have been* done to spare the feelings
of the Admiral, everything *was* done to bring him
into contempt. Bobadilla began by demanding
that the prisoners who had headed the last in-
surrection should be delivered to him for custody ;
and when Diego Columbus, who was in com-
mand at St. Domingo, refused to take a step so
injurious and insulting to his brother, the Com-
missioner, sent out by his Sovereigns to institute
a judicial enquiry, collected the sailors from the
ships and the rabble from the streets, and, having
broken open the prison, carried off the insurgents
in triumph. Columbus himself was absent. By
grant from his Sovereigns he was Governor of all
the Spanish possessions in the New World, and
Admiral of all the seas which had been discovered

by himself. His office was hereditary, moreover; and he had privileges and immunities of various kinds such as were seldom granted to a subject. Yet while he was still in possession of all his dignities,—before the court had sat, or the charges had been heard,—Bobadilla took up his residence in the house of Columbus, seized upon his property, took possession of all his papers, and lightened the imposts due from the colonists to the government, over which he had no more jurisdiction than over the royal domains of Spain.

Columbus, when he was satisfied Submission of Columbus. respecting the Commissioner's authority, yielded him implicit obedience. He was summoned to St. Domingo, and, without retinue or body-guard, he straightway went thither. He was ordered into irons, and took this last indignity without a murmur. He understood his own position too well to provoke an unseemly contest. He wasted no words on the unworthy instrument of a malignant faction. He thought of his royal mistress, and felt sure that her orders had been misinterpreted, or her judgment swayed by falsehood. His two brothers were prisoners like himself, — Bartholomew, who might have led an army against Bobadilla, having received express

orders from Columbus to submit himself to the royal mandate.

Then came the mock trial. Miscreants, whom the Admiral had spared or punished, flocked to the place of concourse with their tale of slander. Nothing was sifted, and the most improbable tales were received with eagerness. "The Admiral had kept the natives in darkness that he might make a gain of them by selling heathen men into slavery;" — "The Admiral had first provoked loyal subjects to resistance by acts of tyranny, and then punished them with unsparing severity;" — "He pretended zeal for his Sovereign and for the interests of Spain; but all was false and hollow; he told only what suited himself; he had collected untold treasure in pearls off the coast of Paria, and divulged but half the truth that he might drive a better bargain with the crown." Of course, an enquiry thus conducted could have but one issue. A case was made out which determined Bobadilla to send Columbus to Spain; and for security, — as if he had been an untamed savage, or a convicted desperado, instead of being a man of habitual self-command, a lover of peace, and of tried and devoted loyalty, — he must continue to wear his chains. He wore them proudly, and would not put them off. The commander of

the vessel in which he sailed felt as a generous man would feel at having such a prisoner under his charge, and offered to set him at liberty when they were fairly out at sea. "No," said Columbus, "their Majesties commanded me by letter to submit to whatever Bobadilla should order in their name. By their authority he has put upon me these chains. I will wear them until they shall order them to be taken off; and I will afterwards preserve them as a memorial of my services and their reward." He kept his promise. The golden crowns of Castile and Aragon would have been well given for those few pounds of iron, if the story of Columbus's degradation might have been buried with them. But he chose that it should live. "I saw the fetters," says his son, in writing his life, "always hanging in his cabinet; and he requested that they might be laid by his side when dead."

The news that Columbus had arrived as a prisoner at Cadiz was received throughout Spain with a burst of indignation. As a proscribed man, he would not venture to address the King or Queen; but he sent a detailed vindication of his conduct to a lady of the Court, who, as nurse in the royal

Arrives in
Spain as a
prisoner.

household, had ready access to Isabella. Very pathetic, yet devout as usual, are the opening sentences:—"Although it is a novelty for me to complain of the ill-usage of the world, it is nevertheless no novelty for the world to practise it. Innumerable are the contests I have had with it, and I have resisted all attacks until now, when I find that neither strength nor prudence is of any avail to me: it has cruelly reduced me to the lowest ebb. Hope in Him who has created us all is my support. His assistance I have always found near at hand." Then, after recounting his services and his usage, he shows how unjust any decision must be which left out of account the difficulties of a position like his. "God is just," he says, "and He will in due time make known all that has taken place and why it has taken place. I am judged in Spain, as a governor who had been sent to a province or city under regular government, and where the laws could be executed without fear of endangering the public weal; and in this I receive enormous wrong. I ought to be judged as a Captain sent from Spain to the Indies, to conquer a nation numerous and warlike, with customs and religion altogether different to ours; a people who dwell in the mountains, without regular habitations for themselves or for us; and

where, by the Divine Will, I have subdued another world to the dominion of the King and Queen, our sovereigns; in consequence of which, Spain, that used to be called poor, is now the most wealthy of kingdoms. I ought to be judged as a Captain, who for so many years has borne arms, never quitting them for an instant. I ought to be judged by Cavaliers who have themselves won the meed of victory; by gentlemen indeed, and not by the lawyers; at least, so it would have been among the Greeks and Romans, or any modern nation in which exists so much nobility as in Spain; for under any other judgment I receive great injury; because in the Indies there is neither civil right nor judgment-seat."

Like most that came from the pen or the lips of this illustrious man, this memorial carried conviction to those who heard it, dispersed the cloud of prejudice which had gathered round his name, and refuted, by anticipation, the long list of Bobadilla's charges. These do not seem even to have been investigated. Columbus's services were unquestioned; his mistakes, if any, might well be forgiven. There were tears on the face of the Queen when she received him; and the hardy veteran, who had braved wind and storm in so many seas, who had met calumny and ill-

usage with an unruffled countenance, was melted into softness by her returning kindness, and when he rose from his knees was for some time unable to speak.

Good words were given in abundance. Apologies were tendered for the indignities he had suffered, and were willingly accepted; but his Princedom, to his mortification and surprise, was not restored to him. Fresh discoveries on the South American Continent by other parties had shown Ferdinand what was included in the terms of the original grant to Columbus. The gift was too vast; the subject would be too like a sovereign; no better opportunity could be found of revoking what had been rashly bestowed; if he should retire, in disgust, from the service of Spain, his successes had put others on the right track, and his place might easily be supplied. An interval of repose, therefore, was recommended; a lengthened absence from Hispaniola would give time for bad passions to subside, and would promote the peace and welfare of the colony. In the meantime, another governor would supersede the incompetent Bobadilla, and do his best to bring the refractory to submission.

Superseded
as Governor.

Accordingly a man of the name of Ovando was appointed, and sailed with

thirty vessels and two thousand five hundred men. This might be good policy for the jealous monarch; but to be displaced by any one on his own ground,—to be kept in Spain while others were turning his great discoveries to account,—was hardly better than captivity and disgrace in the eyes of Columbus. Besides, each year of inactivity was another year's delay in the execution of his grand scheme with reference to the Holy Land. If his own resources were cut off, he must, at least, be faithful to the spirit of his vow, and stir up others to take the great work in hand. So his leisure time was devoted to the composition of a treatise, addressed to the Spanish Sovereigns, in which what he *had done*, and what he *longed to do*, were mixed up with scraps of prophecy and quotations from the fathers, all pointing to the future triumphs of the Church in the conversion of the Gentiles, or the final overthrow of the Mussulman power. Spain had begun well (this was his favourite theme), and would win for herself immortal honour, if she continued in the van of the Christian army.

While Columbus was thus occupied, rumours came to him from other lands which made him restless to be again upon the waters. Numbers were fol-

A. D. 1501.
Prepares
for fourth
voyage.

lowing in the track of Vasco de Gama, and the commerce of India seemed likely to be the prize of Portugal, which was entering heartily and zealously upon a new career of discovery. "Let them reach the land of spices by sailing *East*," thought Columbus; "I will reach it by sailing across the *Western* Ocean. I have found land to the North, and land to the South; between them I doubt not is the strait to which I have not yet been able to penetrate; but let me have good ships and willing crews, and the flag of Spain shall yet wave in the Indian seas." For this purpose four small vessels were entrusted to him,

May 9th,
1502.

and, at the age of sixty-six, nearly ten years after his first voyage, he started for the fourth time across the Atlantic. His brother, Bartholomew, was his companion in this voyage, and a valuable helper he proved under circumstances of extreme peril and difficulty.

Adventures
off Hispaniola.

Columbus had received orders not to touch at Hispaniola for fear of exciting jealousy. A strange order it must have sounded to him when he thought of his first voyage to its shores, and the promises made to him before and since. Obedience was the rule of his life; but one vessel out of his

little fleet proved a bad sailer, and, to exchange it, he made for the well-known port of St. Domingo. On his arrival there he found a great fleet, which had carried out Ovando, ready to sail for Spain. Bobadilla was in it, and Roldan with many of his traitorous adherents, and a rich cargo of gold. Of this some was intended as a present to the Sovereigns, and a good deal belonged to the unprincipled settlers who had not scrupled to amass it by exactions and cruelties of the harshest kind. One little vessel, it is said, the weakest of the whole, had four thousand pieces of gold upon it, which Columbus's agent was remitting to Spain, a scanty portion of the revenue which had been pledged to him by the royal word. The Admiral's experienced eye foresaw an approaching storm, and he sent a message on shore asking shelter for his little squadron, and warning Ovando that it would be most perilous for the fleet to sail under such circumstances. The request and the caution were alike disregarded. On his own seas the old man's experience went for nothing; in his own harbour he was denied a refuge. His heart naturally swelled within him at this indignity, and his comment on it, in his letter to his Sovereigns describing his fourth voyage, is touching and characteristic: — "What

man was ever born, not even excepting Job, who would not have been ready to die of despair at finding himself, as I then was, in anxious fear for my own safety, and that of my son, my brother and my friends, and yet refused permission either to land, or to put into harbour, on the shores which by God's mercy I had gained for Spain with so much toil and danger?" The storm came down in its fury; Bobadilla's fleet, which had ventured out to sea, was lost, with all on board; and men, who knew how the lost treasures had been got together, naturally thought that the spoil and the spoilers had gone down under a curse.

The ship freighted with Columbus's store got safe to Spain; and when his prophecy of bad weather was talked of in connexion with its terrible fulfilment, and his little vessel had survived the storm which had engulfed his enemies and their booty, some thought that the Admiral's good fortune had come back to him after a season of depression, while the superstitious seamen conjectured that spells and enchantments were at his command, and that he had proved his power over the raging elements.

Sails for
South
America.

In July Columbus sailed for the continent of South America, little thinking that two years would elapse

between his departure and his return. Yet so it proved; and in a life crowded with vexations and disappointments, it may be questioned whether he ever spent so many toilsome, anxious months together. Every thing was against him. Winds and waves seemed to bar up his progress. Between Jamaica and *Terra Firma* he "contended," he says, "against a fearful contrary current for sixty days, and during that time only made seventy leagues." "For eighty-eight days," he adds shortly afterwards, "did this fearful tempest continue, during which I was at sea, and saw neither sun nor stars."* On an island a few leagues from the coast of Honduras he fell in with a cacique, who pointed to the West as the land of wealth, and said that in that direction he would find a country rich in gold, and a powerful people. Had he listened to this advice, a few days' sail might have carried him to Yucatan, and his old age, probably, would have been cheered with the discovery of Mexico and the sight of the Pacific. But he was too busy hunting for the strait through which he hoped to sail for India, and he refused to turn aside for any secondary object. So, descrying some mountains in the distance, he made for the main land, and between

* See NOTE (X).

Cape Honduras and the gulf of Darien he spent four months in searching the coast, making sure that the longed-for passage to the South could not be far off. Still the weather was an almost unceasing tempest; strong currents carried the vessels far out of their course; enormous water-spouts at one time, and shoals of ravenous sharks at another, roused the superstitious fears of the sailors. When he landed, too, he found the natives no weak, effeminate race, but hardier and more intelligent than those of the first-discovered islands, better armed and more quick to use their weapons. At last, when Columbus turned, the wind turned too, and with some difficulty a haven was reached on the Veragua coast, to which he was attracted by the report of its gold mines; there, on the 6th of January, the feast of the Epiphany, he cast anchor in a river which was named Bethlehem in honour of the day.

Distresses
on the
Continent.

No peace was found on shore, however, any more than on the stormy ocean, for the great explorer. A settlement was talked of, and it was agreed between the brothers that Bartholomew should remain in Veragua, while Columbus sailed to Hispaniola for supplies and men. But their plans were

baffled by a warlike cacique, who resented their intrusion; and after alternate successes and defeats,—after being captured once, and escaping by a plunge into the sea,—he fairly beat off the strangers. This was a great disappointment; for the country was reported to be rich beyond any they had seen, and Columbus, ever wandering back to some bygone age, and slow to believe that he had discovered what no books had described, revelled in the thought that he had reached the Aurea Chersonesus of Josephus, from whence gold had been procured for the building of the temple. Little did he dream while such visions filled his mind, that less than a hundred miles of land-travelling would have carried him across the isthmus, on which he wintered, to the shore of the Pacific, and would have revealed to him a new Ocean beyond, stretching from the newly found America to the long-sought India.

As it was, he left the South American Continent a defeated and desponding man. One of his captains had fallen in conflict with the natives, and many brave men besides. Health and spirits gave way for a time; but a mind enthusiastic as his rose continually above depression, and gathered new materials for hope from his feverish dreams. His own belief was that, at this time of

his deepest sorrow, a message was graciously sent from heaven to keep him from despair. The passage is too remarkable not to be quoted in his own words. "Groaning with exhaustion," he says, "I fell asleep, and heard a compassionate voice address me thus: — 'O fool, and slow to believe and to serve thy God, the God of all. What did He more for Moses or for David, his servant, than for thee? From thine infancy he has kept thee under his constant and watchful care. When thou didst arrive at an age which suited His designs respecting thee, He brought wonderful renown to thy name throughout all the land. He gave thee for thine own the Indies, which form so rich a portion of the world, and thou hast divided them as it pleased thee, for He gave thee power to do so. He gave thee, also, the keys of those barriers of the ocean sea which were closed with such mighty chains. Turn to Him, and acknowledge thine error; His mercy is infinite. Thine old age shall not prevent thee from accomplishing any great undertaking. Abraham had exceeded a hundred years when he begat Isaac; nor was Sarah young. . . . His acts answer to his words, and it is his custom to perform all His promises with interest.'" From his dreams we learn what was the subject of his

waking thoughts. Advancing years, and enfeebled health, made him fear that he should never live to accomplish the greatest of his schemes; yet, even then, with the full persuasion that he, like God's faithful servants of old, had been raised up to do a special work, he kept alive his hope of prolonged service and of yet greater triumphs by recalling the years of the patriarch when the child of promise was given to his prayers.

The first of May found him sailing northwards, with his only two remaining caravels, for Hispaniola. He was driven, however, by weather, first to Cuba, and afterwards to Jamaica, reaching the latter island on Midsummer day, with his vessels no longer in a sailing condition. There for a whole year he was kept, like a caged eagle, forty leagues only from his own beloved island. Short as the voyage was for a larger vessel, it was too distant to be safely undertaken in a canoe, and nothing better could be procured in the island. Columbus saw the urgency of the danger. He had no place of defence but the two shattered vessels fastened together on shore. The natives were friendly at present, and brought in supplies of food in exchange for trinkets; but a single quarrel might lead to strangeness and suspicion. Something,

Reaches
Jamaica,
June 24th.

he felt, must be risked for the common safety ; so he sounded the best and bravest of his followers, one Diego Mendez, as to his willingness to cross to Hispaniola in a canoe, and seek assistance from Ovando. The man was startled, at first, and protested that such a venture would be madness ; but soon a nobler spirit prevailed, and he undertook the service. “ I have but one life to lose,” he said, to Columbus, “ and I am willing to venture it for you and that of my countrymen here. God, who has protected me so often, I trust, will protect me now.” He went, and found the expedition, as he feared, one of extremest peril ; but a brave heart, and first-rate skill, and thoughts of the great Columbus cooped up in Jamaica, bore him on through every difficulty. Forty leagues of ocean, — twice as many, as he coasted Hispaniola against adverse currents, — and then fifty more over mountains and through forests from St. Domingo to Xaragua, — brought him to Ovando’s presence ; but the zeal of the captain contrasted strangely with the indifference of the governor, who gave him fair words, but nothing else, and took no steps for the liberation of Columbus.

Letter to the
Sovereigns.

During this period Columbus was partly occupied with writing, for the

information of his Sovereigns, a report of what had happened to him since he left Spain. The document is a very precious one, and shows us much of what was passing in his mind while he paced the shores of Jamaica, looking Eastward for a distant sail, or sat, sick in body and sick at heart, on board his shattered vessel. With his usual modesty he speaks of all that he had done, and with his usual forbearance of all that he had suffered; but his swelling heart finds vent sometimes in lamentations which sound like reproaches, as he contrasts his own losses and distresses with the gain and glory which his discoveries had brought to Spain. The conclusion is full of dignity, but more deeply affecting than anything that has fallen from his pen. "Such is my fate," he says, "that twenty years of service, through which I passed with so much toil and danger, have profited me nothing; and at this very day I do not possess a roof in Spain that I can call my own. If I wish to eat or sleep, I have nowhere to go to but the inn or tavern, and most times lack wherewith to pay the bill. . . . I have not a hair upon me that is not grey; my body is infirm; and all that was left to me, as well as to my brothers, has been taken away and sold, even to the frock that I wore, to my great

dishonour. The honest devotedness I have always shown to your Majesties' service, and the unmerited outrage with which it has been repaid, will not allow my soul to keep silence, however much I may wish it. I implore your Highnesses to forgive my complaints. I am indeed in as ruined a condition as I have related. Hitherto I have wept over others;— may Heaven now have mercy upon me, and may the earth weep for me! With regard to temporal things, I have not even a blanca for an offering; and in spiritual things, I have ceased here in the Indies from observing the prescribed forms of religion. Solitary in my trouble, sick, and in daily expectation of death, surrounded by millions of hostile savages full of cruelty, and thus separated from the blessed sacraments of our holy Church, how will my soul be forgotten if it be separated from the body in this foreign land! Weep for me, whoever has charity, truth and justice. I did not come out on this voyage to gain to myself honour or wealth; this is a certain fact, for at that time all hope of such a thing was dead. I do not lie when I say that I went to your Highnesses with honest purpose of heart, and sincere zeal in your cause. I humbly beseech your Highnesses that, if it please God to rescue me from this place, you

will graciously sanction my pilgrimage to Rome and other holy places. May the Holy Trinity have you in their keeping, and add to your greatness!"

Months went by, and no succour came. Mendez on the wide sea, battling with the elements, and keeping up the courage of the Spaniards and Indians who navigated his slight canoe, was a happy man compared with his great commander, left on that unfriendly shore, surrounded with barbarous tribes who might turn enemies in a day, and, what was far worse, harassed and endangered by a formidable mutiny among his followers. The first of January found him a captive still; and, on the *second*, discontents, like those which pursued him everywhere, broke out into words and deeds of violence. A leader of the name of Porras, — as usual, one who had received special kindness from Columbus, — headed an insurrectionary party, and carried with him a large portion of the little company who remained on the island. The Admiral himself was sick, and of those who stayed with him, some were unfit for service. Happily Bartholomew was there; and all the resources of his active mind, with the coolness and courage which never failed him, were

Troubles in
the island.

A. D. 1504.

necessary for the common safety. Without his help, it is almost certain that Columbus must have sunk, and found a grave in Jamaica, — being left to starve by Spaniards, or cut off by a sudden attack of the natives.

Eclipse of
the Moon.

Porras and his crew, with almost diabolical wickedness, had done all they could to rouse the hostility of the natives against Columbus, hoping to drive him off the island; and the result of their endeavours was soon seen in failing supplies of food. Famine stared him in the face, and but for an ingenious device, suggested by an approaching eclipse of the moon, he and his party must have perished. The caciques were summoned to a conference, and through an interpreter Columbus addressed them in words like these: — “I and my people worship a God who has his dwelling in the skies. He protects us and takes care of us, and is angry with those who do us wrong. Now He is angry with you, because you will not give us food. If you do not believe my words, look at the moon to-night, and you will see it grow dark before your eyes. This will be a token to you of God’s coming judgments.” The night came, and the moon rose in her full-orbed beauty; but presently a little speck of darkness was seen, and slowly the shadow

stole over the broad disc till her silvery brightness was all gone, and the natives saw through the gloom only a ball of dusky red. Amazed and terrified they fell at Columbus's feet, promising abundant supplies. "Pray for us," they cried, "that evil may not come upon us, and we will bring you food in plenty henceforth." The Admiral retired for a while into his cabin, and the shore and forest resounded with the wailings of the savages; but presently he came forth and assured them that the divine displeasure had passed away. "You will see the moon bright again this very night," he said; "so be true to your promises, and dismiss your fears." Then came the look of wonder, — the pause of expectation, — and the universal shout of joy. The artifice, which, under the circumstances, no man will judge severely, was rewarded with unbounded confidence and unstinted plenty while the strangers remained upon the island.

Eight months had passed since Mendez sailed, when a small vessel was seen one day nearing the shore. A boat put off, and brought a letter to Columbus from Ovando, *with a barrel of wine and a side of bacon*. The language of the Governor's letter was as insulting as his gift. He could spare no

Message
from His-
paniola.

vessel from Hispaniola large enough to bring off Columbus and his people, but he was greatly concerned to hear of the Admiral's misfortunes, and hoped soon to be able to relieve him. The officer in command delivered this very singular dispatch, waited for a reply, returned to his ship without seeking further conference, and sailed straight back again. Posterity must think, as the men of Hispaniola thought, that Ovando hoped to hear that his great rival was removed out of his way. His cruel delays had been tolerated too long, and when the news came back that Columbus was alive, hoping and waiting through weary months for the relief which never came, public indignation was roused at last, and compelled the Governor to take immediate steps for his rescue. Two ships were dispatched to Jamaica, and brought off all the Spaniards, loyal and disloyal together.

They left their prison on the 28th of June; but winds and currents were contrary as usual; and nearly two months were consumed in beating Eastward through the open sea, and along the shores of Hispaniola, before they reached St. Domingo. The most toilsome of his voyages it had been, and the most full of vexations; but Columbus himself called it "*the most honourable and*

advantageous” of all that he had undertaken, alluding partly to his own enlarged knowledge of the great boundary-lines of sea and land, and partly to the theories which grew out of his recent discoveries. How much still remained to be learnt and done will appear from a single sentence in his own narrative:— “The world is but small; out of *seven* portions of it the dry part occupies *six*, and the seventh is entirely covered with water. Experience has shown it, and I have written it, with quotations from Holy Scripture, in other letters, where I have treated of the situation of the terrestrial Paradise, as approved by the Holy Church.”

If banishment had been wearisome to a man like Columbus, full of ardour and longing for fresh enterprizes, the news which met him at St. Domingo must have wrung his heart yet more painfully. The government of Ovando had proved a merciless one to the poor natives, whom he had received special orders from Isabella to protect and cherish. A swarm of adventurers had gone out with him, all athirst for gold. “For seven years,” says Columbus, writing to the King and Queen, and lamenting this sad invasion of the colony, “I was at your

Sad news at
Hispaniola.

royal court, where every one to whom the enterprize was mentioned treated it as ridiculous; but now there is not a man, down to the very tailors, who does not beg to be allowed to become a discoverer." Tailors and hidalgos, however, both proved but sorry miners; gold did not grow upon the trees, but had to be dug up by hard toil; many days of labour brought but a scanty return; and numbers who had started in high spirits, with spade and knapsack on their shoulders, returned to tell a tale of disappointed hopes, or sank down exhausted on the soil which yielded its treasure so slowly. Then came harder and more exacting conditions for the native diggers. Slaves they were not to be in name, the Queen had said, any longer; but compulsory labour was still the rule of the colony, and beneath the ever-growing rapacity and tyranny of their Spanish masters, the feeble, helpless race was rapidly wasting away.

War, too, had been desolating the fair fields of Hispaniola, and thinning its native population. Murmurs and threats against the intruding colonists passed for grave offences; violence was repressed by the sternest and most relentless policy; and when one brave cacique had made a last stand for independence, and had failed in the unequal contest, hanging for himself, and

tortures ingeniously cruel for multitudes of his unhappy subjects, were the punishments awarded by the unsparing Governor. Worse than all, friends had been confounded with enemies, and treachery of the basest kind had been practised towards those who had been serviceable allies. Because tribute was paid grudgingly in Xaragua, and quarrels sometimes arose between the conquered tribes and their unscrupulous rulers, Ovando chose to fancy that a formidable insurrection was being planned, and took his measures accordingly. A visit of friendship was pretended, and the Governor with four hundred well-armed soldiers set out from the capital. Anacaona, the faithful ally of Spain, who had lately succeeded her brother in the government of the province, gave him a friendly greeting, and, in return, was invited, with her daughter and all her principal officers, to behold a military spectacle in the square of her principal town. Then, at a given signal, Spanish horsemen rushed upon the unarmed multitude, and cut them down without mercy. Eighty men of rank were tortured into confession, and then burnt as criminals. Anacaona herself had a mock trial, and then died a death of shame.

No wonder that tidings like these almost broke

the heart of Columbus. His paradise of beauty was spoiled and plundered, — turned into a theatre of crime. Where now were the visions which had solaced him often during the long midnight watches of his early voyages, and proved his stay and comfort when every thing looked least propitious to his wishes? What was he now after all his toils, and all his successes? He had looked to be the richest subject in the world, able to take armies into his pay, and to wrest Palestine from the Infidel. And lo! he was but a broken-down old man, encumbered with debt, surrounded with hungry, disappointed adventurers, who laid their ruin at his door. He had hoped to be as a father to the gentle tribes which greeted him at his first coming; to give them European arts and civilization in return for their simple, trusting kindness; and to make them brothers in the highest sense, as disciples of one common Redeemer. Instead of this, he found their beautiful land desolated by the oppressions of his countrymen, — their willing service exchanged for bondage like that of Egypt, — their numbers dwindling away beneath the unsparing exactions of their Spanish masters. Little had been done to bring them to the faith of Christ, and more had been done to make them hate the very name of Christian than could be

repaired in two generations. He had soared in thought above the sphere of petty interests and vulgar rivalry. If Providence should guide him to distant lands, his anxious desire was to bind together the scattered members of the great human family by commerce and religion. But life was almost gone, and his aims had all been frustrated. One great duty remained, and should be discharged without delay. He felt responsible for the miseries and wrongs of the natives, while nothing was done to redress them. He must plead their cause in Spain, and for their sakes, as for the sake of his own injured honour, must ask for powers at least as large as those with which he was originally invested.

To Spain, accordingly, he went; and, after encountering perils like those of his first return voyage, reached Seville, enfeebled and dispirited by sickness, and almost a beggar. Nearly all the money he had been able to collect in Hispaniola had been generously expended to bring home the men who sailed with him, many of them having been of the Porras faction, who deserved punishment rather than favour. And now his own words were too true,—house of his own he had none in

Arrival
in Spain,
Nov. 7th.

Spain; and of his property nothing seemed to be available for present necessities. Ovando intercepted his rents and dues, and scarcely anything of what sounded like a princely revenue came to hand. Painful disease was added to his other troubles, and when he started for the Court to plead his own cause, his strength proved to be completely unequal to the journey. So nothing remained for him but to urge his claims by letter, and to trust to the intercession of one or two zealous friends, who spared no pains to get him righted. But Ferdinand listened coldly to all his complaints. Full justice he was resolved not to render to one whose greatness and services were beyond all rivalry; so he tried to avoid the subject, or returned shabby and evasive answers.

Isabella's
death,
Nov. 26th.

Isabella, meanwhile, was disabled by sickness, and, before Columbus had been a month in Spain, he received the sad tidings of her death. His early patroness, — his steady friend, — who loved him for his own sake, and for his noble deeds, — who hated wrong in every shape, — she would never listen again to his straightforward tale of truth, nor cheer him with her benignant smile when every cloud of suspicion was removed. He seemed now to be left alone in a land of jealous strangers.

Ferdinand was left more free to act according to his mean and selfish nature. Yet the loyalty of Columbus never wavered. Writing to his son, Diego, who was then at Court, he says, "The next thing" (after commending the soul of the Queen "affectionately and with great devotion" to God) "is to watch and labour in all matters for the service of our Sovereign, the King, and to endeavour to alleviate his grief. His Majesty is the head of Christendom. Remember the proverb which says, when the head suffers, all the members suffer. Therefore, all good Christians should pray for his health and long life, and we, who are in his employ, ought more than others to do this with all study and diligence."

In the following May he found his way to Segovia, where the Court was residing. Again his story was told in the royal presence,—all he had seen on the Continent of America,—all he had suffered in Jamaica,—the troubles and discontents of Hispaniola, with his own losses and the wrongs of the gentle, deeply-suffering natives. But no generous emotion was stirred in the breast of Ferdinand, and no progress was made towards the restoration of Columbus to his government. The King's resolve was taken, and he would as soon have parted with

Last visit
to Court.

Castile or Aragon, as have given back Hispaniola on the terms of the original grant. Months were consumed by Columbus in fruitless attendance upon the Court; Cardinal Ximenes, Ferdinand's chief adviser, gave him fair speeches like his master; the pecuniary claims were referred to a Council, who met and decided nothing. All knew that the great Admiral was regarded as a troublesome petitioner, whose work was done, and whose services were no longer wanted.

A. D. 1505.

Columbus's constitutional disease, the gout, at last ended his importunity, and confined him to his chamber. From thence he wrote, claiming the government for his son Diego, according to the terms of the original grant. "This," he said, "is a matter which concerns my honour; as to all the rest, do as your Majesty thinks proper; give or withhold, as may be most for your interest, and I shall be content." That request was denied, like every other; and then he was pressed to forego his claim, and to receive in exchange honours and estates in Castile. But he would be no party to his own forfeiture; so, when he found his Sovereign was immoveable, he ceased to trouble him more. "I have done all that I could do," he wrote at last to his steady friend, Diego de

Deza; "it appears that his Majesty does not think fit to fulfil that which he, with the Queen who is now in glory, has promised me by word and seal. For me to contend for the contrary, would be to contend with the wind."

On Ascension Day, in the following year, the 20th of May, his troubled course was ended. Having done all that duty and affection required, and made a careful disposition of his affairs by will, attended by his son Diego and a few faithful friends, he commended his spirit to God in the dying words of his Redeemer. As the living man had been neglected, so little respect was paid to his remains. Strangely enough, it seemed as if his dust, like himself, could find no resting-place. No monumental honours were given him in his adopted country, except an epitaph, contained in a single couplet, which was inscribed upon his tomb by Ferdinand*; and, thirty years after his death, his bones were disinterred and carried over the sea, in the old track, to Hispaniola,—thence to be removed, at a yet later day, to Cuba. In the city of Havanna, where the flag of Spain still

A. D. 1506.
Death of
Columbus.

* POR CASTILLA Y POR LEON

NUEVO MUNDO HALLO COLON.

For Castile and Leon Columbus found a New World.

waves, all that remains of the great Columbus found a lasting grave.*

“I have reached the point,” he once wrote in the day of his adversity, “that there is no man so vile but thinks it his right to insult me. If I had plundered the Indies, even to the country where is the fabled altar of St. Peter, and had given them all to the Moors, they could not have shown towards me more bitter enmity than they have done in Spain. *The time will come when the world will reckon it a virtue to him who has not given his consent to their abuse.*” THAT TIME HAS COME; and Europe and America delight to give honour to his name. Not only because his genius and energy broke through the barrier which once parted the Old World and the New, — not only because he stands at the head of that noble band, unequalled, almost, for heroic bravery and indomitable patience and magnanimous self-devotion, who, in successive centuries, have had the “ocean-sea closed with such mighty chains” for their field of triumph, — but yet more for all that was great and generous in his aims, — for his desire to bless mankind with knowledge and

* See NOTE (Y).

religion, — for his fatherly care over the gentle and suffering race whose bonds he meant to be those of grateful love, — for his patience and self-command under accumulated wrongs, — for the piety which gave elevation to his projects, and lifted him far above the vulgar herd of adventurers who followed in his track, — millions on both sides of the Atlantic give him the greeting of their honest praise. One of the greatest works, all things considered, that have been wrought by individual effort since men were scattered over the earth, it was the will of Providence to commit to one of the world's greatest men; and what he was raised up to do, he accomplished with singular uprightness, and with marvellous success.

The reader who wishes for fuller details will find them in the following works:—

WASHINGTON IRVING'S LIFE AND VOYAGES OF COLUMBUS, in four octavo volumes, of which there is a valuable epitome, made by the author himself, in one smaller volume.

The Second Book of ROBERTSON'S HISTORY OF AMERICA is another version of the same story, for which thousands of the existing generation, and the

last, have felt deeply grateful to the writer, when they first made acquaintance with Columbus in his pages, and followed him in that memorable voyage across the Atlantic.

The First Volume of HERRERA'S HISTORY OF THE WEST INDIES supplies much that is interesting in a simple, unpretending style.

A valuable publication of modern times is one of the Volumes of the Hakluyt Society, containing the SELECT LETTERS OF COLUMBUS, in which his four voyages are described by himself.

Mr. Prescott's able and interesting work on FERDINAND and ISABELLA leaves nothing to be desired on that part of the History.

Columbus's son, Fernando, wrote a life of his father, called the HISTORY OF THE ADMIRAL, which has never been translated.

The fullest Collection of original documents bearing on all points connected with the Discoverer is in a publication of the present century, by NAVARRETE, a Spanish writer. This Mr. Irving thought of translating, in the first instance, but ultimately wrote his own Memoir instead, availing himself largely of the materials which it supplied.

Those who wish to see how Columbus was regarded in his own age will find much respecting him in LAS CASAS' RELATION DES VOYAGES ET DES DÉCOUVERTES DES ESPAGNOLS, and in PETER MARTYR'S LETTERS, both writers having been personally known to him.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

NOTE (Q). Page 195.

IN the year 1482, before Luther was born, Pope Sixtus the Fourth conferred a rich see in Spain on his nephew, Isabella having designed it for her chaplain, a man of piety and learning. An ambassador was despatched to Rome with the remonstrances of the Queen, and returned with an answer from His Holiness that, as Head of the Church, he had an absolute right to dispose of ecclesiastical benefices at his pleasure, and was not bound to consult the humour of any earthly potentate. Isabella, devotee as she was, would not brook language or usage like this, and commanded all her subjects to leave Rome. Ecclesiastics, as well as laymen, obeyed; and the Spanish sovereigns, being thus forcibly reminded of the insolence and rapacity of the Papal Court, began to talk of a General Council to set things right. The sound was ominous to one like Sixtus, and a Legate was despatched from Rome to make concessions; but to his surprise he received a peremptory order to quit the kingdom without delay. There was no swaggering, then, about St. Peter and the Supremacy, — no threatened excommunication, — no re-assertion of the Pope's right to do with Spain and its wealth as

he pleased. The ambassador became very humble, and begged in the most submissive terms for an audience, which was granted on the interposition of Cardinal Mendoza, Isabella's principal adviser. The Queen was firm, and carried her point; for a Bull came shortly afterwards from Rome, conferring the vacant Bishopric on the man of her choice, and pledging the Pope to attend to her nomination in future. The consequence was that, instead of the Pope's nephews and others, who understood not a word of Spanish, and came, like foreign adventurers, to live on plunder, natives of high character and qualifications were promoted to vacant sees. ISABELLA THE CATHOLIC had no confidence in the Pope's infallible judgment as respected Episcopal qualifications, but wisely, and much to her people's gain, preferred her own.

NOTE (R). Page 196.

Mr. Prescott kindles into enthusiasm as he describes the virtues and achievements of this noble-minded Queen; and there is something exceedingly interesting in the thought that a worthy monument to her fame has been erected by a native of that country which she helped to bring within the pale of civilization.

"If there be any being on earth," he says, "that may be permitted to remind us of the Deity himself, it is the ruler of a mighty empire who employs the high powers entrusted to him exclusively for the benefit of his people, — who, endowed with intellectual gifts corresponding to

his station, in an age of comparative barbarism, endeavours to impart to his land the light of civilization which illumines his own bosom, and to create from the elements of discord the beautiful fabric of social order. Such was Isabella; and such the age in which she lived."

NOTE (S). Page 211.

Columbus never forgot his obligations to the "two friars," but took every opportunity of mentioning them with honour. In a letter describing his third voyage he classes them with the King and Queen as having given him credit and encouragement when all the world was against him. The passage is worth quoting, as a specimen of the modest, unpretending tone in which his own triumphs were referred to.

"The Blessed Trinity moved your Highnesses to the encouragement of this enterprise to the Indies, and of His infinite goodness has made me your messenger therein. Those who heard of it looked upon it as impossible, for they fixed all their hopes on the favours of fortune, and pinned their faith solely upon chance. I gave to the subject six or seven years of great anxiety, explaining to the best of my ability how great service might be done to our Lord by this undertaking, in promulgating His sacred name and our holy faith among so many nations, — an enterprise so excellent in itself, and so calculated to enhance the glory, and immortalize the renown, of the greatest sovereign. . . . And, finally, your Highnesses came to the determination that the

undertaking should be entered upon. In this your Highnesses exhibited the noble spirit which has been always manifested by you on every great subject; for all others who had thought of the matter, or heard it spoken of, unanimously treated it with contempt, with the exception of two friars, who always remained constant in their belief of its practicability. I, myself, in spite of fatiguing opposition, felt sure that the enterprise would nevertheless prosper, and continue equally confident of it to this day, because it is a truth that, though every thing will pass away, the Word of God will not; and I believe that every prospect which I hold out will be accomplished; for it was clearly predicted concerning these lands, by the mouth of the prophet Isaiah, in many places in Scripture, that from Spain the holy name of God was to be spread abroad."—*Letters of Columbus*, pp. 104—106.

NOTE (T). Page 224.

Robertson, relying on one uncertain authority, Oviedo, adds to the romance of this part of the voyage by representing Columbus as having pledged himself to his mutinous crew to turn back if he did not find land in three days. This promise, according to his account, was given on the 10th, the next day but one before they landed on St. Salvador. Of course, one inclines to the tale which brings things so completely to a crisis, and makes us follow the track of the vessels on the succeeding day with almost breathless interest. But there is no doubt that this is

a spurious addition to the narrative, which needs no adornment or exaggeration. Columbus himself never alludes to this supposed capitulation. His son Ferdinand, in his "History of the Admiral," is silent about it. Not a word is breathed about any occurrence of the sort by Peter Martyr, or by Las Casas, both of whom knew Columbus. Nay, Columbus's own journal has an entry which shows that at the very time specified he repeated his determination to persevere at all hazards.

NOTE (U). Page 234.

Another messenger seems to have been sent from Lisbon, a few days afterwards, with a full report of his voyage and its results. It is addressed to the royal Treasurer; and for simplicity of style, and the absence of a vainglorious spirit, it may be compared to the Duke of Wellington's despatches announcing his own victories. The commencement is as follows: —

"Knowing that it will afford you pleasure to learn that I have brought my undertaking to a successful termination, I have decided upon writing you this letter to acquaint you with all the events which have occurred in my voyage, and the discoveries which have resulted from it. Thirty-three days after my departure from Cadiz*,

* This is a very obvious error which has crept into the Latin copies of the letter, the time occupied in the voyage having been seventy days. The editor of the "Letters" conjectures that *Cadiz* should be *Gomera*, one of the Canary Islands, from which Columbus set sail on the 6th. Possibly, *Ferro* should be substituted, which he *passed* on the 9th,

I reached the Indian sea, where I discovered many islands, thickly peopled, of which I took possession without resistance, in the name of our most illustrious Monarch, by public proclamation, and with unfurled banners. To the first of the islands, which is called by the Indians Guanahani, I gave the name of the blessed Saviour (San Salvador), relying upon whose protection I had reached this as well as the other islands; to each of these I also gave a name, ordering that one should be called Santa Maria de la Concepcion, another Fernandina, the third Isabella, the fourth Juana, and so with all the rest respectively." — *Letters*, pp. 1, 2.

The conclusion is in another strain; and coming from such a man, at such a time, is singularly interesting and beautiful: —

"Although all that I have related may appear to be wonderful and unheard of, yet the results of my voyage would have been more astonishing if I had had at my disposal such ships as I required. But these great and marvellous results are not to be attributed to any merit of mine, but to the holy Christian faith, and to the piety and religion of our Sovereigns; for that which the unaided intellect of man could not compass, the Spirit of God has granted to human exertions, for God is wont to hear the prayers of his servants who love his precepts even to the performance of apparent impossibilities. Thus it has happened to me in the present instance, who have accomplished a

and which was the last land that he saw till he reached St. Salvador. Between the 9th of September and the 12th of October there is the precise interval of thirty-three days.

task to which the powers of mortal men had never hitherto attained; for if there have been those who have anywhere written or spoken of these islands, they have done so with doubts and conjectures, and no one has ever asserted that he has seen them, on which account their writings have been looked upon as little else than fables. Therefore, let the King and Queen, our Princes, and their most happy kingdoms, and all the other provinces of Christendom, render thanks to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who has granted us so great a victory and such prosperity. Let processions be made, and sacred feasts be held, and the temples be adorned with festive boughs. Let Christ rejoice on earth, as he rejoices in heaven, in the prospect of the salvation of the souls of so many nations hitherto lost. Let us also rejoice, as well on account of the exaltation of our faith, as on account of the increase of our temporal prosperity, of which not only Spain, but all Christendom, will be partakers.

“Such are the events which I have briefly described. Farewell,

“CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS,
Admiral of the Fleet of
the Ocean.

“Lisbon. The 14th of March.”

Letters, pp. 16, 17.

NOTE (V). Page 262.

Columbus's speculations and reasonings on this subject are very curious. Certainly, he had ad-

vantages for investigating the other hemisphere which Aristotle had not; but why "one part of the world ought to be loftier and nearer the sky than the other," neither the philosopher nor the navigator have told us.

"On these grounds, therefore, I affirm that the globe is not spherical, but that there is the difference in its form which I have described; the which is to be found in this hemisphere, at the point where the Indies meet the ocean, the extremity of the hemisphere being below the Equinoctial line. And a great confirmation of this is, that when our Lord made the sun, the first light appeared in the first point of the East, where the most elevated point of the globe is. And although it was the opinion of Aristotle that the Antarctic Pole, or the land which is below it, was the highest part of the world, and the nearest to the heavens, other philosophers oppose him, and say, that the highest part was below the Arctic Pole; by which reasoning it appears that they understood that one part of the world ought to be loftier, and nearer the sky, than the other; but it never struck them that it might be under the Equinoctial, in the way that I have said, which is not to be wondered at, because they had no certain knowledge respecting this hemisphere, but merely vague suppositions, for no one has ever gone or been sent to investigate the matter, until your Highnesses sent me to explore both the sea and the land."—*Letters*, pp. 133, 134.

NOTE (X). Page 283.

The description of this storm, and of Columbus's own mind at the time, given in his own simple language, is deeply affecting. Yet was it but one passage in a life of storms: — "My ships lay exposed, with sails torn, and anchors, rigging, cables, boats, and a great quantity of provisions, lost; my people were very weak and humbled in spirit, many of them promising to lead a religious life, and all making vows and promising to perform pilgrimages, while some of them would frequently go to their messmates to make confession. Other tempests have been experienced, but never of so long a duration, or so fearful, as this: many, whom we looked upon as brave men, on several occasions showed considerable trepidation; but the distress of my son, who was with me, grieved me to the soul, and the more, when I considered his tender age, for he was but thirteen years old, and he enduring so much toil for so long a time. Our Lord, however, gave him strength even to enable him to encourage the rest, and he worked as if he had been eighty years at sea; and all this was a consolation to me. I myself had fallen sick, and was many times at the point of death, but from a little cabin, that I caused to be constructed on deck, I directed our course. My brother was in the ship that was in the worst condition, and most exposed to danger; and my grief on this account was the greater that I had brought him with me against his will. Another anxiety wrung my very heart-strings, which was the thought of my son Diego,

whom I had left an orphan in Spain, and stripped of the honour and property which were due to him on my account, although I had looked upon it as a certainty, that your Majesties, as just and grateful princes, would restore it to him in all respects with increase." — *Letters*, pp. 172, 173.

NOTE (Y). Page 304.

The last removal was so late as the year 1795, when Hayti was transferred by treaty from the Spaniards to the French. The Spanish Admiral, who was engaged in the formal surrender of the island, claimed the mortal remains of Columbus as a relic which, of right, belonged to Spain, and the demand was at once acceded to by the French authorities. The transfer to Cuba was effected with much of religious pomp and solemnity, masses being performed in the principal cathedrals of both islands, and the highest civil and ecclesiastical authorities being gathered round the gilded case in which the bones had been collected. Men of the first distinction carried the coffin on board; and thus freighted, while symbols of mourning hung from the masts and rigging, a brigantine, called the *Discoverer*, sailed out of the port of St. Domingo, — *that* St. Domingo from which, nearly three centuries before, the living man had sailed in chains.

THE REFORMATION AGE
AND LUTHER.

CHAPTER VII.

THE REFORMATION AGE.

THE death of Columbus brings us to the opening of the sixteenth century ; and to every thoughtful observer, at that period, it must have been quite plain that a new æra in the world's history had begun. As each age is the parent of the next, what had been done in the *fifteenth* could not fail to produce immensely important results to the nations of Europe. That marvellous book-creating power was sure to multiply scholars of a certain kind, almost indefinitely. A little handful of men could no longer exercise their old sway, as having the exclusive possession of the records of past times. The relations between the Clergy and the Laity would be completely altered. A power would necessarily grow up, quite apart from territorial and military power,—the power of educated and intelligent minds, not wedded, as hitherto, to Church authority, or confined within priestly bounds.

Then, too, Columbus's great achievement had an effect immensely beyond the addition of vast

colonial possessions to some European kingdoms. Besides the newly explored ocean, and the islands which were scattered over it, there was an unexplored world beyond, and thither men flocked across the Atlantic in search of adventure or of gold. The boldest spirits caught eagerly at such an inviting field of enterprise. Columbus's early descriptions, all given in good faith, made his beloved island look like an earthly paradise; and when that dream was over, and the real truth came out, there was still enough to stimulate curiosity and kindle enthusiasm, and stir the noblest and basest passions of man's nature. So to the young, the aspiring, and the reckless, of the next generation, the West was the land of promise, and other nations soon began to share with Spain the glory and the shame connected with the conquest of the New World. Improvement in nautical science, and the growth of commercial power, were the necessary results. The intervening ocean was crossed and re-crossed as easily and safely as the smaller seas had been in the preceding century. Fleets were fitted out from Spain; while from Portugal and England, and other maritime countries, the captains of single vessels, chartered by the Crown, sailed on their several tracks, or little bands of daring men

joined company, and began to rove far and wide through the Western seas.

Soon, too, the field of enterprise became immensely widened, as new discoveries were reported, new oceans explored, and new empires founded. In the year 1500 Cabral, a Portuguese, having started for India, and taken a more westerly course than usual, lighted on BRAZIL. In 1513, Balboa, a Spaniard, having crossed the Isthmus of Darien, climbed a mountain range from which the natives assured him that he would see a boundless ocean; and, having ascended the last height alone, feasted his eyes with the vast Pacific, glittering in the morning sun; then, descending to the shore, and plunging knee-deep into the water, he claimed sea and land together for the Crown of Spain. In 1520, Magellan, a Portuguese by birth, though in the Spanish service, reached the same Ocean, after sailing through the straits which bear his name; and though the commander himself, after reaching the Philippine Islands, perished, like our Captain Cook, in a conflict with the natives, one of his vessels, out of the five which left Spain, completed the circumnavigation of the globe, and reached Seville after a voyage of three

Progress of
discovery.

years' duration. During the same period, Cortes was winning MEXICO for Spain, — having landed on the American continent in the year that Magellan sailed, and completed his marvellous conquest before the survivors of the expedition returned to the mother country. In 1531, Pizarro sailed with his three small vessels and a hundred and eighty men from Panama to conquer PERU, and, in little more than two years, after taking the *Inca*, or reigning Sovereign, in battle, and trying and executing him for idolatry, concubinage and rebellion, remained master of the country.

Another remarkable feature of the
Growing power of kings. next age was the consolidation and rapid growth of many of the great European kingdoms. Wars of Succession were over; religious wars had not yet begun; and, in the interval, monarchs became more powerful, and had a much greater command of resources. ENGLAND gave up the hope of conquering France, and under the Tudor rule, — with its industry protected, its trade expanding, and its wealth no longer drained by foreign or domestic wars, — began to take a far more prominent and influential part in European politics. FRANCE,

under Louis XI., had grown to be a great monarchy, no longer checked and controlled by princes who had all but sovereign rights; and factions like those of Orleans and Burgundy had ceased to divide and disgrace their common country. SPAIN, united, in a sense, under Ferdinand and Isabella, became yet more closely compacted under their descendants, and with the addition of *the Indies*, as its colonial possessions were called, would have been a rich inheritance for Charles V., if no other kingdom had descended to him from his ancestors.

Spain, however, was but a fragment of the vast empire which became subject to his sway, and which, by a strange combination of events, grew to an almost portentous size. Europe had seen nothing like it since Charlemagne, and saw nothing like it again till Napoleon began to distribute crowns among his generals and kinsmen. It seemed as if princes and princesses had made conquests and contracted alliances, had lived, married, and died, on purpose to build up an empire for this strangely-endowed child of fortune. *Burgundy* and *Flanders* were his, because Charles the Bold, the last Duke, left no issue but a daughter, who became the wife of Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, and Maximilian was

Charles's grandfather. *Spain* became his, because his mother, Joanna, having survived her brother and elder sister, remained the heiress of Ferdinand and Isabella, and so brought Castile and Aragon as her dowry to the Archduke Philip, Charles's father. *Naples* and *Sicily* were his, because the French had driven out the reigning family, and Ferdinand, who was the King's nephew, having reconquered them for his kinsman, basely kept them for himself. To this splendid inheritance Charles had succeeded before he was sixteen; and three years later, after months of expectation, and a series of intrigues and negotiations which agitated every court in Europe, the unanimous voice of the Electors
A. D. 1519. gave him the Imperial crown.

Thus order was succeeding to anarchy in the kingdoms we have named. The enormous influence of the great barons, which had grown up under the feudal system, was greatly reduced. The power of the sword was wielded by the head of the state, and larger armies were collected, and better discipline was enforced, as the royal revenues became more fixed and certain. At the same time, much was gained to the monarchies of Europe, during the age we speak of, by regularity of succession, and the absence of

revolutionary wars. In ENGLAND, the beginning of the preceding century had found an usurper, Henry IV., just seated on the throne. His grandson, Henry VI., was deposed, restored, again deposed, and at last died in the Tower, surviving by a few days the assassination of his heir. Edward IV., after winning the kingdom, flying from it for his life, and then winning it back again, died in peace, bequeathing the crown to his child. But the murder of one king in the Tower, and the miserable end of his guilty successor on Bosworth Field, closed the list of royal victims ; and then a long peace followed the fatal wars which had been marked by twelve pitched battles on the soil of England. During the whole of the sixteenth century, we find Henry VII., his son and his three grandchildren, sitting, unchallenged, on the throne of England. The same thing was seen in FRANCE. From the accession of Francis I.*, in the year 1515, he and his descendants held undisputed possession of the crown for seventy-four years, — the reigning sovereigns up to the death of Henry III. being his son, Henry II., and his three grandchildren. Before the end of this period, a new cause of dissension had sprung up ; but, during the fifty

* See NOTE (Z).

years which preceded the breaking out of the religious wars, the country grew rapidly in strength and prosperity. SPAIN, we have already said, had seen rival claimants to the throne, in the time of Isabella and her father; but no such scenes were repeated in the century that followed, and the close of it saw her descendant of the fourth generation, Philip III., peacefully ascend the throne of his ancestors. Lastly, in GERMANY only one Emperor had succeeded his father between 1400 and 1493, and that was the last of them, Maximilian; but the more pacific age was occupied by the reigns of himself, his two grandsons, Charles and Ferdinand, and the son and grandson of the last.

Lessening
influence of
the Papacy. This growing power of the monarchies of Europe was sure to be felt at Rome. The encroachments and exactions of successive Popes became intolerable to Sovereigns who were more independent of their help than formerly, and many protests were heard, and much of active opposition to the Church's claims was stirred up, before her doctrine began to be assailed. "It is common," says Ranke, "to represent the Papal authority as nearly unlimited up to the time of the Reformation; but the fact is that the civil

governments had possessed themselves of no small share of ecclesiastical rights and privileges as early as the beginning of the sixteenth, or even the latter part of the fifteenth, century." It is common with Roman Catholics, moreover, to represent Christendom as looking up with reverence to the Chair of St. Peter, till Luther poisoned men's minds with heresies, and taught them to speak profanely about sacred things and persons. *But the fact is* that many besides Luther, and before him, were quite as plain-spoken; and it is no hard matter to condemn the Popes of that age by witnesses who passed for good sons of the Church to their dying day. "The Pope," said the Emperor Maximilian one day, "has used me like a rogue. I can fairly say that I have never found sincerity or good faith in any Pope I have met with; but, please God, I hope this will be the last of them." Erasmus, the first scholar of his age, lived and died in the Romish communion. When the time of conflict came, the Church reckoned him amongst her champions; yet his writings tell a tale of ecclesiastical corruptions, which made some vigorous reformation necessary if the Church was to retain the respect of an intelligent and enquiring age. The frauds and trickeries connected with saint-worship and

image-worship, — the ignorance and laziness of monks, with the arts practised by them on the common people for the sake of gain, — all these are unsparingly exposed in plain narrative, or in biting satire ; and, certainly, if arguments were wanted to justify the movement which convulsed Europe from end to end before he died, they will be found abundantly in his *Dialogues* and *Letters*, and *Praise of Folly**, though, when the time came for bold measures, the timid student shrank into his cell. “Convents,” he says, speaking from his own experience, “were places of impiety, where every thing was done to which a depraved imagination could lead, under the sanction and mask of religion.” “In Churches,” he writes again, “hardly any room is found for comments on the gospel. The holy doctrine of Christ must be suppressed, or interpreted contrary to its meaning, for the profit of those who trade in Indulgences.”

Scandals
at Rome.

All that was done elsewhere, however, to dishonour religion, and make men wonder or weep at the desecration of holy things, was as nothing compared with what was allowed and practised at Rome itself. Popes grew bolder in impiety, and plunged deeper into

* See NOTE (A A).

crime. Men were raised up, and permitted to rule the Church in Christ's name, who, not only had no pretence of saintliness about them, but were utterly shameless in their vices. It seemed as if the patience and credulity of mankind were to be tried to the uttermost, — the claim to infallibility being associated with daring profligacy and self-seeking ambition which were a perfect scandal to Christendom. While Luther grew up from infancy to manhood, three Popes in succession sat in the chair of St. Peter, whose history, by itself, would furnish a complete apology for the Reformation. Ingeniously, we may say, they contrived to exhibit the naked deformity of the system in which vices like theirs could coexist with spiritual pretensions of the most exalted kind. A bare statement of what was seen in the Holy City through a single generation, while the Papal sovereignty was still unchallenged, will show to what an extent the common sense of mankind had been shocked, and their moral feelings outraged, when they began to demand something that should better satisfy their consciences.

In the year 1484 the Cardinals were mustered to elect a successor to Sixtus

Innocent
VIII.

IV. The usual amount of intrigue succeeded, and more than the usual amount of bribery.

One busy Cardinal, Julian della Rovera, had arranged the price of every vote. Faith was kept on both sides ; Innocent VIII. was elected ; and castles and benefices were divided among his friends. Pope's *nephews* had become notorious by this time, ecclesiastical dignities and revenues being heaped upon them without scruple ; but the new Pontiff quartered another class of pensioners on the Church. *Seven bastard sons* by different mistresses were publicly owned by him, and most of them endowed like princes. One of these had a brother-in-law, the son of the famous Lorenzo de Medici ; and, in the wantonness of power, Innocent made him a Cardinal at thirteen. The only proof of vigour or public spirit which marked an inglorious reign was an appeal to the Princes of Christendom, to unite in a Crusade against the Infidels ; and the only result of it was a certain amount of treasure which flowed into his coffers, and was consumed in pomp and state. His avarice had made him odious to the Roman people ; their curses pursued him to the grave ; and when the College met to choose their ruler, their hall was protected by soldiers and cannon.

Alexander VI.

Two candidates distanced all competitors ; each of them the nephew of a Pope, — Roderic Borgia, and the same busy, clever,

and aspiring Julian della Rovera. The first was a man whose scandalous immoralities were the talk of Rome; but he was the oldest and the richest. In case of his election, three Archbishoprics in Spain, and numerous benefices scattered over Europe, would be vacated and dispensed among his friends. So the younger Cardinal was left for another time; and Alexander VI., the worst man that ever filled the Papal throne, A. D. 1493. had the majority of voices. Then came the distribution of gifts among his creatures,—his palace to one,—an abbey, with its rich dependencies, to another,—a bishopric to a third, with costly furniture and delicious wines. His children, like those of his predecessor, were numerous; and, with unstinted bounty, he placed them on a level with the nobles of Rome. His daughter's marriage was celebrated in the Vatican with lavish magnificence; and all his energies and resources were soon expended in seconding the ambitious schemes of his son, the famous Cæsar Borgia. In an age when wickedness was almost licensed, and any scruples about the means of attaining power passed with most for unmanly weakness, this man attained to a bad pre-eminence in guilt, and stands out as the representative of a class whom courage and genius and opportunity made utterly reckless

and shameless, as if to show how much some could dare, and others endure, in a land where good and evil were utterly confounded, and shrines and sanctuaries had become places of pollution. Not content with ruling Rome by terror, hired bravoës being his ministers, and his father's name his tower of strength, he aspired to an independent Sovereignty over the States of the Church, and, by cruelty of the fiercest, or treachery of the basest, kind, cleared out of his path the great families who had made head against successive Popes, and maintained a rival influence in their respective cities. Cautious historians, Ranke among the number, report that he had his own brother murdered and thrown into the Tiber, the cause of hatred making even *that* crime more hideous; others pause, and doubt the conclusiveness of the evidence on this point, but with no thought of the charge being in itself improbable. His *brother-in-law* was certainly one of his victims. He was attacked on the steps of the palace, but escaped with life; then, while sheltered under the Pope's roof*, and nursed by his wife and sister,

* Perhaps the most extraordinary spectacle ever witnessed during the Christian era, all things considered, — taking into account the Romish claims as to the Papal supremacy and the Romish doctrine of clerical celibacy, —

his chamber was invaded by Cæsar, who first drove out the ladies, and then made sure work by having the wounded man strangled before his eyes. There is no need that we should settle what share Alexander had in his son's crimes, — how many he encouraged, or how many he deplored. The excuse cannot be made that holy men have had undutiful children, and that the sternest justice cannot turn their heaviest misfortunes into crimes. Just as we know that the father ruled, and the son killed and plundered and ran riot in crime, so certainly does History record that the younger Borgia was countenanced and upheld by the elder in his daring and unprincipled schemes. The old man delighted in the success of his favourite child, however won, and esteemed himself happy in proportion as his crimes proved fruitful. Their plans and policy were the same, and the power and revenues of the Church

was that which Rome presented on the days when a guard was set before the door of Alexander VI. to protect the husband of his own bastard daughter from the murderous assault of his own bastard son. And yet the moral phenomenon is stranger still, — that *this man* handed on his powers unimpaired to his successor, and that millions still cling to a system of which it is an unquestioned dogma that in him the Spirit of Truth dwelt in unusual measure for the government and discipline of the Church.

were employed for the one object of advancing the family greatness, and humbling their common rivals. Alexander died by poison; and thoughtful men throughout Christendom, one fancies, must have breathed more freely when they heard that his disgraceful reign was ended. The poison was prepared by his own orders for a Cardinal whose wealth he hoped to inherit; but one of the attendants proved false; or, by mistake, the wrong dish was set before the Pope; at any rate, the banquet, which was intended to be a murderous one, proved fatal to himself; and the Romans, who gathered round his corpse when it lay in state at St. Peter's, exulted like men from whom some heavy burden had been removed.*

Julius II. Then came a new variety in this strange succession of rulers of Christ's Church. There had been ambitious Popes, and dissolute Popes, and Popes who were unscrupulous dispensers of ecclesiastical revenues and dignities, and Popes with little reputation for fair dealing in home politics and foreign negotiations; now Europe was to be astonished by the feats of a war-like Pope. For a brief interval there was a hope of better things, a gleam of light amidst the surrounding gloom; for a feeble old man, remark-

* See NOTE (B B).

able among the Cardinals for his virtues and piety, was strangely preferred to his daring and unprincipled colleagues, took the appropriate name of Pius II., and then, after a reign of twenty-six days, escaped by a peaceful death from scenes unsuited to his nature, and from a task which was beyond his strength. His successor was the noted Julian della Rovera, — the yet more noted Julius II., — who set himself to undo what Alexander VI. had done, — namely, to recover for the Church what Cæsar Borgia, with his father's connivance, had appropriated to himself. *Italy for the Pope* seems to have been the dream of his life; and, had his reign been longer, many think the dream would have been a reality. By making peace and making war, as either suited his purpose, — by courting or subduing his neighbours, — by vigour in council, — by courage in the field, — by the lavish use of wealth which he was ingenious in collecting, on one plea or another, from every part of Christendom, — by the dexterous use of spiritual weapons at one time, and by all the craft and guile of a purely temporizing policy at another, — he made his name terrible, and won the place which he coveted among kings and conquerors. He excommunicated the Republic of Venice, because it refused to restore, on demand,

A.D. 1503.

cities which had once belonged to the Roman States,—formed a league against them, to which France, Spain and the Emperor, were parties,—pardoned them when they were humbled and conquered,—and then, when the French had served his purpose, dissolved his own league, and joined alliance with Venice to expel the strangers from Italy. He headed his own armies, delighted in the pomp and circumstance of war, stood in the trenches to encourage the storming party, at the siege of Mirandola, when the snow lay thick upon the ground, and, when the city was taken, entered it triumphantly through the breach, as Alexander might have done, or his namesake, the greatest of the Cæsars.

Julius, with all his faults, should have his due. He conquered for the Church,—or, at any rate, for his successors in the Roman See. He enriched no nephews by simony or war. He was decorous in his own religious observances, and checked with a firm hand many ecclesiastical irregularities. He was a munificent patron of the arts, the friend of Raphael, the founder of St. Peter's. But, as the pretended Vicar of Christ upon earth, it may be doubted whether his infamous predecessor gave a greater shock to the moral feelings of religious persons who looked to Rome for light

and guidance, than this soldier-priest. "The patience of angels and of men," says Waddington, "was exhausted by this last mockery:" and verily men needed, not only an infallible interpreter, but another gospel, if they were to receive such a man as the earthly representative of the Prince of Peace.

Such were the Church's rulers through thirty dark and troubled years. God bore with them in patience and in mercy, and left their city unconsumed. Europe heard the tale of their ambition and lust and cruelty, and gave them reverence still. Indulgences, signed with their hand, and sealed with their seal, were marketable commodities—nay, grew cheaper from day to day, and promised larger immunities. Some must have marvelled in secret that God should raise any of His creatures to such a height of power, and let them sink into the mire of pollution,—that the dispensers of pardons should seem to need absolution beyond common sinners,—that the light of holiness should be thus quenched where all men were taught to look for special guidance. To those who knew the mysteries of Conclaves*, and were acquainted with the morality of the New Testament, it must have seemed the strangest of

* See NOTE (C C.)

all mysteries, that the juggle of an election, in which votes were notoriously purchased with benefices and gold, and political cabals intrigued as in the Councils of Princes, could turn a wicked priest into the accredited Vicegerent of Heaven. But to doubt, in an age like that, was like loosening all hold on the powers of the world to come. The time of endurance was prolonged.

A.D. 1513. A successor was wanted for Julius II., and the Cardinals found one in Leo X., the same John de Medici who was thrust into the sacred college when he ought to have been at school. He proved a man of refined tastes and scholar-like acquirements, a lover of elegant Latinity, a patron of artists and improvisatori, a companion of those who lived to enjoy and embellish life,—at Rome, discharging his graver duties with dignified propriety,—in his country retirement, varying the amusement of the chase with banquets among wits and poetasters,—no more devout than his predecessors, yet of more decorous pleasures, and more measured ambition. He longed to live a life of ease, surrounded with forms of beauty, and drinking in all that could please the ear or charm the fancy; but he had fallen on evil times for a follower of Epicurus, and was startled from his dream of enjoyment by

the notes of warning which preceded the Reformation. While he was yet a Cardinal, Luther had visited Rome. Before he had been Pope five years, Europe was ringing with the Reformer's earliest challenge of Papal prerogatives.

We must not omit to notice the formation of a new School of Letters

Advancement
of learning.

among the causes which led to the Reformation. There was a growth of intellectual vigour which burst the restraints of a former age, and made it impossible that active, enquiring spirits throughout Christendom should yield unquestioning submission to the tutelage of Rome. "In regard to the nations of new Europe," D'Aubigné has well said, "the age of infancy had passed away, and that of manhood had begun. To the child-like simplicity, which believed every thing, had succeeded a spirit of curiosity, an intellect not to be satisfied without sifting every thing to the bottom. It was asked for what God had spoken to the world, and whether men had a right to station themselves as mediators between God and His creatures. There was only one thing which could have saved the Church, and this was to raise herself still higher above the people. To keep on a level with them was not enough. But, so

far from this, she was even found to be far beneath them, having begun to descend at the same time that they began to rise. At the period when mankind began to ascend to the regions of intellect, the priesthood was grovelling below among earthly pursuits and interests." Literature crossed the Alps, moreover, and founded schools among those who had passed hitherto for barbarians with the refined and cultivated men of Italy. That a German could speak Greek was talked of as a wonder, when Reuchlin's fame began to spread throughout Europe; and when Hebrew was added to his other accomplishments, and his study of Rabbinical books raised a storm against him as a heretic, curiosity was excited, and his scholars began to multiply. The relative position of scholars and churchmen may be inferred from a memorable saying of the *Sorbonne*, or Theological Faculty of Paris, "*There is an end of religion if the study of Greek and Hebrew be permitted;*" and assuredly the permanence of the system, which they called by that holy name, was greatly endangered when men, without bidding from Priest or Pope, held in their hands the key which gave them access to the sacred text. Erasmus, too, a Dutchman, besides being the first Latin scholar of his age, was a free trans-

lator, and a fearless commentator on Scripture. He edited *Cyprian* and *Jerome*, two of the most famous Latin fathers; he translated *Athanasius* and *Chrysostom* from Greek into Latin; and while much was found in these ancient records that was inconsistent with Christianity in its simple purity, no intelligent and candid reader could help seeing that the pretensions of modern Popes had no counterpart in the Church of the third and fourth centuries. The enemies of the Reformation gave too much credit to the elegant, sarcastic and faint-hearted scholar, when they said that "Erasmus laid the egg, and Luther hatched it;" but, unquestionably, the writings of the former were one of the many engines by which it pleased God to prepare men's minds for the great change that was coming.

CHAPTER VIII.

LUTHER.

LUTHER was born at Eisleben, in Saxony, on the 10th of November, 1483. His parents were poor people, earning a bare living by hard toil, and compelled, of course, to bring up their children to frugal and industrious habits. His father was a miner, and his mother, we learn from himself, had often to carry a burden of wood on her back from the forest. Yet from the first, in the time of their deepest poverty, they valued learning for their children; and at six years old little Martin could read and write with ease. As time went on, the blessing pronounced upon the godly was in John Luther's home. His store increased; he moved to Mansfeld, and rose to some consideration among his fellow-townsmen. His house became the resort of some of the neighbouring schoolmasters and ecclesiastics, whose society he valued for his own sake, probably, and for that of his growing children. Thus, amidst the busy anxieties of working

life, with occasional glimpses of more refined and cultivated minds, his son passed through the years of childhood to early youth. At school he learnt the Catechism, a few hymns and prayers, and the rudiments of Latin; and was sent, at fourteen, to an institution of higher pretensions in the town of Magdeburg, his father's own taste of learning having fixed him in the resolve that no pains should be spared to make the boy a scholar.

For a year or two from this time, the poor youth served a hard apprenticeship to study. The ordinary allowance of food provided for the pupils left them only half satisfied; nothing could be spared from home to eke out Luther's scanty meal; so what he could not earn, he was compelled to beg in the streets. "Bread for the poor scholars," "Bread for the love of God," was a common cry; but the petition was accompanied with a concert of many voices, and chants and carols were the favourite strain where-with the young troop sought to touch the hearts of the obdurate, or repaid the offerings of charity. At Eisenach, to which place Luther was removed after a time, the same system prevailed, no sense of degradation attaching to the practice. Some progress was made in learning; but the life he

School
days.

led was a cheerless one for a sensitive and aspiring youth; and painful often was the struggle when hunger drove him abroad for food, and the rude repulse of those who cared for neither prayer nor song made him feel the bitterness, if not the shame, of poverty.

To "endure hardness" for a time was no bad discipline for one who was to prove so "good" a "soldier" of the cross. But kindness, too, was necessary to bring out the hidden qualities of his nature; and God who, even then, was training His servant for future usefulness, raised up a friend for him, in the midst of strangers, whose love proved to him, at that critical season, a treasure beyond all price. One day, as he stood in the street, hungry and sick at heart, Ursula Cotta, the wife of a citizen of Eisenach, took pity on his friendless condition. She had marked the youth at church, and noticed his reverent demeanour; the peculiar sweetness of his voice had caught her ear; and, now that she saw him repulsed at other doors, she opened hers to him without reserve, and gave him the food and the kindness for which he pined. The dame proved a second mother to Luther; for not only did her house become his home, but his mind and heart seemed to expand together beneath her

gentle influence, and the world itself had an altered look now that he lived in an atmosphere of peace and love. Henceforth his studies were pursued with greater earnestness. His time was given in succession to the classics, poetry and rhetoric, and in each of them he outstripped his class-fellows. His soul, at this happy time, was tuned to melody; and music, which proved his delight and solace through a stormy life, was added to his more solid acquirements. His liveliness and good nature made him an universal favourite; and, best of all, according to his light, he was fervent in seeking that heavenly guidance without which human wisdom is but folly. From the school he passed, in his eighteenth year, to the University of Erfurth, distinguished among his companions by great natural quickness, a retentive memory, an eager curiosity, and, yet more, by that devoutness and seriousness of spirit so often seen in those whom God intends for great things in his Church.

A.D. 1501.

For two years from this time Luther pursued the same even track, a free-hearted companion, yet studious and devout, commanding the admiration of teachers and pupils by a genius and force of character which could not be overlooked or mistaken. Books were rare

Luther at Erfurth.

and dear, the art of printing being as yet in its infancy ; and it was only in convents and colleges, and here and there in the palace of some royal patron of letters, that a large collection could be found. Our young student was athirst for knowledge, and the library at Erfurth was like a refreshing spring, to which he resorted in his hours of leisure. One day he lighted upon a volume which fixed his attention, and was read for some time with the deepest interest. It was a Latin Bible, the first he had ever seen ; and great was his delight to find that God's message contained so much beyond the fragments which he had heard in the Church, or found in books of devotion. He read it for some time, and longed to have it for his own. Samuel's childhood and Hannah's song were the passages on which his eye first rested. He read of the " poor " being lifted " out of the dust," and " the beggar from the dunghill," to be placed by the side of princes, and little thought what the Providence of God had in store for himself ; but the narrative charmed him by its beauty, and to have free access to this new source of enjoyment seemed to make a new æra in his life. A new æra it made, too, in the world's history, — this meeting between Luther and God's word ; for the doctrine which

he found in its pages first gave freedom to his own soul, and then made him bold enough to proclaim to Christendom that it was cheated and enslaved while the "lively oracles" were hidden out of sight.

In the same year Luther took his Bachelor's degree. The intense labour of his preparatory studies brought on a dangerous illness, and when he recovered from it, he still retained the solemn impressions of his hour of peril. There were now high resolves to do something while life was spared; but no governing motive was at work to give directness to his course; and two years later, when he became a doctor of philosophy, his future vocation was yet to be chosen. His father longed to see him a lawyer. Distinguished, as he was, among his fellow-students, with some reputation already as a public lecturer, there was much to kindle the fire of ambition within him, and make him covet a conspicuous stage. But notoriety of another sort was in store for him, and the steps by which he was conducted to it were all appointed by a higher wisdom than that of the scholar or his friends.

While his plans were still unsettled, a brother collegian, for whom

Takes his degree.

Terrors of conscience.

he had a special regard, was suddenly struck down by death — some say was taken off by violence. The question forced itself upon Luther's sensitive and anxious mind, "What if such a fate were mine? How could *I* meet my God if the summons were thus sudden?" His life had been pure, but his conscience was ill at ease; and the thought of a meeting with the Searcher of hearts confounded and appalled him. At another time, when on his way from Mansfeld to Erfurth, after a visit to his father, a violent storm overtook him. The thunder rolled, and the lightning flashed, and a bolt, which fell close to Luther's feet, showed how near he had been to death. He threw himself on his knees, and pleaded with God for life. In an agony of terror he vowed a vow unto the Lord. The world shall be forsaken, and life henceforth shall be made an offering to God.

Resolves to
be a monk.

The storm ceased; Luther's fears subsided; but the vow remained. There were no human witnesses, but it was registered in heaven; and the man who abhorred a lie had no thought of breaking it. Come what may, the promise must be kept; the necessary sacrifices shall be made. Sober he had been hitherto, constant in his devotions, persevering in

his studies, exemplary in all his deportment; but henceforth he must be *holy*. He had drunk of the spring of knowledge, and was still athirst. A deeper, purer spring must be found somewhere which would satisfy all his spiritual cravings. Whither shall he go for rest and peace? how secure a shelter from the temptations of life, and become pure, as he longs to be, from every taint of sin? In a convent, surely, he will find what he wants, — among the men who serve God, day and night, with prayer and fasting, far away from the world's weary strife and seducing pleasures. So the customs of the age taught, and so Luther, in his ignorance, believed. On the 17th of August, when three months A. D. 1505. were wanting to conclude his twenty-second year, the young collegian gathered his friends at a farewell supper. There was music, as usual, to charm the ear; and the conversation, which seasoned their frugal meal, was the free, cheerful talk of men on whom the world's cares sat lightly, and whose spirits were buoyant with hope. Luther, after a time, checked their gaiety. He announces his purpose, and turns a deaf ear to their solicitations and remonstrances. Gloomy as the monk's life may seem to them, it is the life he has chosen. His mind was made up, and

from a resolve once taken, approved alike by his judgment and his conscience, no human voice ever turned him back. That very night he knocked at the door of the Augustinian convent, and was admitted. He carried with him a *Virgil* and a *Plautus* for his worldly store; — a strange selection for the monk that would be; stranger still for the Reformer, and man of God, he was to be.

Convent
life.

It was well that he, whose voice was to open the doors of a hundred convents, and send forth their inmates to serve God in the world or the Church, should first be a prisoner himself. None could reproach him in after times for speaking of that which he knew not. “Truly,” he said of himself once, “I have been a pious monk, and have followed the rules of my order more severely than I can describe. If ever monk had entered heaven by his monkery, surely I should have found my way thither. Had my course lasted longer, I should have been a martyr even to death by dint of prayer, watchings, readings, and other labours.” As the youngest, or the most willing, of the brethren, the hardest services were imposed on him. The man who was a doctor but yesterday, and had the path of distinction laid open to him, was now

porter and sweeper to the convent, waited like a servant on meaner men, and did their bidding without a murmur. When his in-door drudgery was over, he sought the quiet of his cell, and gave himself to study. But even there his masters pursued him, and the calm, tranquil delights of monastic retirement he soon found were a vision, not a reality. "Come, come," said a rude voice, when his beloved books were spread out before him, "it is not by study that you can benefit the cloister, but by begging bread, corn, eggs, fish, meat and money." So the bag was put upon his shoulder, and through the streets of Erfurth, in which he walked but lately as an admired scholar of the first university in Germany, he now went as a mendicant from door to door.

The yoke which he had chosen Luther bore with the fortitude of an indomitable nature. Hope, too, sustained him under his burden. He was willing to be humbled to the dust, if thereby the flesh might become a willing servant, and his spirit be strengthened and purified. But, by degrees, this hope grew fainter. The holiness for which he panted was not yet attained. Watching, fasting, scourging, brought him no nearer to his end. "I tormented myself to death," he says, in describing this period of his life, "in order to

procure peace with God for my troubled conscience; but, surrounded with fearful darkness, I nowhere found it." His brother monks did not understand him. They went through the appointed routine of duty, and were satisfied; while the trifling conversation which amused their vacant hours was to him a weariness and a burden.

Luther's
studies. Being excused, after a time, on the
intercession of some of his University
friends, from the drudgery of his early days in the
cloister, he betook himself with his usual ardour
to study. He found one able and willing to help
him in the study of Greek and Hebrew; and the
man, who was to enrich his country one day with
his noble translation of the Scriptures into the
mother tongue, was already preparing for his
work, by acquainting himself with the original
text. Other books were read with eagerness,
especially those which treated of the great things
of salvation; and soon he learnt to esteem the
great Augustine a master in theology, and a
faithful expounder of God's word, beyond all to
whom he had listened before. What was written
a thousand years before about the corruption of
the human will found an echo in his own heart.
Along with the universal infection, too, he read
of the universal remedy,—justification by the

free grace of God, through the merits of the Saviour; and in his solitary readings, there, in the old convent library, the truth was brought to him, though as yet only half perceived and understood, which it became the business of his life to write on the mind and heart of Christendom. The Bible, too, itself, was there, — chained to a desk for the common use; and the privilege of searching for himself into the records of eternal truth,—of drinking at the spring of heavenly wisdom, and getting an answer from Him whose word is light and life,—was not lost upon the enquiring monk. Nor was learning of another sort neglected. Though he was to be mighty in the Scriptures, he was not unskilled to use the weapons with which, in those days, all error was assailed, and all truth defended. He read the writings of the Schoolmen, and could draw distinctions, and weave subtle arguments, and detect hidden sophistries, with those who delighted in those intellectual encounters. His clearer vision and sounder understanding made him rate such exercises at their proper worth; he was too intent on great things in after life,—far too earnest in his love of truth for its own sake,—to spend his time in logical fencing-matches, which could yield no profit; but none could say that he did

not know what learned men had written, though he was taught to put all worldly gifts and accomplishments far below that heavenly wisdom which the peasant may have, and the philosopher may want.

Still, while he was thus occupied, the great want remained. After repeated efforts to become holy, he was still baffled and disappointed. Shut out from active employments, cut off from congenial company, he was left, month after month, to his own self-accusing thoughts, and, while he longed for purity, had a clinging sense of guilt which everywhere pursued him. So, with pallid cheek and sunken eye, he went through the accustomed duties, or mused in solitude during long daylight and midnight hours, marvelling whether others missed the expected blessing like himself, or whether his deeper sinfulness made rest impossible for him even in the place of sanctity. As his anxieties deepened, he lived more and more alone. His meals were of the most sparing kind, — his nights often sleepless through disquietude. On one occasion, some days had passed without his being seen, and a friend, alarmed for his safety, forced the door of his cell. He found Luther stretched senseless on the floor. Knowing the power of music over him, he collected some

boys from the convent, and charged them to chant an anthem in their softest strain. Consciousness returned, and the monk revived. But the inward melancholy was too deep to be charmed away by song. His fondest hopes had proved vain. Instead of finding perfection and spiritual freedom in the cloister, his chains were more galling than ever.

There, however, in the house of his bondage, Luther saw the dawn of a brighter day. The Vicar-General of the Augustines, Staupitz by name, came to inspect the convent; and his visit, which to others was but a business of routine, proved like an angel's visit to Luther. The superior was a man venerable alike for his years and piety, well taught in the doctrine of Christ, and well pleased to make younger disciples partakers of his hope. The appearance of Luther soon attracted his notice. He felt an interest in the young monk, which was heightened by all he heard. Confidence was soon established between them; and the secrets of Luther's bosom, hidden from common eyes, were unfolded to one who had passed through similar struggles, and could sympathize with his deepest sorrows. His past hopes, his present aims, his constant failures, all his spiritual longings and

Meeting with
Staupitz.

anxieties, were told at length. "Instead of torturing yourself for your faults," was the answer of Staupitz, "cast yourself into the arms of the Redeemer. Trust in Him,—in the righteousness of His life, in the expiation of His death. Keep not back. God is not angry with thee; it is thou who art angry with God. Listen to the Son of God, who became man to assure thee of the divine favour. He says to thee, 'Thou art my sheep; thou hearest my voice; none shall pluck thee out of my hand.'" Luther argued against a doctrine which seemed to make salvation so cheap a thing. His repentance was not deep enough; he must be a changed man before he could be pardoned and accepted; others had penances without number imposed upon them; and how should he, sinner as he was, escape so easily? "My son," answered the man, who had sounded the depths of his own heart, and now spoke with authority to others, "there is no true repentance but that which begins in the love of God and of righteousness. If you wish to be really converted, do not dwell upon all these mortifications and penances. Love Him who first loved thee." "Those words of yours about repentance," Luther wrote to Staupitz in later days, "stuck fast in me, like an arrow drawn

by a strong man ;” and it is certain that these well-timed conversations poured light upon his enquiring spirit, and made him rejoice like one whose chains were falling off. He searched the Scriptures, and found every word of Staupitz confirmed. The passages, which had most alarmed him hitherto, were now full of the sweetest comfort. They seemed (to use his own most expressive simile) to “run to him from all sides, to smile upon him like friends, to spring up and play about him.”

His complete emancipation, however, was not the work of a month or a year. In the quietude and seclusion of the convent his spirit preyed upon itself. He forgot his hours, and left his task unsaid ; and then his carelessness in duty lay heavy on his conscience, and sleep was renounced till the tale of prayers was made up. Thus the rule of the convent was a yoke which sometimes lay heavy upon him ; yet was it borne now with more of cheerfulness as a part of the discipline appointed for him by Providence. Sometimes he escaped into the fields at daybreak ; and, taking his Bible with him, the gift of Staupitz, preached to the shepherds under a tree, while they repaid his kindness by some strain of rustic

music, to which he loved to listen between sleeping and waking. His studies, too, were more purely Biblical. His spirit was braced up by daily contact with the word of life; and already was the store being laid up, which proved so useful and effective, when his great task was undertaken of bringing the almost forgotten Scriptures into open day.

Luther or-
dained priest. The time came for Luther to be
ordained a priest; and gladly now
could he look forward to the holy solemnity, and
speak with more of boldness to his fellow men of
repentance and faith and holiness. His father
had never forgiven his turning monk; but, as
the day approached, Luther begged him to be
present. John Luther came; and to Martin,
whose home affections through life were pure and
strong in no common measure, the day must
have seemed the brightest that had
May 2. 1507. dawned upon him for years. The
simplicity of the times, or the humble condition
of the parties, is declared by the father's gift of
twenty florins, just two pounds, which was pre-
sented as a token of complete reconciliation.

The earliest letter of Luther's which has come down to us belongs to this period, and it was

written to John Braun, who is styled, at the head of it, the “Holy and Venerable Priest of Christ and Mary.” He was Vicar of Eisenach, and had been the friend of Luther when he was a school-boy there. Early friendships never lost their hold on his warm and generous heart; and it is interesting to see the man, who was now rapidly advancing to distinction, looking back to bygone scenes, and making the companion of his boyhood the sharer of his inmost thoughts. The letter runs thus, and breathes the humble and grateful spirit of the gospel which Luther was now learning, and about to impart to others:—

“God, who is glorious and holy in all his works, having designed to exalt me exceedingly,—me a miserable and every way unworthy sinner,—and to call me, solely out of his abundant mercy, to his sublime ministry, it is my duty, in order to testify my gratitude for a goodness so divine and so magnificent (as far at least as dust can do it), to fulfil with my whole heart the office which is entrusted to me.” Thus he gave himself to his great work, not knowing what was before him, but trained for God’s service in the Church by that blessed Spirit which had taught him, like St. Paul, that Christ’s love and grace had made him “a debtor unto all men.”

Removal to
Wittenberg. Staupitz had marked Luther as one meant for usefulness on a public stage. In the following year, therefore, when a Professor of Philosophy was wanted for the new University of Wittenberg, the young priest was recommended by Staupitz to the Elector of Saxony, and willingly accepted. From A.D. 1508. Erfurth accordingly he removed to the place which his name has made so famous, and there his whole energies were devoted to his new duties. He would have chosen, if left to himself, some other sphere. His soul was athirst for sacred knowledge; and gladly would he have given his days and nights to studies connected with the Scriptures; but Staupitz was like a second father to him, and when Providence seemed to lead, Luther was now schooled to follow without doubt or misgiving. "I am well by the grace of God," he wrote to Braun soon after his removal, "were it not that I must study philosophy with all my might. Ever since I arrived at Wittenberg, I have eagerly desired to exchange this study for that of theology. The theology I mean is, that which *seeks out the kernel of the nut, the heart of the wheat, the marrow of the bone.* Howbeit God is God; man is almost always deceived in his judgment; but he is our God, and

will conduct us by His goodness for ever and ever."

The study of Greek and Hebrew was now resumed. A daily lecture on some portion of Scripture was delivered to the students ; and, learning as well as teaching,—getting his own faith confirmed, and his own judgment ripened, as he expounded the word of life,—he went through the book of Psalms and the Epistle to the Romans. To his other duties, on the solicitation of Staupitz, he soon added those of town preacher. For a time he shrank from so responsible a post ; " it was no light matter," he said, " to speak to men in the place of God ;" but when his modesty was overcome, and he stood up before the people as the expounder of God's word, he seemed to have found a congenial element. The doctrine was more pure,—the tone more free,—the manner at once more persuasive and more commanding,—than men had been used to for many generations. His opponents admit that, as an effective public speaker, he ranked with the first orators of his age. They describe his ready memory, his well-trained intellect, his clear musical voice, his admirable command of his mother tongue. He bore "like a torrent," says one, "on the minds of his hearers ;" he "had a

Busy life
there.

lively and impetuous eloquence," says Bossuet, one of the most distinguished advocates of the Papacy, "which hurried people away, and entranced them." But his eloquence, then and in later life, was, in reality, the eloquence of truth and sincerity; and men, who had been famishing on the dry husks of scholastic divinity, listened to the grave, but impassioned, earnestness of the still youthful professor, almost as to a prophet sent from heaven to wake up a slumbering age.

Journey to
Rome.
A.D. 1511.

Thus three busy years were spent, and Luther's reputation was spread far and wide as a man of zeal and learning and indefatigable activity. Then, events, in which it is not difficult to trace the guiding hand of Providence, carried him to Rome. To see the Holy City, the capital of Christendom, the abode of him who was the Church's visible Head and Lord, was the dearest wish of Luther's heart. A dispute among the convents of his order opened a way for him. His talents and reputation recommended him to some of their number as a fitting advocate to plead their cause before the Pope. He went up to Rome with trembling joy, like that of a Jewish youth approaching, for the first time, the City and Temple of his God. "Hail to thee, holy Rome, made

holy by the blood of martyrs," he exclaimed on his arrival, falling on his knees, and raising his hands to heaven in a transport of thankfulness. He walked the streets, and sought out the most famous places, counting the very dust to be sacred. He entered into its homes, mingled with its citizens, was admitted to the confidence of its priests;—and, to his horror and confusion, he found it a sink of abominations. Julius II. sat in the chair of St. Peter; and a strange successor to the fisherman of Galilee must one like Luther, so devout and so unworldly, have thought the Pontiff who delighted in war, and led soldiers to the breach. Yet more appalling, however, to the simple, pure-minded German, was the demoralization of the priests. He heard their private talk, and found they were mockers of the sacred mysteries. He joined with them in the celebration of the mass, and his ears were shocked with profaneness at the very altar. He carried his own devoutness with him into all companies, but met with raillery, instead of sympathy, from his brother priests. The citizens talked freely of the vices of Alexander VI. and the murders of Cæsar Borgia, and that not in whispers, as men might speak of some incredible wickedness, but in a tone of indecent levity. To Luther the

prodigy he saw was startling and bewildering. The place was holy no doubt; the Church which ruled there was the mother of all churches, God's witness and the world's light through successive ages. Among the tombs of apostles,—on the very spot where martyrs had given their lives as an offering to Christ,—how could the faithful seed die out, or the heavenly blessing be forfeited? Yet sorely tainted with impiety was this spot to which his eyes had turned so fondly; and sad and sick at heart, lonely and full of grave and solemn thoughts, he paced the famous streets, and surveyed the venerable relics of ancient Rome, or beheld the rising glory of St. Peter's. While there, doubtless, he wished himself back again among his old haunts at Wittemberg; yet afterwards he rejoiced in the visit as having been most important and gainful. “I would not for a hundred thousand florins have missed seeing Rome,” he said. “I should always have felt an uneasy doubt whether I was not, after all, doing injustice to the Pope. As it is, I am quite satisfied on that point.”

At Rome, Luther made no question of what was told him respecting the virtues of consecrated spots and guarded relics, but joined the stream of devotees who rushed hither and thither, and

hoped, with the blindest of them, to win the promised blessing. It was a grief to him, he tells us, that his father and mother were still alive; for, by virtue of masses and penances, as he then thought, he could have delivered their souls from purgatory. He climbed the *Sacred Staircase* upon his knees, in expectation of the promised indulgence, and never doubted the tradition that it had been miraculously transported from the house of Pilate, and was consecrated by the footsteps of the Son of God. Yet when he returned to Wittemberg, he taught, in public and in private, like one who had outgrown these childish follies. He discoursed of the Law and the Gospel,—he pointed to the Lamb of God as the one sin-offering,—he called men to repentance and a living faith,—with so much clearness and force, that the learned could not gainsay his doctrine, while the humble and pious hung delighted on his lips. Such were the anomalies of this stage in the Reformer's progress. “Not yet” (to quote the expressive language of Ranke) “was Luther at one with himself. He still cherished opinions fundamentally at variance with each other. But all his writings breathe a youthful courage, still restrained within the bounds of modesty and reverence for authority, though ready

to overleap them; and a genius, moreover, intent on essentials, tearing asunder the bonds of systems, and pressing forwards in the new path it has discovered."

Life at
Wittenberg. From Rome Luther returned to his duties at the University, a sadder and a wiser man. Staupitz again urged him on to dignities which he would have declined, pressing him to become a Doctor of Divinity,—an elevated degree for one so young, and binding him in a special manner to the studies most congenial to his taste. Yet the responsibilities of the post alarmed him. He made many objections, which were all overruled by his friend. "Look out, I pray you, for a more worthy person;"—"I am weak and sickly, and have not long to live;"—"None but the Holy Spirit can make a Doctor of Theology," he said, at last. "Do what your convent asks," replied Staupitz, "and what I, your Vicar-General, command. You promised to obey us." "But I am poor, and have not wherewith to pay the fees." "The Prince will do that for you," was the rejoinder. And so at twenty-nine Luther became a Doctor.

A.D. 1512.

In his oath he promised *manfully* to defend the truth of the Gospel; and

never was oath more faithfully kept. By argument he maintained the doctrine which he had received, not from men, but from God. By learning and industry he did what he could to explain to others the letter and spirit of Christianity. But better than all his accomplishments was the life of faith and charity by which his lessons were enforced and illustrated. His letters of this period overflow with tenderness, and are marked by a spirit of large and generous forbearance, while his friendly exhortations are singularly judicious and appropriate. "I learn that you are agitated by many tempests," he said one day to a burdened brother, "and that your spirit is tossed up and down upon the billows. The cross of Christ is portioned out over all the earth, and each one receives his part. Do not you, then, reject that which is fallen to you. Rather receive it as a holy relic, not in a vessel of gold and silver, but in a meek and patient heart, which is far better." "Show a gentle and loving spirit towards the prior of Nuremberg," he wrote to John Lange, who had taught him Hebrew in the Convent, and whom he now made Prior at Erfurth; "this is fitting, inasmuch as he has put on a sour and bitter spirit. Bitter is not expelled by bitter,—that is, devil by devil; but

sweet expels bitter,— that is to say, the finger of God casts out devils.” A plague broke out at Wittemberg, and scattered most of the teachers and students. “ You advise me to flee,” he writes to a friend; “ but whither shall I flee? I hope the world will not go to wreck though Friar Martin fall. If the disease makes progress, I will disperse the friars in all directions; but for myself I am stationed here, and obedience permits me not to flee till He who has *called* me shall recall me. Not that I do not fear death,” he adds, with the candour which never forsook him, “ for I am not the Apostle Paul, only his commentator; but I hope the Lord will deliver me from fear.” While he lived, he longed to do good unto all men, and was watchful for opportunities of imparting some spiritual gift to those who sought his advice, or were willing to receive it. A monk who had spent some time at Wittemberg, and left some trifling commissions to be executed by Luther when he went away, has thus attained a place among his countless correspondents, and the letter of business, which became a letter of pious counsel, has been preserved. “ The tunic of Brussels cloth,” he says, “ and the monk’s gown, and the book you wrote about, are all sold; they produced two florins and a half, and the money

has been paid according to directions;" then, turning to graver matters, he adds, "I should like much to know how it is with your soul. Is it not weary of its own righteousness? Does it breathe at length, and confide in the righteousness of Christ? O, my brother, learn to know God, and Christ crucified. Take care not to pretend to such a purity as will make you unwilling to acknowledge yourself a sinner; for Christ dwelleth in none but sinners here. He came down from heaven, where He dwelt among the righteous, that He might dwell also with sinners. Meditate carefully on this love of Christ, and you will derive unspeakable blessing from it. If you believe these things firmly as you ought, receive thy still ignorant and erring brethren as Jesus Christ has received thee. Bear with them patiently; make their sins thine own; and if thou hast any thing good, communicate it unto them. It is a sad righteousness which will not bear with others, because it finds them wicked, and which thinks only of seeking the solitude of the desert, instead of doing them good by prayer, example and patience. If thou art the lily and the rose of Christ, know that thy dwelling is among the thorns; only take care that thou do not, by thy impatience and rash judgments and

hidden pride, become thyself a thorn. Christ reigns in the midst of his enemies. Had He been pleased only to live among the good, and to die only for those who loved Him, for whom, I ask, would He have died, and among whom would He have lived?" Yet while he found time to sell tunics and monk's gowns, he was perhaps the busiest man in Germany. His account of his occupations is amusing, yet most instructive, reminding us of that unbounded diligence which enabled him to diffuse himself, as it were, through Christendom, when his presiding mind became the spring of a vast, complicated movement, affecting the destinies of many nations. "*In labours more abundant,*" might have been his motto for the thirty years which followed the period we speak of up to the week in A.D. 1516. which he both worked and died. "I almost constantly require two secretaries or chancellors," he writes, "for I do nothing all day long but write letters. I am preacher to the convent, reader of prayers, chaplain at table, pastor and parish minister, rector of the studies, vicar-general,—that is, prior ten times over,—inspector of ponds of Litzkau, counsel for the men of Hertberg, reader of St. Paul, commentator on the Psalms. I have seldom time to say

my hours and chant ; to say nothing of my combat with flesh and blood, the devil, and the world. See how lazy I am."

It is interesting to see so much of Luther's inner mind at this particular stage of his life. We learn that it was not a barren doctrine that he contended for in after years, but a doctrine which had penetrated his own soul, and elevated and purified his whole character. Before he conceived the notion of being a Reformer, he was the humble, painstaking, conscientious, large-hearted Christian. His position was no common one for a man of his age, who had started in life without patronage or connexions. He was the well-trained theologian, the admired lecturer, the arbiter of disputes, the foremost man in a rising university, the favoured nominee of the wisest Prince in Germany ; but better than all, considering the enterprize that was before him, his "feet" were "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace ;" and it was in Christ's name, and as one who had partaken largely of Christ's Spirit, not certainly from any love of strife, or with any wish for fame, that his great work was undertaken.

Tetzel and Indulgences. Luther was busy with his own work, seeking peace with all men, and using his gifts faithfully for the Church of which he was an obedient son, when great excitement began to prevail in some parts of Germany, arising out of the sale of Indulgences by emissaries from Rome. This had become a favourite mode of raising money of late; and as the patience and bounty of Christendom seemed well nigh inexhaustible, so the avarice of the Papal Court, and the effrontery of its busy agents, grew rapidly in this time of deepest degeneracy. A Turkish war was talked about again and again, and supplies were wanted to pay the armies of Christendom; but the Infidel remained secure in his strongholds, and what was paid into the Roman treasury was never accounted for. Latterly a new plea had been invented. The Church, which was built over the graves of St. Peter and St. Paul, lay in ruins; the bones of the holy martyrs, said the piteous story, were exposed to wind and rain. What more blessed work for the faithful than to rear a monument worthy of the dead, to which living pilgrims might resort in future ages? Commissions were granted by the Pope to levy funds for this purpose by the sale of Indulgences; particular dis-

tricts were assigned to favoured persons, who gave money for the privilege, and made a good profit generally before their work was finished. In fact, pardons for men's souls were farmed, like highway tolls, to the best bidder, and then hawked by retail among the poor, blinded people.*

In the course of the year 1517, a monk of the name of Tetzel, who had chosen Germany for his market, began to ply his trade with unusual zeal and success. When he came near a town, notice of his mission was conveyed to the authorities. "The grace of God and of St. Peter is before your gates," was the style of his proclamation. Instantly the whole place was astir. Priests and nuns, young and old, trades with their banners, and magistrates with their symbols of office, went forth in solemn procession to meet this messenger of glad tidings. Bells rang and music played, and the streets were thronged with multitudes eager to see the spectacle, and to secure the blessing. When the salutations were ended, the whole cavalcade proceeded to the principal church,—the Pope's Bull, or proclamation of grace, carried on a cloth of gold, leading the way,—and his officer, the chief Indulgence-merchant, following next, with a great red cross in

* See NOTE (DD).

his hand. The church is filled; the cross is placed upon the altar; the people look on it in silent awe. Tetzl mounts the pulpit, and, in a loud and commanding tone, begins to address them. The substance of some of his puffing exhortations is preserved, and assuredly it would have been a pity if they had perished. Men ought to know what language was heard in Christian churches when the Reformation began.

“Indulgences,” he said, “are the most precious and sublime gift of God. There is no sin too great for an indulgence to remit; and if a man should commit something too shocking to be spoken, let him pay,—let him pay well, and it will be forgiven him. Think that for each mortal sin you must, after confession and contrition, do penance for seven years, either in this life or in purgatory. Now, how many mortal sins are committed in a day,—in a week; yet more in a month, a year, a whole life. Ah! these sins are almost innumerable; and innumerable sufferings must be endured for them in purgatory. But now, by means of these letters of Indulgence, you can at once, for life, (in all cases except *four*, which are reserved to the Apostolic See,) and afterwards at the hour of death, obtain a full remission of all your pains and sins. . . . But more

than this ; Indulgences not only save the living, — they save the dead. For this repentance even is not necessary. Priest, noble, merchant, wife, young girls, young men, hear your friends, your parents, crying to you from the bottom of the abyss. At the very instant when the piece of money chinks on the bottom of the strong box, the soul comes out of purgatory, and flies straight to heaven.”

Luther was seated one day, doing his priest's work, in the confessional at Wittenberg. Citizen after citizen presented himself for absolution, and each acknowledged himself guilty of some grievous sin. The man of God gave them counsel and reproof,—exhorted them to repentance,—charged them solemnly and affectionately to offend no more. What was his surprise to hear the penitents declare that they meant to sin on ? They have a pardon made out under the Pope's hand ; and priests and monks could not annul his sentence. “ *Except ye be converted,*” a voice sounded from the confessional, “ *you will all perish.*” In vain they argue and remonstrate ; Luther is immoveable. They must cease to do evil, and learn to do well, or they would have no pardon from God.

All Saints' Eve. Tetzels, when he heard of what had passed at Wittemberg, began to rave. Devout and thoughtful persons, as the rumour was spread abroad, rejoiced that one was found to speak out what was hidden in many hearts. Luther, compelled to take his stand, first preached against Indulgences, and then resolved to assail them in the most public manner. All Saints' Day was approaching, and, in compliment to the festival, a new church, which the Elector of Saxony had built in Wittemberg, and enriched with a vast number of precious relics, was to be thrown open to the multitude. A great assemblage was expected; numbers would flock in from the surrounding country; for an indulgence was promised to all who worshipped and confessed there before the day was over. On the eve of Oct. 31, 1517. that day Luther fastened to the door of the church his celebrated ninety-five propositions. Men were waiting for a voice like that, and, when it came, they wondered and rejoiced as if a prophet or an angel had spoken; but it will be a great mistake to fancy that any thing like the Protestant doctrine upon these parts of the Romish system had grown up, as yet, in Luther's mind. Much was admitted, which he learnt soon afterwards to doubt, and

went on boldly to deny. The authority of the Pope was as little questioned as the authority of Christ himself; and the flagrant abuses, which were connected with opening a market for the sale of pardons, were all ascribed to unscrupulous men, who abused their powers. "Anathema to him," so run some of these famous sentences, "who speaks against the truth of the Apostolical pardons; but a blessing on him who opposes the licentiousness of these preachers." — "Christians must be taught that the Pope thinks not, nor wishes, that any one should in any wise compare the act of buying Indulgences with any act of mercy." — "Christians must be taught that the Pope, having more need of a prayer offered with faith than of money, more desires the prayer than the money, when he distributes Indulgences." — "Christians must be taught that, if the Pope knew of the extortions of the Indulgence preachers, he would rather the metropolitan church of St. Peter were burnt than see it built with the skin, the flesh and the bones of his sheep." Other statements were in a higher strain, recalling men from lying vanities and hurtful superstitions to the true principles of Christianity. "They are the enemies of the Pope and of Christ, who, to favour the preaching of In-

dulgences, forbid the preaching of the word of God.” — “ The true treasure of the Church is the holy gospel of the glory and grace of God.” — “ Every true Christian, living or dead, has part in all the good things of Christ, or of the Church, by the gift of God, and that without letter of Indulgence.” — “ Fie on the prophets, who say to Christ’s people, *the Cross ! the Cross !* and show us not the cross !” “ Fie on the prophets, who say to Christ’s people, *Peace ! Peace !* and give us not peace !”

Commotion
throughout
Europe.

Europe was ready for the message, we have said ; and so it ran swiftly from country to country. “ It was as if the angels themselves had been the messengers,” says one historian, writing of what he saw and heard. In fifteen days the memorial was circulated through Germany, and then it flew in every direction, as on the wings of the wind, till it travelled to the very ends of Christendom. It reached the *Prior* in his convent, who, finding in them the echo of his own thoughts, exclaimed with joy, “ The man we have been looking for so long has come at last.” It reached the *Bishop* in his palace ; and he could but say, “ This is all Catholic truth, yet, for peace sake, let the man forbear.” It reached the young

Myconius, the future historian of the Reformation; and, reading it with a brother monk in a corner of the cloister, he became from that hour a zealous convert and disciple. It reached the aged *Reuchlin*, who had paved the way for Luther by bringing his Greek and Hebrew learning to bear on the sacred writings; and, calling to mind his own battles with the monks, he cried out with thankfulness, "Now I shall have peace; for this man will give them enough to do." It reached *Erasmus*, in Holland, who said that Luther was "cutting deep into the flesh, but the disease was incurable without it." It reached the *Emperor Maximilian*; and the wily politician, thinking only of his own battles with the Pope, wrote to the Elector of Saxony, "Take good care of that Luther, for we may want him some day." The propositions were read and canvassed in France and England and Spain; and as the rumour of them was spread abroad, thousands of nameless men, who were little versed in theology, but saw with their own eyes to what a height Romish tyranny had grown, blessed the brave monk in their own quiet homes, and wished him God speed in his onward course.

Luther's new
position.

Here, then, was a great crisis in
Luther's life. He had reached a

position from which his convictions and his honesty would not allow him to recede; yet to be the talk of Europe as one who was in rebellion against the Church, was far from his thoughts when the contest began, and quite contrary to his wishes. We know with what feelings he entered on the struggle which lasted through his life; for his own pen has written it; and no man who reads the description with an honest mind will doubt its perfect truthfulness. "I was alone," he writes, "and thrown into this struggle without weighing the matter maturely. Under such circumstances, I gave up to the Pope many essential articles. Who was I, a poor miserable monk, that I should make head against the majesty of the Pope, before which the kings of the earth,—nay, earth itself, hell and heaven,—trembled? What I suffered during the first and second years,—into how deep a dejection I fell,—cannot be conceived by those who, with easy confidence, have since rushed along the beaten path to attack the Pope with such fierceness and presumption. Obtaining no light to light me in my dark path from the dead, mute masters (I speak of the books of the theologians and priests), I desired to seek the living counsel of the Churches of God; so that, if there existed pious men, illu-

mined by the Holy Spirit, they might take compassion on me, and give me sound and assured advice for my own good, and that of all Christendom. But it was impossible for me to recognize them. I looked only to the Pope, cardinals, bishops, theologians, canonists, monks, and priests; it was from them I sought the Spirit; for I had so thoroughly filled and stuffed myself with their doctrine, that I no longer knew whether I was awake or asleep. Had I then braved the Pope, as I do now, I should have expected the earth to open and swallow me up on the spot, as it did Korah and Abiram."

Still, while he clung to authority, and commended the Pope (ignorantly, we must presume,) as one "worthy of a better age," he was taking his ground firmly and resolutely, like a man in whose eyes duty was every thing, and who knew of but one supreme law and All-wise Ruler. The prior and sub-prior of the Augustinian convent at Wittemberg came to him in early days, and, like little men, zealous for their little objects, prayed him to be quiet, as their enemies, the Franciscans, would be sure to turn any evil report to their disadvantage at Rome. "Beloved father," calmly replied Luther, Augustinian as he was, and wishing well to the reputation of his

order, "all this affair will presently fall to the ground, if it be not undertaken in the name of the Lord ; but if it be so, we must leave it to the Lord to finish it." His principles, too, were becoming clearer and better defined, and the paramount authority of Scripture was coming out more distinctly to view. A voice was soon heard from Rome, challenging the ninety-five propositions. It came from one Prierias, a man with high-sounding titles, "Prior-General of the Dominican Order, Master of the Sacred Palace, Censor of the Press," and asserted as amongst the "*fundamenta*," or cardinal doctrines, of the gospel, that "whoever did not acquiesce in the doctrine of the Roman Church and the Pope as an infallible rule of faith, whence even Scripture itself derives strength and authority, was a heretic ;" and that "the Roman Church could decree what it would concerning faith and morals in word and deed." Part of Luther's answer was as follows ; and it contains the germ of the doctrine which he helped to write on ten thousand hearts before many years were over. "St. Paul has said, 'Prove all things ; hold fast that which is good ;'—and again, 'Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel to you than that which we have preached to you, let him be

accursed.' St. Augustine, too, once wrote thus to St. Jerome, 'I have learned to render the honour of infallibility to the writers of the Canonical Books, and to none besides. As to others, I do not believe the things that they teach, simply because it is they who teach them.' By *these fundamentals*, if you, Prierias, understand me, you will see that your whole dialogue is overthrown."

A more formidable opponent was one Doctor Eck, a scholar and divine of high character, who had been a friend of Luther's, but is known to posterity as one of his bitterest and most persevering assailants. He wrote like a schoolman, attacking the "Propositions" with weapons such as were wielded by the disciples of Aristotle; but there was a plentiful admixture of terms of abuse, which Luther warmly resented, but too often imitated in his controversial writings. "He calls me drunkard," was the Reformer's complaint to a friend, "Bohemian, moreover, and heretic, a seditious and impertinent fellow, besides some lighter reproaches, such as sleepy and silly, and, above all, a *despiser of the Sovereign Pontiff*." In Luther's reply there is a pithy little sentence which would go far to settle the Romish controversy, if men would apply to theology the common-

sense principles which govern their opinions in other matters. Writing to one who professed himself both an Aristotelian and a Christian, he argues thus: — “ It is certainly impudent in any one to teach, as the philosophy of Aristotle, any dogma which cannot be proved by his authority. You grant this. Well, then, it is *a fortiori* the most impudent of all things to affirm in the Church, and among Christians, anything that Jesus Christ himself has not taught. *Now, in what part of the Bible is it said that the treasure of Christ’s merits is in the hands of the Pope?*” Some attempts were made at a reconciliation. Eck excused himself by saying that the offensive work was not meant for the public, but was sent as a friendly communication to his Bishop; a strange apology certainly for writing in a style so little episcopal. But the breach was never healed; and Eck and Luther are known to posterity, not as friends, but as rival disputants.

The spring and summer of 1518 were a sort of breathing-time in the Reformer’s life, after the first note of war was sounded, and before the actual strife commenced. Rome had been defied, or rather, some of her favourite doctrines had been challenged; for defiance of the Pope, we have seen, would have been disclaimed by Luther at

this period as eagerly as by the most submissive of Cardinals ; and, as yet, no censure was heard from the patient, easy-living Leo X. In the interval, Luther was both learning and teaching,—gathering fresh light from study and reflection, and proclaiming, with yet more of clearness and force, the doctrine which reached men's consciences, and touched their hearts. Increasing numbers flocked to Wittemberg, and his pulpit in the old Church was surrounded by students and townsmen, as well as strangers from a distance, who rejoiced to hear his plain comments on the word of God, or his spirit-stirring exhortations to repentance and a holy life. His voice was heard in other places, too, and seed was sown, which bore goodly fruit in later years. He travelled to Heidelberg to attend a Chapter of his Order ; and there, in the presence of the Count Palatine, and the learned men of the University, he held a public disputation, which, not only attracted many hearers, but won some serviceable helpers to the good cause. Martin Bucer, and two faithful friends, listened to him in public, and conversed with him in private ; and in later years these men dispensed, among many thousand hearers in England and in Germany, what they had first heard from Luther, and then found, by

their own study and reflection, to be the very truth of God.

Luther at
Augsburg.

At last, in August 1518, came a citation from Leo to Rome; but, on the interposition of the Elector, a trial was substituted before Cardinal Cajetan, the Pope's Legate, at AUGSBURG. *There*, all was mildness and civility on the judge's part. Luther's own account, written on the spot, describes their meetings as being of the most amicable kind; but his mind was made up by this time to bear every thing, and retract nothing. "The Legate," he wrote to his friends, "says that he desires to act the part of a father to me; and yet he will hear nothing from me but the words, *I retract and acknowledge my error*; and these words I will never utter. He always styles me his dear son. I know how little that means. Still I doubt not that I should be to him one of the dearest of men, if I would utter the single word, *Revoco*. But I will not become a heretic by renouncing the faith that has made me a Christian." On the 19th of October Luther left the city privately before daybreak, having deposited with his friends a solemn "Appeal," to be affixed to the door of the Cathedral, "from

Oct. 11, 12, 13.
1518.

the Most Holy Lord, the Pope, *not well-informed*, to the same Lord, when he should be *better informed*." Thousands blessed him going and returning; and the Reformer himself, now that the line was crossed, and he had been confronted with authority, seems to have looked up to the Pontifical throne with an eye less dazzled, and a heart more free.

LEIPSIC, one of the principal towns of Saxony, was the next public stage from which his doctrine was proclaimed, —

Luther at
Leipsic.
July, 1519.

Doctor Eck being his challenger, and Duke George, the Elector's cousin, among the listeners. The principal subject of discussion was the Pope's supremacy. On *that* Luther had talked till lately like a zealous Papist; but now he was beginning to take higher ground: the early fathers were quoted triumphantly against the later ones; and courtiers and schoolmen, who filled the great Hall of Assembly, heard new and startling language respecting the mistakes of councils and the paramount authority of Holy Scripture. Thus was his doctrine sown widely through Germany; the heart of the nation was stirred; Luther's name became a household word in towns and villages; and, month by month, his friends grew more confident, while the thunders of the Vatican

were silent, and the brave monk was still untouched.

Luther's
writings.

Nor was his pen idle during this busy and anxious period. He wrote letters to the Pope in a strain at once dignified and respectful; for slowly and painfully was he weaned from the belief that all truth was precious in the eyes of the Holy Father, and that all perversions of it came from his unworthy officers. For scholars and divines he published his Latin *Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians**, reasserting, almost with apostolic force and clearness, the doctrine of justification by the Grace of God, through the merits of the Divine Redeemer; while for the people, who knew only their mother German, he sent forth plain tracts, expounding the *Lord's Prayer* and the *Ten Commandments*, and thus taught them, in his own fatherly tone, and simple, nervous style, the rudiments of the Christian faith.

Meanwhile, all that came from his pen was caught up and carried by a thousand hands through Germany. Printers and booksellers were on the side of the new doctrine, and proved more effective allies than noble and royal patrons. Men, who had been monks, renounced the clois-

* See NOTE (E E).

ter, and earned a living by going from town to town with a supply of Luther's works for sale. Thus while the indolent, pleasure-loving Pope was taking his ease, and talking of the German business as a "squabble among the monks," the words of the Reformer were taking root in ten thousand hearts, and an army was collecting, made up of laymen and ecclesiastics, of scholars and artizans, who were prepared to stand by him at all hazards.

The favour of the multitude would have availed Luther but little without the protection of his Prince; but happily the Elector of Saxony was one who "loved justice, and loved his subjects;" and the services rendered by him to the cause of the Reformation in its earliest stages give him a claim on the gratitude of posterity. Under any circumstances, the name of Frederic the Wise would have been a memorable one, as he is one of the few men who have refused a splendid throne. Without a crime, and without a struggle, he might have been Emperor of Germany; for, on the death of Maximilian, his talents and character recommended him to his brother Electors as the native Prince whom they would have preferred to all others. But the Turk was threatening Christendom; on the

The Elector
Frederic.

German frontier, if an invasion were really attempted, the conflict would begin. It was most desirable, therefore, to collect resources from abroad, which might be directed against the common enemy *at that point*. "Choose the Archduke Charles," was his advice, "and you will add the resources of Spain and Flanders to the strength of Germany; then a barrier will be built up against the Infidel, which he will try in vain to pass." His counsel was taken; but all men knew what a prize had been within his reach, and, in the important deliberations of succeeding years, neither the Emperor nor his subjects could forget that he owed his throne to Frederic's magnanimity. When Luther, therefore, wanted friends, the countenance of the Elector was of incalculable worth; but that countenance was given with much of wariness and reserve. The Reformer never cringed nor flattered, but admired the noble qualities of his patron, and hoped for bolder measures, as more light should be given. The Prince sent Luther occasional presents and messages of encouragement, but kept aloof from any personal communication, and clung to the hope that the Church might be reformed, not in defiance of the Pope and ecclesiastical authorities, but with their help

and sanction. Devout in his habits, cautious in all his movements, and long accustomed to look to Rome as the fountain of light and truth, he was slowly weaned from his ancient faith, and strongly opposed to any hasty innovation; but still his broad shield was over Luther at the most critical period of his history. It was well understood at Rome and elsewhere, that if any violence were attempted, it would be repelled by Frederic; and his name carried too much weight with it for Leo and his ministers to set him at defiance.*

Better than all God's other gifts to Luther, at the time when his service began to be one of peril, was the friendship of MELANCTHON. In the very month in which the citation to Rome had reached him,—a few weeks before he set out for Augsburg,—a young man of twenty-one, whose years seemed still fewer, and whose small stature, and timid, ungainly address, made him look like an awkward boy, arrived at Wittemberg, being sent by Reuchlin, at the Elector's request, to fill the place of Greek Professor in the University. Luther, in the first instance, marvelled at the choice; but a Latin oration, delivered by Me-

Melancthon at
Wittemberg.

* See NOTE (F F).

lancthon four days afterwards, was received with universal astonishment, and proved him at once to be entitled to the first place among the Reformed party for scholarship and learning. "We presently lost sight of his stature and his person," Luther wrote to Spalatin, "and rejoiced in the solid substance of worth which was within." The Reformer's graphic pen never drew a truer picture; and, through all the remainder of his days, that *solid substance of worth* was his admiration and delight. Melancthon drank in Luther's doctrine with eagerness, and was drawn to him by that irresistible sympathy which so often binds together men of rather opposite natures. Both were trained for the special work assigned them by Providence, and each supplied what was wanting in the other. Luther was fearless and energetic in action; Melancthon was wise and temperate in counsel. Luther's was the larger and stronger faith,—Melancthon's the more enduring patience. Luther, in his vehement assertion of truth, was often not sufficiently tolerant of men's prejudices and infirmities; Melancthon, from his natural timidity and caution, was in danger of yielding too much for peace. Luther, by his noble frankness and unfaltering resolution, won the sympathy of the crowd; Melancthon,

by his calm wisdom and well-weighed conclusions, commended his cause to men of intelligence and reflection. They were animated by the same intense love of truth; they drew their strength and wisdom from the same heavenly spring; they were devoted, heart and soul, to the same noble work. Without jealousy or rivalry, they walked, side by side, through days of perplexity and days of triumph; and when Melancthon, after twenty-seven years of familiar intercourse, pronounced a funeral oration at Luther's grave, all men knew that the world had never seen a nobler or more generous friendship.

On Trinity Sunday, 1518, Luther had addressed the Pope in terms like these: —“ Prostrate at thy feet, most blessed Father, I offer myself with all that I am and have. Give me life or death; call or recal me, approve or reprove, as seemeth best to thee; I shall recognize thy voice as the voice of Christ speaking in thee; and if I have deserved death, I will not refuse to die.” Things, however, could not stop at this point. The Reformer little thought how soon his convictions would impel him onwards, and make implicit submission to any human authority impossible. Month after

Progress of
Luther's
mind.

month his thoughts took a wider range, and penetrated more to the heart of things. Christian truth, in all its amplitude, was better understood, and the Church's departure from it into a hundred devious paths was more clearly seen. "I know not whence these meditations come to me," — such was his strain to his friends and correspondents; "greater things will come to the birth, if I write on;" — "this business is not near its end, as my Lords at Rome are dreaming, but is only just beginning." These words were verified by his noble appeal to the Emperor and Christian nobles of Germany, on the *Reformation of Religion*, published in June, 1520, and by his celebrated tract on the *Babylonish Captivity*, sent forth in the following October. In the first, he speaks of the three walls within which the Romans entrenched themselves, as if to stand a siege against all comers. *The spiritual power is independent of temporal jurisdiction*, they say; if Scripture be quoted against them, they reply that *the Pope only can interpret it*; and if a Council be threatened, the cry is, *But the Pontiff, and none else, may convene it*. "Now may God help us," said this brave leader, "and give us one of the trumpets with which the walls of Jericho were blown down, that we may, in like manner,

A. D. 1520.

blow down these straw and paper walls." God did help him; and the blast was heard through Christendom,—clearer, louder, more piercing, than any that had preceded it. The address was written in the German tongue for German hearts; and the rapid sale of four thousand copies showed how they responded to its call. The Popes and their right royal state, and more than royal ambition,—the Cardinals and their wholesale plunder of the Church,—the priests and their concubines,—the Universities and their neglect of Scripture teaching,—Italians swarming in German benefices,—the Emperor defied on his own soil,—Saints' days turned into seasons of revelry,—abuses unchecked, dioceses unvisited, flocks untaught,—on all these subjects he wrote like a patriot and a Christian; and peasants and mechanics, as well as princes and nobles, thanked God that one was found to utter what was hidden in so many hearts.

At length Leo was stirred. Busy Doctor Eck had found his way to Rome, and brought back with him a Bull of Excommunication. It travelled slowly, but reached Wittemberg at last; and there, on the 10th of December, Luther publicly burnt it, while teachers and students and townsmen stood

The Pope's
Bull.

around him, and marvelled at his boldness. Retreat, of course, from that moment was impossible; all negotiation and compromise were at an end; the Pope's authority, after years of painful doubt and misgiving, was disclaimed; for the issue, whatever it might be, Luther's mind was made up. The last act may seem to have been the result of haste and passion; and a more dignified protest, we may think, would better have suited the solemnity of the occasion; but the war now was going to be carried from courts and convents into a more open arena. To the Christian people scattered through Germany the Reformer had to make his appeal,—to all who hated the tyranny of Rome, and mourned in secret for the Church's manifold corruptions. From them he must look henceforth for help and countenance; and one significant act would tell them, better than many treatises, where he stood in relation to the Pope. Time was precious, as events were hastening to a crisis. The books would have found their way but slowly to the homes of the reading population; whereas the bonfire of Wittemberg was presently town-talk in every market-place.

The season was a remarkable one, politically as well as religiously. In the previous October, Charles V., the newly-elected Emperor, had been crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle. In the following January, a Diet of the Empire was to be held at Worms. The Pope's Nuncio had been importunate with Charles to signalize the commencement of his reign by extinguishing the new-born heresy, and had charged him to proceed against Luther as one already convicted and condemned. Charles's sense of justice, and his German independence, revolted against being thus made a minister of the Pope; but, in his own person, he resolved to deal with Luther as a troubler of the Church and the empire, and accordingly, on the 24th of March, a herald reached Wittemberg, bringing a summons and a safe conduct from the Emperor.

Diet of
Worms.
1521.

Luther resolved instantly to obey; and his fortnight's progress to Worms was to him like a march of triumph.

Luther's
journey.
April 2.

"Labour in my stead," was his parting charge to Melancthon; "if you live, it matters little whether I perish." At Leipsic a priest, who loved him, significantly held up to him a portrait of Savonarola, the Italian martyr, adding the seasonable word of encouragement, "Adhere

firmly to the truth, and thy God will adhere firmly to thee." "They will burn you as they did John Huss," said some. "Though they should make a fire from Worms to Wittemberg, and reaching to the sky, I would pass through it in the name of the Lord," was his reply. His way lay through Erfurth. Alighting at the door of the convent where he once stood with his *Plautus* and his *Virgil*, he was welcomed by his friend, the Prior, and spent Sunday within the old walls where he had worn the yoke of servitude, and tasted the sweets of liberty. He was invited to preach, and took for his text the words, *Peace be unto you.* *And when He had so said, He showed unto them his hands and His side.* He spoke of the Christian's peace, of the power and fruits of faith, of the words of blessing which the Redeemer dispenses from age to age among his true-hearted disciples; but not a word about Worms or the Emperor,—no mention of his own troubles and dangers,—nothing said from which it could be inferred that he was anything more than a faithful pastor preaching to common hearers the word of life. His friends proved tempters by the way. Bucer met him with a troop of horse, and an offer of protection from a nobleman who had embraced the Reformed faith. "His castle is

ready for you," was the message; "the Emperor's confessor will give you a meeting there; his influence with his Sovereign is unbounded; be prudent, and all may be settled peaceably." "I go where I am called," Luther calmly said; "if the Emperor's confessor has anything to say to me, he will find me at Worms." The last warning came from Spalatin, who was with the Elector at Worms, and heard the common talk in all companies that, if Luther came into the net, he was lost; even the Emperor's safe conduct, it was said, would be no protection for so daring an offender. Luther's journey was almost ended when the messenger met him; already, we may suppose, the town was in sight, with its array of streets, and the old Cathedral conspicuous among the meaner buildings; for he replied, in words which Germany remembers to this day, and will never let her children forget: "Go, tell your master that, were there as many devils in Worms as there are tiles upon the house-tops, I would enter."

So to Worms he came, and the next day was summoned before the Emperor. No grander spectacle had been seen for many centuries. There was the strength

Luther
and the
Emperor.

of Germany, embodied in the great Electoral Princes, the Dukes and Counts of the empire, and a hundred barons from their hundred castles,—the power of Rome, yet more terrible in that age, represented by two Nuncios and thirty Bishops, — seven Ambassadors from different European Courts, in every one of which the Pope had zealous and serviceable allies,— all this *on one side*,— and, *on the other*, speaking only of that which was visible to human eyes, one brave monk standing up for a noble cause. Two

April 17. questions were put to him on his first appearance; — whether he acknowledged the books condemned by the Pope, and whether he stood by what he had written, or retracted it. “The books are mine,” he answered; “I cannot deny them.” For the second question, considering the greatness of the matters involved, he craved time to answer. It was hoped by his enemies that he was wavering; but he wished only to show that his decision was well weighed, and his ground deliberately taken. He would gain for himself and enemies and friends a few hours more to consider what hung upon his answer. His request was granted, and the following day was appointed for his next hearing. Expectation grew with each hour’s delay. The

streets were thronged; the houses were filled with spectators up to the roofs; a passage was made with difficulty for Luther to approach the place of meeting. Other business was transacted by the Diet while he waited for two hours in the crowd. At last, on the memorable 18th of April, daylight being gone, and lamps already kindled in the great hall of audience, he was brought before the same assembly, and had the question of the previous day repeated to him.

“Then Doctor Martin Luther,” say the Acts of Worms, “replied in the most humble and submissive manner. He did not raise his voice; he spoke, not with violence, but with candour, meekness, suitableness and modesty, and yet with great joy and Christian firmness.” He spoke for some time in German, and then was requested by the Emperor to repeat what he had said in Latin. It was well that Luther, a man of the people by birth and in heart, should answer for himself on his own soil in his own tongue; but it was well, too, that the protest, which all Christendom was to hear, should be spoken in the universal language of scholars and theologians. His writings, he said, were manifold; some intended for the people on faith and good works; — some directed against the Papacy, in which he had exposed the

false doctrine, and the scandalous lives, of many who bore rule in the Church ; — some addressed to individuals who had stepped forth as champions of error. The *first* were *useful* ; his enemies had said as much ; they contained good doctrine, in plain, intelligible words, and might be read with profit by the unlearned. The *second* were *true* ; he had said it, and must stand by it, — the human laws of the Popes were torturing the consciences of the faithful, and their exactions were emptying Christendom of its wealth. The *third* were *faulty*, perhaps, in some respects ; he had spoken sometimes with too much heat and violence ; but in the substance of what he had set down he saw nothing to retract. Yet “ *if I have spoken evil,*” he said, “ *bear witness of the evil.* Prove me by the writings of the prophets and apostles. When you shall have convinced me of my errors in this manner, I will forthwith retract them, and be the first to seize my writings, and cast them into the flames.”

Such is an outline of Luther’s answer. Of course, the demand for a retraction was repeated. The cause was settled at Rome already, and could not be reheard. There was no room for argument when the chief authority had given judgment. “ A clear and definite reply is what we

want," said the official, speaking for the Council. Then came the memorable words which rang presently like a trumpet-call through Europe,—
“ *If I am not disproved by passages of Scripture, or by clear arguments, I neither can nor will retract any thing ; for it is not safe for a Christian to speak against his conscience.*” He knew well the import of those decisive words. Looking round upon the assembly, as if to measure his weakness against their strength, he thus gave in his final resolve, “ HERE I AM ; I CAN DO NO OTHERWISE ; GOD HELP ME. AMEN.”

Luther departed from the Council more like a conqueror than a criminal. His temper, at once so lofty and so serene, astonished his enemies, and gave fresh courage to his friends. His bearing, as he stood up with a martyr's self-devotion for the truth, was equally removed from unmanly weakness and vain self-confidence, while his prompt replies gave indication of a mind perfectly self-possessed, and willing to leave the issue with Him who disposes alike of men's lives and fortunes. The people of Germany rallied round him with enthusiasm ; his answers before the Diet were repeated and re-echoed on every side ; and brave knights were banded together by a solemn pledge that with their lives, if it were

necessary, they would shield Luther from violence. The assemblage at his apartment next day was like those which are seen in the palaces of monarchs. The Elector Frederic was there, and Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, afterwards a distinguished champion of the Reformation,—and Duke William of Brunswick,—and others of distinguished name.

For the present, however, no voice but Luther's was heard in that great assemblage on the side of truth. Charles's will was supreme, and his decision was announced as follows:—“ Sprung from the Christian Emperors of Germany, from the Catholic kings of Spain, from the Archdukes of Austria, and from the Dukes of Burgundy, who all rendered themselves illustrious as defenders of the Roman faith, I am firmly resolved to follow the example of my ancestors. A single monk, misled by his own folly, stands up against the faith of Christendom. I will sacrifice my kingdoms, my power, my friends, my treasures, my body, my blood, my life, and my spirit, to stop this impiety.” After all these high-sounding threats, however, the friends of Rome still wished for a peaceable settlement. They dreaded proceeding to extremities on account of the widespread and growing sympathy with Luther and

his cause, but could not bear the thought of letting the man who had braved their power depart as he came. Some proposed to the Emperor to violate his oath, and proceed to judge Luther as an obstinate heretic. This counsel Charles rejected indignantly; and, in fact, by this time, it was hardly safe to venture upon such an outrage. At last, the middle course was resolved upon of plying with remonstrances and entreaties the man whom threats could not move. One after another,—men of authority and men of peace,—some who desired rest for the distracted Church, others who feared for the Reformer's safety,—sought him in his home, and begged him to speak the single word which would end this unseemly strife. But the rock is not more deaf to the beating waves than Luther was to entreaties of this sort. The Emperor grew impatient; the more violent party pressed for judgment; the Archbishop of Treves, a man of moderate counsels, obtained leave to make a last effort to bring the Reformer to submission; but no answer could be got beyond what had been given already, that *he stood by the word of God*. “What remedy is there,” said the Archbishop in their last interview, “for this state of things?” April 25. Point out one yourself.” “My Lord,” said Lu-

ther, after a moment's silence, "I know of none but Gamaliel's : *If this design is a work of men, it will come to nought ; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it ; and beware lest haply ye be found to fight against God.*"

Edict of
condemna-
tion.

Luther was permitted to depart, and twenty days were allowed him to reach Wittemberg. While he was yet upon his journey, the final edict of the Diet was pronounced ; and terrible did it sound when directed against one apparently so defenceless. It proscribed his books, his friends, his person. After the term of his safe conduct should expire, all persons were declared traitors against the Emperor who should lodge Luther, conceal him in their houses, give him meat or drink, lend him help or countenance, publicly or secretly, by word or deed. Railing was added, and truth was outraged, to blacken his reputation. The man whom all his friends knew to be holy and devout, a diligent student and expounder of God's word, a just and upright citizen, a man of warm and overflowing charity, was denounced as having "stirred up revolt, division, war, murder, theft and fire,"—as one who was "not a man, but Satan himself in the form of a man, covered with a monk's cowl,"—as having "collected into one stinking

pool all the worst heresies of past times, and added many of his own."

At this time, when all Germany was ringing with Luther's name, his thoughts ran back to his humble home, and his oldest friends, and the well-remembered scenes of childhood. He lingered at Eisenach, where he once sang in the streets for bread; and in the old church, Dame Cotta, if she were still alive, might have listened to the voice which had grown in power since it first caught her ear, but retained its sweetness still. He next turned aside to a little village in which his father had been born, and where his grandmother, a poor old peasant, still lived, besides an uncle and some other relations. With them he spent a tranquil day, and then resumed his journey, accompanied by his brother and a friend. In a lonely part of the road, five horsemen, masked and armed from head to foot, suddenly rushed upon the travellers, seized Luther, placed him on a led horse, and carried him off at a rapid pace, preserving all the while a mysterious silence. In the dead of the night they reached a lonely fortress, situated at the summit of a steep mountain. The heavy doors were unbarred, and the prisoner conducted to an inner room, where he

Luther's
journey.

May 2.

found a military dress and a knight's sword. He was speedily stripped of his ecclesiastical habits, and told by those who thus strangely busied themselves about him, that he was no longer Doctor Martin, but Knight George. By this name the attendants were to know him, and he was never to be seen abroad but in the costume suited to his assumed character.

A prisoner
at the
Wartburg.

All this would be like a dream at first; but by degrees the truth came out. His friends, thinking him a doomed man if he should wander abroad after the publication of the Imperial sentence, contrived this mode of securing his safety. Only a little handful were in the secret; the place of retreat was admirably chosen; the greatest pains had been taken to prevent the track of his captors from being discovered; there was little probability of chance travellers finding their way to a gloomy old castle, called the Wartburg, situated in the deep, black forests of Thuringia; and there, under the protection of the Elector of Saxony, it pleased God to shelter his servant, till the tempest, which raged against him, should have spent some of its violence.

Luther's retreat in this mountain solitude was an important period in his history. After the

events of Worms, he had to reconsider his position, to collect his strength, to sink into the depths of his own heart, and enquire how he stood prepared for the future whatever it might be,—above all, to commune much with God, and get from the heavenly treasury, not only the spirit of power with which he was largely endowed already, but also that soundness of mind, and clearness and strength of judgment, which were, if possible, yet more necessary for the coming conflict. He complains occasionally that his times of solitude are times of idleness. In reality, however, he was never better employed. An eager spirit like his wanted retirement and repose. To be for ever in the fray would bring out too prominently the harder and rougher portions of his character. So much was committed to him,—he was the principal arbiter in transactions of such mighty consequence,—wisdom was so necessary to guide him in his onward path, and mistakes might be so fatal,—that to be permitted for months together to commune closely with the Father of his spirit, without disturbance from enemies or friends, was a blessing beyond all price, the kindest dispensation perhaps in his eventful and guarded life. He wrote to his friends, and dated *From the Wilderness, — From the*

Island of Patmos, — From the region of the clouds, — From amidst the birds singing sweetly on the branches, and lauding God day and night with all their strength. These expressions are most significant; and as it is the privilege of genius to convey a world of meaning sometimes by a single word, we seem to look into the very heart of the man who could thus vividly describe the place of his banishment. If he dwelt in the *clouds*, it was far away from the scenes of human strife and passion. The *wilderness* was to him, as to his Lord, a place of temptation; but angels came and ministered to him likewise. *The birds* were not the only songsters; for Luther's heart, when at the fullest, overflowed at his lips, and hymns of praise were sung to tunes of his own or others' composing. His *Patmos* was no prison, but a place of rest and liberty, where visions, like those of the beloved disciple, greeted his eyes, and the glories of the New Jerusalem, adorned as a bride for her husband, contrasted brightly and pleasantly with the sad looks and torn garments of the distracted Church on earth.

Occupations
in his
solitude. Luther had few books with him at the Wartburg; but among them were the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures; and these he studied diligently both for his own

spiritual improvement and for the lasting gain of his countrymen. He had already commenced his German translation; and while enemies were hoping he was dead, and friends wondered at not hearing his living voice in the midst of them, he was busy with the work which has enriched millions of his countrymen during the last three centuries. Other works, too, of a controversial or practical kind, were poured out from his mountain retreat,—a translation of *Melancthon's Latin Apology for the Reformation*,—a *German Commentary upon the Epistles and Gospels for the Year*,—treatises on *Confession*, on *Antichrist*, on *Monastic Vows*. The last subject was much in his thoughts, and perplexed him greatly. His honesty made him unwilling to tamper with obligations of any kind. On the other hand, the more he thought on the subject, and the more he saw of the practical evils connected with it, the stronger was his conviction that forced celibacy was a snare for men's souls. At first, with a prudence which showed how little disposed he was to push things to extremes, he advised persons who were still young, and repented of their engagements to the Church, to feel themselves free to cancel them; but he “did not dare,” to use his own words, to give the same advice to persons

advanced in life, who had ratified the contract of their youth by the approval of their riper judgment. On no subject does his mind seem to have wavered so much. Subsequent reflection or temptation, we know, made him bold enough to *do* what now he had not the courage to *recommend*; but to many his earlier judgment will seem the better; and too flippant for so grave a question was the saying of a later day, that it “was a duty,” not a sin, “to marry, were it only to spite the Pope.”

Enquiries
after
Luther.

While Luther was confined, Germany was not unmoved. His noble stand at Worms had made him dearer than ever to the hearts of his countrymen, and had done more to recommend his doctrine than many months of writing and preaching. His disappearance was the subject of conversation in towns and villages. Travellers found groups assembled in the market-places, and the question which greeted them was not, “*What of the court, or the camp?*” but “*What of Luther? where is he, and by whom concealed? by friends or foes?*” Sometimes the worst was reported, and the place and manner of his death were set forth by some deceived or deceitful wayfarer; and then cries of grief were heard, and threats of ven-

geance were muttered. The partizans of Rome began to tremble at the indications of popular resentment which met them on every side. They had hoped, shortly before, that the Reformer had really been taken off, and would trouble them no more; now they would have given gold to redeem his life. "The only means of safety now left to us," wrote one of them to the Archbishop of Mentz, "is to kindle torches and make a search for Luther over the whole world, in order to restore him to the wishes of the nation."

The work, however, did not stand still in the absence of him who had Progress of
Reformation. guided and controlled it hitherto. It is strange that up to this time, even in places which were thoroughly imbued with the Reformed doctrine, no change had been made in the religious observances of the people. Mass was celebrated as before; the host was lifted up and worshipped; Latin was the language of the sanctuary; pilgrimages were made to favourite shrines; and images of the Virgin and favourite saints were decked out with votive offerings. The first steps in advance were taken, not by Luther's authority, but in spite of his wishes. He anticipated large results from the silent, powerful operation of the truth on men's consciences. As the

new doctrine should possess their hearts, the old usages, he expected, would fall away and disappear, and the work of reformation might prove all the surer if it were not too much precipitated. But the men who had succeeded to his place at Wittemberg were for prompter and more decisive measures. On Christmas-day, 1521, the old Church, in which Luther's spirit-stirring tones had been heard so often, witnessed a stranger and more novel spectacle than any which had preceded it. A little company of faithful men assembled there, and received the communion in both kinds at the hands of the ministering priest. It was no mass, but the supper of the Lord. There was no bowing down to the uplifted host,—none of the trickery which had surrounded that most touching memorial of the Redeemer's love with mysterious awe. All was simply done. The consecrating words were spoken in good honest German. The invited guests were all who “felt the burden of sin, and hungered and thirsted for divine grace.” Some were found to receive gladly on these terms the offered bread and wine; and in the following month the Town Council and University gave their formal approval to the new mode of celebration by appointing a suitable service. About the same time the question of vows

was being practically settled in the same place. Thirteen monks at once left the convent of the Augustines, and betook themselves, in a common garb, to the callings for which they were most fitted; and the chapter of the monastery, when summoned to give judgment in the matter, declared that "in Christ there was neither monk nor lay person;" all were free to quit the houses in which they could not abide safely or comfortably; all who chose to abide under the yoke might remain, and obey their superiors, not by constraint, but in love.

Thus the leaven was working silently and surely where Luther had first hidden it; but in all times of reformation, when ancient usages are attacked, and first principles are discussed with freedom, fanaticism is sure to start up, with its wild theories, and rash counsels, and boundless self-sufficiency. Luther had appealed from the Church to the word; now a new school of Prophets, as they called themselves, began to appeal from the word to the Spirit. "You quote a book," they said; "a living voice has spoken to us. We want no human guides. We go where the Holy Ghost shall call us, like the saints in ancient days."

Outbreak of
fanaticism.

From Zwickau, a neighbouring town, the infection soon spread to Wittemberg. Melancthon, timid and cautious as usual, would pronounce no positive opinion. Some, who rejected the new revelation, were yet hurried by the temper which it kindled into extreme opinions and rash measures. Carlstadt, a man whose influence with the people was second only to Luther's, led the way, and the effects of his preaching were soon seen in violence and tumult. Churches were invaded, and images broken in pieces. Schools were broken up, and students of divinity sent back to the plough. Learning was proclaimed to be an useless incumbrance, and the only theology worth having was held to be that which God taught his own children by immediate revelation. Every thing was unsettled. The good were perplexed; the timid began to waver; the enemies of the Reformation and the friends of Rome began to exult and triumph.

Voice from the Wartburg. Luther heard of all that was passing, and tried to check it by letters of remonstrance. He was willing to bear with images and masses while the work of inward illumination was going on, and trusted that the sanctuary would be cleansed when men's hearts were first made temples of the Holy Ghost. To

carry on the work of Reformation by popular tumult and violence seemed to him both impolitic and profane. Rash and hasty innovators he always regarded, not as friends, but as enemies who hindered and disgraced the cause which was dearer to him than life. The inhabitants of Wittenberg, he said, were "his own brood; God had entrusted them to him; he would not shrink from death, if he could do them good." Yet, when it was reported to him that their town had been the scene of disorder, he wrote to rebuke

Dec. 1521.

them sharply. "You are directing your energies," he says, "against the mass, and images, and other unimportant matters; and, in doing so, you are losing sight of faith and charity. Your outrageous conduct has afflicted many pious men,—men better, perhaps, than yourselves. You have forgotten what is due to the weak. . . . God granted you a great blessing in giving you His pure and undefiled word. Yet I see you not a whit the more charitable for it. You extend no helping hand to those who have never heard the word,—to our brothers and sisters at Leipsic, at Meissen, and many other places, for whose salvation we are bound to care, as for our own. You have rushed into your present proceedings, eyes shut, head down, like a bull, look-

ing neither to the left nor to the right. Reckon no longer upon me; I cast you off; I abjure you."

Departure for
Wittemberg. The evil, however, went on, and all eyes were turned to the Wartburg. Citizens and Professors, — the men who were guilty of excesses, and the men who deplored them, — wanted a guiding hand, and a voice of authority. Even the prophets and image-breakers appealed to Luther, and promised to abide by his decision. Under these circumstances, he could remain no longer in his hiding-place. Danger was abroad, for Duke George, and other enemies of the Reformation, were laying all that was done by the fanatics to his account, and calling on the Elector to take summary measures against the leader and all his followers. But Wittemberg was the post of duty, and thither he would go at all hazards. He left the
A. D. 1522. Wartburg on Monday the 3rd of March, after ten months of seclusion, and on the following Friday was again among his friends. He wrote to the Elector on his journey, not to claim his protection, but rather to repudiate all help but that which God might give. "In all that concerns me," he says, "you must act as an Electoral Prince. The orders of the Emperor

must have free course in your towns and villages. Leave your gates open, if any shall come in search of me. No sword can give any help in this cause, God must do it all."

On the Sunday after his arrival, Sermons on the old church was filled from end to peace. end, and Luther mounted the pulpit from which he had spoken so often like a father to his children. His topics were patience and charity and trust in God to carry on his own work. "Let nothing be done upon compulsion," he said;—"The word of God must conquer men's hearts, and no other victory was worth having, as faith and sincerity would be wanting. . . . Their zeal should be like St. Paul's, whose spirit was stirred within him when he saw Athens given to idolatry; yet he laid no hand on any of its altars; only preached to them the living God. . . . Their faith should be clear and direct as the sun's penetrating light; no king can stop his rays or divert their course; but their love, too, should be as diffusive as the sun's heat, radiating in all directions, and meeting in turn the wants of every brother." Such was the burden of Luther's exhortations. *Seven* times in *eight* following days he preached in this strain; and his triumph was complete. The people were recalled to sobriety

and moderation; extravagant teachers fell back into obscurity; timid and anxious spirits were relieved from perplexing doubts; peace was given back to the distracted flock. Luther at Worms was not greater or nobler than Luther thus descending from his mountain solitude, going straight to the pulpit as his throne of judgment, and thence, by calm remonstrance and faithful appeals to God's word, quelling the excited spirits which had sown confusion and strife among his beloved flock.

Up to this point our narrative has been full and particular. The history of the Reformation, at its earliest period, is the history of Luther's own progress in the discovery of truth, and every step in his advancing career is full of the deepest interest. The formation of his character, the growth of his opinions, the discipline by which he was prepared for his great work, the events which called him from his monk's cell, and his Professor's chair, to be the foremost champion of men's dearest rights, and the leader in that moral revolution which gave back the pure gospel to a large portion of Christendom, — all this could not be told without some minuteness of detail; and time and patience may well be spared for studying the

most important chapter in the Annals of the Church since the Apostolic Age. But from this point we must content ourselves with describing characteristic incidents, or marked eras, in the Reformer's life, leaving our readers to fill up our imperfect outline from the ample materials furnished by Ranke, D'Aubigné, Waddington, Milner, Michelet and others.

From the Wartburg Luther had brought with him the best fruit of his solitude, his unfinished translation of the New Testament, and now, with the help of Melancthon, he set himself to complete and perfect it. In six months it was ready for the press. The printers hastened the work as if they felt how much depended on it, and before the end of September three thousand copies of the word went forth, bearing this simple but expressive title, *The New Testament: German: Wittenberg*. No human name was given; but all men knew what hand had unsealed the sacred fountain. The style, like that of our own version, was the best that the literature of his country had yet produced,—popular without being too homely,—such as the scholar might approve, and the peasant understand. It was rapidly carried over Germany;

Translation
of the New
Testament.

edicts of princes could not stop its march. Men would have for themselves what had been the priest's peculiar treasure too long; and in twelve years sixty editions, nearly, of this precious volume had gone forth, scattering light, infusing strength, dispensing comfort, in ten thousand homes. A new era commenced for Germany, and men who had been taught to revere the Pope, and to regard Luther as a blaspheming heretic, could now weigh the doctrine of both in the balance of truth. "Common people, women, cobblers even," said the enemies of the Reformation, "are now devouring this book of Luther's;" and the charge was true. Men were learning their duties as Christians, — were listening to the message of salvation, — were studying page after page of the Holy Book, — eagerly, joyfully, by their own hearths, among their children and familiar friends, and mingled their thanksgivings to God with blessings on their noble countryman to whom they owed this new-found treasure.

While these things were doing, and Luther, unguarded by any human power, was busily engaged in doing God's work, the Decree of Worms remained an empty threat. The Emperor, who ruled in Austria and Hungary and Spain and Flanders and the Indies, did not live more securely

in any one of his walled castles or guarded palaces than Luther in his humble dwelling at Wittenberg. Another Diet assembled at Nuremberg, sat for a year, parted and ^{A. D.} { 1522, 1523. came together again. Two new Popes, in succession, thundered their anathemas against Luther, and called upon the Princes of Germany to rid the world of this troubler of its peace; but all in vain. The powers of this world were kept in check by Him who rules them all. National jealousies, — court intrigues, — the feuds of the Empire at one time, — changes in the Vatican at another, — all wrought for one common end, and made a wall of brass around the hated Reformer, within which he lifted up his voice like a trumpet, and spoke those thrilling words which were calling up whole nations to life.

The war of the peasants made a great crisis in Luther's life, and, independently of its political interest, had a prejudicial bearing, undoubtedly, on the cause of the Reformation. In the year 1524, a large portion of Germany was agitated by a general rising of the serfs, or rural bondservants, against their lords. The feeling which was abroad greatly resembled that which flamed out in England at

War of the
peasants.

A. D. 1524.

the time of Wat Tyler's insurrection. The people were outgrowing the restraints imposed upon them by the feudal system; the yoke, which had been patiently borne for ages, became an intolerable burden; and, in the absence of free institutions to check the ruling powers, and give a safe direction to the popular element, threats and violence became their natural weapons. Then came the gathering of armed multitudes, the storming of castles, the plundering of cities, and all the excesses in which long-suppressed resentment is sure to vent itself, when the weak suddenly find themselves irresistibly strong, and the oppressor is driven to sue for mercy at the hands of those who were his drudges yesterday. The flame spread rapidly from one province to another of the great German Empire. It began near the Black Forest; it ran quickly through Suabia, spread to Saxony, startled the nobles of Thuringia and Franconia, and reached the countries bordering on the Rhine. The demands of the insurgents were at last embodied in twelve articles, — some relating to oppressive forest laws, — some complaining of newly-imposed burdens in the way of taxation, — some claiming to be equal to their Lords, as being redeemed by the blood of the Son of God, and especially asserting their right to choose their own

pastors. Their cause very soon became desperate; for it was discredited by massacre and pillage; their leaders were ignorant or intemperate men who had no means of access to the ruling powers; and their numbers, amounting at one time to forty thousand men rudely armed, made negotiation difficult and dangerous. Knowing the generosity of Luther's nature, and assured that all his sympathies would be on the side of justice, they appealed to him by name. "Let him arbitrate between us and our lords," they said: "by the word of God we will be tried; and if we mistake concerning it, he can put us right."

Nothing could be more embarrassing to the Reformer than such a tribute to his greatness. The cry resounded through Germany that for all this harvest of misery and crime his doctrine was responsible. He had taught the people to appeal to reason and Scripture against their priests, it was said; and now they were but fighting with weapons of his forging,—using for their own wicked purposes the arguments which his books and sermons had made popular wherever men chafed under the yoke of authority, or longed for licence and plunder. Luther's answer, in the first instance, was worthy of himself. Like a heaven-commissioned prophet he would have

Luther called
to mediate.

mediated between the nobles who had abused their power, and the peasants who had confounded liberty with anarchy. “*You* are the cause of this revolt,” he said plainly, addressing the Princes and Bishops of the empire; “it is not the peasants, dear lords, who rise up against you, but it is God himself who wishes to oppose your fury. For the love of God, lay aside your indignation. Treat this poor people with discretion as you would persons drunk and bewildered. Suppress these commotions by gentleness, lest a conflagration break forth and set all Germany in a blaze.” To the people he spoke as one sympathizing with their wrongs, yet bound to rebuke their sin. To revolt, he told them, was to act like Pagans; the duty of Christians was patience, not war. — “The Pope and Emperor have been banded together against me, yet the more they stormed, the more the gospel has advanced and triumphed. And why? because I have committed all to God, and awaited his strong hand. It is not with the sword that Christians fight; but with suffering and the cross. Christ, their Captain, did not handle the sword; He hung upon the tree.” To both parties, in a spirit of impartial faithfulness, he recommended compromise and mutual concessions. He spared none; he rebuked and coun-

selling all. “*You, lords,*” he said in conclusion, “have Scripture and history against you, which teach you the punishment which has ever followed tyranny. *You, peasants,* have Scripture and experience against you; for revolt has never ended well, and God has sternly fulfilled the saying of His own word, ‘They that take the sword shall perish with the sword.’”

The storm was too violent to be appeased by words like these. Fanaticism of the wildest kind mingled in the fray. An enthusiast of the name of Munzer assumed the tone of a prophet, and was received in that character by the ignorant multitude who flocked to his standard. Dreams were taken as commands from heaven. The wars of Canaan were to be repeated; for the earth was given to the saints, and the unbelieving of every name were aliens and intruders. Under these circumstances, to try to make peace was like preaching to the winds. Men of all ranks combined for the common safety, and, after many months of conflict in a widely-ex-

A. D. 1525.

stended field, the insurgents were put down; but fifty thousand Germans *had, first, perished with the sword.*

Luther mourned in bitterness and anguish of spirit for the afflictions of

Luther's grief and passion.

his country. He had become odious to the peasants for his efforts to restrain their madness; and now, because his name had been quoted and his doctrine perverted by ignorant or wicked men, the Romish party charged him as the originator of these fearful evils. The cause, which was dearer to him than life, had its triumphs suddenly arrested. Timid men shrank from innovations which might break down old barriers, and let in a flood of unimagined horrors. He was naturally a man of large compassion and overflowing charity; but this load of suffering and obloquy for a time completely overmastered him. Letters were written in a tone of almost savage fierceness. The Reformer and man of God seemed to be possessed with the crusading spirit; and misguided peasants, smarting under a sense of wrong, were talked of as "accursed infidels" had been in other days. He was tempted beyond his strength, and, in the bitterness of his sorrow, forgot his own oft-repeated lesson that God must work, and man must suffer and wait and pray.

Luther's
marriage.

At such a time, Luther's tossed and anxious spirit naturally craved a place of refuge; and he found it in a home of peace and love. On the 14th of June, 1525, he married

Catherine Bora, a lady of noble birth, of great beauty, and of piety like his own. She had been a nun, but fled from confinement some time before with eight of her companions, and, not knowing where else to go for shelter or counsel, had stopped at the door of Luther's convent. The certainty of provoking a sneer at his own expense did not deter him from doing the work of charity; and after their parents or nearest relatives had refused to receive them, he took them, like orphans, under his charge, lodged them in the families of his friends, and provided suitable marriages for the younger among them. "I grieve for the poor things from my heart," he had written to Spalatin; "yet more, I abominate the cruelty of those who thus insulate the weaker sex, and divorce so many from those whom God intends for their guardians and protectors. And *what can I do with them*, you ask. Why, if their relations will not protect them, I must get others to take them in; and some have promised to do so already. Pray beg some money for me of your rich courtier friends, to enable me to keep them for a week or a fortnight. . . . Entreat the Elector to give us ten florins, and some dresses new or old, for these poor girls." For two years after his acquaintance with Catherine, Luther certainly had no thoughts

of changing his state. He had even proposed marriage to the lady in other quarters,—had pressed it upon her unduly ; so that she complained of him to a common friend, and said frankly, at the same time, that, if Luther himself should seek her, she was willing to wed, but she must use her woman's privilege of declining to give her hand where her heart would not go with it. At the same time, a rumour having gone abroad that Luther was meditating marriage, one of his friends, a lawyer, had said that, “if the monk should wed the nun, the world and the devil would have their fill of laughter, and all that he had accomplished in the world for good would be undone at a stroke.” Both sayings, it seems,—Catherine's and the lawyer's,—were reported to Luther ; and the two combined seem to have precipitated a resolution which, undoubtedly, caused much sorrow to many of his best friends, and raised shouts of exultation wherever his name was odious. He would “play the devil and the world a trick,” he said. He would show that the work was heaven's, and not his ; and if men, in their blindness, should denounce him as vile for an action which his own conscience told him was lawful, then it would be seen that “the Reformation stood not by the weakness of men but by the power of God.”

A tone of levity was certainly out of place at such a time ; for the question of marrying, or respecting his vow of celibacy, was a very solemn one, in Luther's case, and should have been settled after anxious and prayerful deliberation. More gravely he wrote at other times,—“ I wish to bear testimony to the Gospel, not only by my words but by my works ; ” — “ I wish to preserve no part of my Papistical life ; ” — “ For the edification of the weak, I mean to leave a striking confirmation of what I have taught, perceiving that my end is near.” And, doubtless, when the step was taken, he had a clear conviction that, in his place, it became him to justify what he had written, and to proclaim, in the most emphatic manner, that marriage was God's ordinance, and that forced celibacy was man's wicked invention. He had done violence to his nature, moreover, when he became a recluse ; he had a generous, almost chivalrous, regard for all that was noble and pure in womanhood, and was formed for the delights of familiar companionship. Still we cannot help wishing that in this respect, as in so many others, the Reformer had been like St. Paul. The mockers and the scoffers of his day, and of later days, who have made themselves merry at his expense, we heed but little. That Luther thought of

marriage when he took the first steps toward a separation from Rome, is as ridiculous a calumny as any that the advocates of the Papacy ever forged and propagated. But his noble cause was damaged by this act: all that he wrote on one most important subject was received with jealousy and suspicion ever afterwards; and his spotless name received its first stain in the eyes of many who wished him well.

His domestic
character.

Melancthon, who knew Luther in his happy home, approved his marriage; and, truly, when we see how his spirit was soothed, and his life gladdened, by Catherine's gentle presence, it is more difficult for us to condemn it. In sober earnestness, or in his jesting moods, he called her sometimes his Empress, at other times, *Lord Kate*; but to his friends he wrote about her as "kind to him in all things,"—"far beyond his hopes;" and his bonds, if any, were those of generous confiding love. Children grew up around him; and their simple ways, and pleasant sports, and trusting nature, afforded him a new field of observation, from which he drew many a lesson of heavenly wisdom. Earth and air and sky all teemed with images which his fancy was for ever weaving into fables and parables; and now his little ones supplied the place of birds

and fruits and flowers. His comments, often, on what he saw among them are profoundly wise and touchingly beautiful. "*Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.*" There is no contradiction in this text, at least to me," he writes. "My little boy, John, does exactly thus with me. But, alas! I fail towards God. If I am seated at table, and am writing or doing anything, John sings me a little song. If he sings too loud, and I tell him of it, he still sings on, but with some fear, and to himself, as it were. God wills that we also should be constantly gay, but that our gaiety be tempered with fear and reserve." To the same John he wrote during the sitting of the Diet at Augsburg; and the letter contains a parable in which we read of a beautiful garden, and pretty horses for good children, with golden bridles and silver saddles.* He had a father's troubles, as well as a father's pleasures; for two of his daughters went before him to the grave, and the name of his *darling Magdalene*, his *all-dutiful, all-obedient child*, is inscribed in the records which will never die. "There thou art; peace be with thee," he said, as she was put into her coffin. "Dear child, thou wilt rise again; thou wilt shine like a star, aye, like the sun. I am joyful

* See NOTE (GG).

in spirit; but, oh! how sad in the flesh!" Then, writing to a friend, he says, "We ought to be glad, I know, for her happy escape from the power of the flesh,—from world, and Turk, and devil; yet have we constant weeping and bitter sorrow. At the bottom of my soul are engraven her looks, her words, her gestures. Even the death of Christ (and what are all deaths in comparison with that?) cannot tear me from this thought as it ought to do."

Poverty

and disin-

terestedness.

As we have been looking into Luther's home, we may just observe that it accorded rather with the obscurity of his origin than with the greatness of his fame. He never fared so well, probably, as when he lived at the Elector's charges in the Wartburg. Whatever allowances he had were consumed in a generous hospitality, and in gifts which left him, sometimes, almost as needy as those to whom they were sent. "I shall have to quit Wittemberg, and make it up with the Pope and the Emperor," he writes jokingly at one time; "for Staupitz sends us no money, and we are getting deeper into debt." "You ask me for *eight florins*" (less than a pound), he writes at a later period; "where on earth am I to get eight florins? My poor house is drained of its last penny. I have been obliged

to pawn three goblets, and they were presents from different people." Yet in the same year we find him writing about a plague at Wittemberg, and describing his house as "a regular hospital." Two friends had fallen ill there, and were nursed like sisters. Then the wife of the chaplain died, and as "every body seemed afraid of the poor fellow, we took him and his children into our house," says Luther. All this was a drain upon his scanty resources, his allowance from the Elector amounting only to two hundred florins; and more than once we find him turning his thoughts to some handicraft occupation for a living. He writes for turning tools,—says he has made some progress in clock-making, — announces, too, that he has laid out a garden, and that his "melons, gourds, and pumpkins get on famously." Yet when the book-sellers offered him an annual stipend for all he should write, he would not take it; what God had enabled him to send forth to instruct mankind he declared should be a free gift to them, like the light of heaven. Quite of a piece with this noble disinterestness were all his dealings with the Elector. Gifts were not absolutely declined, but he did his best to have them sparingly bestowed. "I have long delayed to thank you for the clothes and gown," he writes at one time;

“but I humbly beg your Grace not to believe those who say that I am in want. As a minister, it does not behove me to have any superfluity, nor do I desire it. . . . It would not become me to wear the liver-coloured cloth; yet, the black coat I will wear in honour of your Grace, though it is much too costly for me; and, were it not your Grace’s gift, I could never wear such a coat. I beg, therefore, that your Grace will wait till I myself complain and ask, so that, through this over-readiness on your Grace’s part, I may not be shamed out of asking for others who are much worthier of such favours.” Yet, mark how generously the man can *give*, who is so backward to *receive*. One of his letters respecting home matters runs thus: — “We must dismiss old John with honour. We know that he has always served us faithfully and zealously, and as became a Christian servant. . . . You need not remind me that we are not rich. I would gladly give him *ten* florins if I had them; but do not let it be less than *five*. He is not able to do much for himself. Pray help him in any other way that you can. There is a silver cup which might be pawned. Sure I am that God will not desert us.”

Luther’s con-
troversies.

We must turn to a less inviting subject, that of *Luther’s controversies*.

Little need be said about his royal antagonist. Considering what Henry the Eighth's morals were, his opinion of the Seven Sacraments can signify but little to Christendom, and Luther might well have contented himself with his first comment on the work which was lauded at court, and puffed at Rome, — “ *A great* boast, I hear, is made of a *little* book by the King of England.” But the praise which was lavished on it by others roused the indignation of Luther, and he spent some good argument, and much foul language, on one whom flatterers classed with Augustine, Constantine, and Charlemagne, but whose championship of the Church appears simply ludicrous to all who are acquainted with his career of crime.

Worthier combatants succeeded; —
first, the greatest scholar of his age, —

Erasmus.

ERASMUS. He was too conspicuous a man to be entirely neutral in a contest which agitated Europe from end to end, and, as he held much in common with the conflicting parties, was appealed to by both in turn. Peace was dearer to him than truth,—life more precious in his eyes than either. “ All men have not firmness enough for martyrdom ; ” — “ With me the authority of the Church has so much weight, that I could be of the same opinion with Arians and Pelagians, had

the Church signified its approbation of their doctrines ;” — “ If Pope or Emperor decree right, I follow what is holy ; if wrong, I endure what is safe ;” — “ Above all, avoid dissension,—a thing destructive of every good,—and be careful to serve the times with a sort of holy craft ; yet in such manner as not to betray the treasure of evangelical truth.” In these sentences we read the heart of Erasmus, and for such a man to make common cause with Luther was as impossible as for the hunted hare to turn, with a lion’s heart, on its pursuers. For a time they were on terms of distant civility ; they corresponded occasionally ; each admired the genius of the other, and commended what had been well done towards their common object. But their paths soon diverged ; the Reformer was pledged to the service of truth,—the scholar to his own safety, and the cause of peace. Two Popes in succession, Adrian VI. and Clement VII., made suit to Erasmus, and begged his help ; Henry VIII. solicited him to become a brother-champion of the ancient faith ; till at last his natural unwillingness was overcome, and, in the sight of all Christendom, he entered the lists against the man of Wittemberg.

Luther probably had heard some rumour that

Erasmus was girding himself for the battle. He wrote a laboured letter, entreating him to be quiet, and not take pen in hand against the good cause. “We admire your powers and gifts,”—such was the strain of this curious document,—“we are thankful for all you have done for letters and religion; but *we require of you no efforts beyond your strength.* God has not given you energy and courage to *attack the monster roundly and boldly*; and while this is the case, it is best you should serve us in your own way. But at any rate do not join your force with our adversaries. *If God shall not send you heart and soul amongst us, at least, let me entreat you to remain a silent spectator of our tragedy. Publish no books against me, and I will publish none against you.*” The tone of this letter was not likely to please Erasmus; certainly it did not silence him; for, in the following year,

A. D. 1525. his treatise was published on *the Freedom of the Will*. He chose his ground cautiously, and maintained it with great ability. He was much too wise to defend Indulgences or other abominations of the Papacy; he had written too much about monks and convents to contradict Luther on subjects of that sort; he did not enter on the difficult question of Church au-

thority, nor try to prove that the Pope might decree Arius and Pelagius to be sound and orthodox. He chose to attack rather than defend. Luther, in maintaining the doctrine of man's corruption by the fall, and his dependence on divine grace for the beginning of a new life, had written often impetuously and indiscreetly; and now every exposed and unguarded point was assailed by one who was master of all the weapons of controversy. Luther took a year to

Dec. 1525. reply, and then published his celebrated treatise on the *Bondage of the Will*.

It was no difficult matter to prove that the doctrine of his antagonist was not the doctrine of St. Paul; for Erasmus, with all his learning, was a shallow theologian, and, in his eagerness to convict Luther of one class of errors, he had run to the opposite extreme, greatly underrating, in his argument, that fatal predisposition to evil which is asserted in the Bible, and proved by all history and all experience. But neither did Luther make his own defences good at every point. His peculiar style, dealing so much in vehemence of assertion, and so little in guarded and measured statements, was little adapted for the discussion of the most perplexing of all moral questions; and, from his reply, as from his pre-

vious works, quotations may be made which, literally taken, seem to leave man at once helpless and irresponsible. Unhappily, this treatise, like many others, was deformed by railing of the most offensive kind. *Vile creature*, — *Serpent*, — *A very fox*, — *A knave who has mocked God and religion*, — are some of the terms of abuse heaped on the first scholar and writer of his day. It is easy to say that such was the style of that age; it was a style utterly disgraceful to the literature of any age; and Luther, who was no slavish follower of old customs, should have taught men better.

Far more disastrous in its effects was the *Sacramentarian controversy*. Bitter were the feuds which grew out of it; and they were feuds between men who should have been united, as a family of brothers, in the bonds of a common faith. ZWINGLIUS, like Luther, had received the gospel, not from man, but from God. “In the year 1516” he began to preach it, he tells us himself, “before any one in Switzerland had heard the name of Luther.” Yet to the same conclusions had they been led, without communication or concert of any kind, on the great points which divided the Christian world. “In all my days,” says Zwinglius, “I

Zwinglius
and the
Sacramen-
tarians.

have not written a letter to Luther, nor he to me. I have purposely abstained from correspondence, because I was desirous by this means to let all men see how uniform the Spirit of God is." Alas ! that between men, thus taught and guided, the bond of peace should be broken ! Alas ! that the holy rite, intended by the Saviour to be a pledge of love among all His followers, should have become the war-cry of rival parties !

The doctrine of the *Church of Rome* was simple on the subject of the Eucharist. We may believe it, or reject it, but at least we understand what she meant. The consecrated bread, she tells us, is no longer bread ; but as much, and as certainly, the flesh of Christ, our Lord, as was the body that once hung upon the cross. The doctrine of *Zwinglius* was simple too. The bread, after consecration, he tells us, is bread, and nothing more than bread, just as the waters of baptism are the pure, unaltered element ; but, by Christ's appointment, it is made a symbol of His body which was given for the life of the world ; and it is chosen to be a symbol, because, as bread nourishes men's physical frame, so Christ's doctrine, received by faith, is the spiritual nutriment of His true disciples. *Luther's* meaning is not so clear. The bread, according to him, was

bread still ; but Christ's bodily presence was superadded to it. The letter of Scripture, he said, must be our guide : when Christ says His body is in the Sacrament, at our peril shall we deny it, and say He was talking in a figure. The answer has been given a thousand times, that Christ, at that rate, becomes successively a *Door*, a *Rock*, and a *Vine* ; and why symbolical language is less admissible in one case than the other, the wit of man has never yet discovered. Yet for his favourite doctrine of *Consubstantiation*, as opposed to that of Rome and Geneva, the German Reformer would have gone willingly to the prison or the stake. His own exposition of it was as follows, and the illustration, which he repeats on more occasions than one, is apt and ingenious : — “ Fire and iron are two substances ; yet are they so mixed in red-hot iron, that every part is both iron and fire. How much more, then, may the glorious body of Christ be bread, after the same fashion, in every part of the substance.”

One might have supposed that men thoroughly agreed as to their rule of faith,—rejoicing in one common deliverance, and living from day to day on the same vital truths,—might have taken the Lord's supper each in his own way, and had no wranglings at the table of their common Lord. Yet

when Luther was exhorted to peace, and reminded that the points in dispute were secondary matters, he replied indignantly, "One or other,—the Swiss or we,—must be the ministers of Satan." Œcolampadius from Basle, Bucer from Strasburg, and Zwinglius from Zurich, entered the lists with the great Reformer; in temper they had greatly the advantage; and, startling as the denial of Christ's bodily presence, in any shape, sounded to those who had been brought up in the opposite faith, none could deny that their learning and ability made their cause plausible, at least. The *first* of these eminent men was a fellow-townsmen of Erasmus, who was consulted by the Senate of Basle before they permitted the work of Œcolampadius to be published: his public reply was evasive and characteristic; — "The work was learned, eloquent, elaborate; *pious* he would gladly call it, if any thing could be pious which was contrary to the decisions of the Church." At a later day, writing to a friend, he said, with the candour which made him often so troublesome an ally: — "A new dogma has arisen, that there is nothing in the Eucharist except bread and wine. To confute this is now a very difficult matter; for John Œcolampadius has fortified it

by so many evidences and arguments, that *the very elect might almost be seduced by them.*"

The year, in which the enemies of the Reformation,—the Pope and the Emperor,—were fighting out their own quarrel, was a year of fierce dispute among its friends. Luther supposed himself to be contending for the honour of his Lord, for the truth of Scripture, for all that was vital and precious in one of the Sacraments of the Church. The adverse party, he thought, were denying the very words of Christ, and turning sacred mysteries into vulgar realities. So his zeal kindled, as the controversy went on, and, at last, the Swiss Reformers ranked in his eyes with the blindest and most obstinate adherents of the Papacy. Wise men wished for peace, but all attempts at mediation proved vain. After many failures, a last attempt was made in the autumn of 1529, when, at the earnest entreaty of the Landgrave of Hesse, Luther and Melancthon gave the three Sacramentarian divines a meeting at Marburg. One grieves to read words like these addressed to Zwinglius, before the conference began, by Bucer, Luther's own disciple and cordial friend, — "Luther, most respectable Zwinglius, is all fury; do you, I beseech you, be all mildness, and manage him as you

A.D. 1527.

would a deranged brother, leading him to truth by fair language." We grieve yet more to learn that Luther had made a proposal, which was scouted by the Landgrave, that "*some honest Papists* should be present at the conference as witnesses against the Swiss." Coming in this temper, we are not surprised that Luther made all agreement and compromise impossible. Two Oct. 2, 3. days were spent in discussion; but, 1529. as he had begun by saying that he would "listen neither to sense nor reason, *with the words of God before him,*" a long journey seemed to have been taken to little purpose. Behind the words *Hoc est corpus meum* he resolutely entrenched himself, and maintained, in reply to all argument from Scripture or from analogy, that *one* meaning they had, and no other they *could* have. Very sad is Luther's own account of the parting; — "They supplicated us to bestow upon them the title of *brothers*. Zwinglius implored the Landgrave, with tears, to grant this. We did not, however, accord to them this appellation of brothers; all we granted was that which charity requires us to bestow even upon our enemies."

Time went on, and every year found the Reformed party yet stronger, while political combinations of many kinds helped to divert the attention, and embarrass the counsels, of their most formidable enemies. According to all human calculation, nothing could have been easier than for the Pope and Emperor to enforce the decree of Worms. Even Saxony was divided; and Duke George, in the Southern portion, was for ever raging against the new doctrine, while the Elector Frederic, in the first instance, and his brother and successor John, at a later day, let it grow and flourish under their protection. Yet enemies near at hand, and enemies afar off, seemed to threaten the Reformer in vain. Clement VII. and Charles V. were allies at one time, and issued anathemas and decrees against Luther and all who harboured or followed him; but presently peace was exchanged for war, and the heretics were all at large, while the Imperialist forces, after sacking Rome, had made the Pope himself their prisoner. At a later period Charles's own capital was threatened: Solyman, with an immense army, was before Vienna, and in twenty successive assaults directed all his strength against that bulwark of

Luther's
enemies kept
in check.

June 6. 1527.

Oct. 1529.

Christendom ; but by “ a great miracle of God,” as Luther said truly and devoutly, the siege was raised, and the boasting Infidel arrested in his march of triumph. French wars,—intrigues and conquests in Italy,—journeys to Spain,—Turkish invasions,—all came in turn ; and, while the great European potentate was busy with this world’s politics, the man, whom he had denounced and sentenced years ago, dwelt at Wittemberg as in a guarded fortress, and with his own favourite weapons, the word of God and faith and prayer, was winning fresh conquests from month to month.

Religious
worship and
ceremonies.

Much had to be done meanwhile, in relation to worship and ceremonies, which required wisdom and prudence of no common kind. It is curious to see how much of patience and charity was exhibited by Luther in arrangements of this sort, as contrasted with the fiery zeal of his controversial writings, and the intolerant spirit manifested towards the Swiss Reformers. At Marburg he would yield nothing for peace. The men who would not interpret literally four words of Scripture were all disowned and denounced as heretics. Yet at Wittemberg, when the churches of Saxony were to be remodelled in accordance with the

faith of the Reformers, and the delicate question had to be settled how much should be retained, and how much discarded, of the ancient observances, every thing was yielded which did not touch the vital doctrines of the Gospel. Latin hymns and canticles were retained; the new ministers wore vestments like those of the Romish priests; altars and lighted tapers were still permitted in the churches, and devotees knelt before them at pleasure. These things, Luther said, "we retain till they grow old, or till it seem good to change them. If it please any man to do otherwise, I permit him to do as he likes best." He recommended the strict observance of Lent, without binding men to it by any positive regulation; but the excesses of carnival times, and other practices which had become associated with sacred usages, at once dishonouring religion and degrading and corrupting the people, he did his utmost to restrain. At the same time Catechisms were provided for the young; and plain comments on the Epistle and Gospel of the day, with well-selected portions of Scripture, were inserted in the Service-book. Homilies, too, of a suitable kind, were provided by his active mind and busy pen, to be read by men who were not gifted as preachers; and simple expositions of Christian doctrine, or intel-

ligible exhortations to the practical duties of life, took the place of childish legends, and half-serious, half-comic addresses, by which the pulpit was so often disgraced. All was done in concurrence with the civil power; and in the Elector John, who was at once a wise prince, and a devout, zealous, well-taught Christian, he found an enlightened patron, and a willing helper. Evangelical pastors were settled in parishes; incompetent ministers were removed; schools were established wherever sufficient funds could be provided. For the last Luther had a special care, charging the town magistrates not to let their youth grow up "like grass in the forest," and reminding them that "serious, honest, well-taught citizens were the safety and strength of their country; not great treasure, or fine houses, or strong walls, or well-appointed armies." Wisely, too, like one who felt that his work, as the pastor of Christ's flock, and the builder up of a spiritual temple, was to pursue disciples every where, and "by all means" to "gain some" of every age and every class, he was careful to provide milk for babes, as well as meat for strong men. "*Above all*," he said, "we must bring the simple-minded and the young to the knowledge of the Gospel by perpetual instruction; and to this end we must read, sing, preach,

write prose and poetry; yea, more, — if such means would further this good purpose, I would let them ring all the bells, and play all the organs, and make every possible noise that man can make.”

The re-distribution of ecclesiastical revenues was a subject of anxiety to the early Reformers, and the course recommended by Luther was wise and just. “We no longer say masses for the dead,” he said, writing to a friend, “or do other things for which these funds were left. They should be resumed by the ruling powers of the state, and employed in doing good to men’s souls according to the will of Christ.” In some places, where the religious endowments were very large, a portion was set apart for founding hospitals and colleges; provision was made, too, for monks and nuns who held to their vows; but religious teaching was reckoned the main thing, — teaching for old and young, in plain, intelligible German, out of the pure word of God; and for this purpose the pastor and the school-master went hand in hand, wherever the influence of Wittenberg extended.

One evil, which soon began to appear among pretended friends of the Reformation, roused the indignation of Luther, and called forth his sternest

Old and New
Endowments.

censures. In Germany, as elsewhere, the landed proprietors soon began to covet the church lands, and hoped to enrich themselves out of the spoil of abbeys and monasteries. A simpler ritual and a humbler ministry, it was argued, would be maintained at far less cost than the ancient faith, with its gorgeous spectacles, and its army of monks and priests. Churches might be dispensed with, said some; teachers exclusively devoted to their office, and supported out of public funds, were not absolutely necessary, according to the new order of things, said others; and what was not wanted for sacred purposes naturally reverted to the original proprietors. These robbers of churches and the poor Luther denounced as a disgrace to Christendom. "The matter is very serious," he wrote to Spalatin; "it torments me exceedingly. When the Prince was here, I forced myself into his bed-chamber, that I might have a private audience with him on the subject." In the face of the court, he presented a remonstrance to the Elector's son, and vowed to his friends that if the evil were not at once repressed with a strong hand, he would arraign the wrong-doers publicly in the face of Europe, and make their names a by-word of reproach. His voice prevailed, and the work of plunder was arrested. A general visitation was

ordered through the Elector's dominions for the settlement of questions relating to Church property and Church discipline; and laymen of established reputation were associated with Luther, and his most trusted friends, in the work of reformation. Incompetent or immoral pastors, and those who persisted in teaching false doctrine, were to be deprived. If the common people, in the newly-settled parishes, after warning and instruction, still clung to their ancient superstitions, they were to be allowed to sell their goods, and depart quietly elsewhere;—"not that the Elector wished to force any man's faith, but those who pertinaciously excited disturbance and sedition must be coerced and chastised." Not yet had the Reformers learnt to give the liberty they claimed! So much of the old Popish spirit survived in those who had cast off the yoke of Rome!

Nor yet was their own battle won. Diet of
Peace for Germany, by making one will Spires.
 supreme in religious, as in civil, matters, was still the dream of the Emperor's life; and, accordingly, he summoned a Diet to meet at Spires, of which the object was to repeal a tolerant edict formerly passed at the same place, and to claim the execution of the long-suspended Decree of Worms.

His brother Ferdinand presided. The Catholic Princes came in force with an imposing military array, like men prepared for war. John of Saxony was there, attended, not by a body-guard of soldiers, but by the peace-loving, peace-breathing Melancthon. Yet little was gained by the dominant party, for while the reformed doctrine was proscribed, and further innovations were forbidden, the fearless attitude of the minority, and their bold appeal to a general council of all Christendom, or to a free congress of the German States, put courage into many fainting hearts, and won respect even from their enemies. Before God and man, for themselves and their people, the leaders *protested* against all invasion of the rights of conscience, and claimed to be judged by the word of God, “the sure rule of all doctrine, and all life ;” and from the day that the

April 25, 1529. document was signed “in a little room on the ground floor of the chaplain’s house, still shown in St. John’s Lane, near St. John’s Church at Spires,” the term PROTESTANT, or *Men of the Protest*, has been current throughout Europe. The subscribing parties, besides deputies from fourteen free cities, were the Elector John, the Landgrave Philip of Hesse, the Margrave of Brandenburg, two Princes of Brunswick, and the Prince of Anhalt.

Yet more important was the advantage gained by the Reformers, in the following year, at Augsburg, though the decree, which issued thence, sounded terrible to many. The Emperor himself was present, having pledged his word to the Pope to do his utmost, as an upright Sovereign, to restore peace to the Church, but having steadily refused to adopt severe measures against his German subjects, till all others had failed. No such assemblage had been seen since the memorable meeting at Worms, nine years before. To that time the Emperor's thoughts must have travelled back. In the interval, he had prospered in war and peace; his name had become the greatest name in Europe; a King and a Pope had been his prisoners; his influence was felt in every court; his alliance was sought by all his brother monarchs in turn. But against Luther no advantage had been gained. His doctrine, meanwhile, had overspread half Germany. Princes and people were on his side. His books were gaining converts and disciples in other lands. Bulls and anathemas from Rome,—diets and edicts at home,—neither silenced the leader, nor daunted his followers. And now the same process was to be repeated. Were its beginnings more hopeful? Would its results be more prosperous? Such

Diet of
Augsburg.

might have been the Emperor's reflections when the new Diet was opened ; but men, June 20. 1530. born to power like his, are hard to be persuaded that any thing is impossible to them ; therefore, after many failures, he resolved to attempt the work of pacification once more. *All Germany united*, that her sons might be ready for *war against the Turks*, was the popular motto of his opening address ; and complaints were added that all his efforts to put a stop to religious dissensions through many years had failed and come to nought.

Luther was not present. It would have looked like braving the Emperor to stand before him while the old sentence of condemnation was still in force. His place was supplied by his three faithful friends, Melancthon, Spalatin, and Justus Jonas, — of whom the last had been to him like a brother or a son ever since the memorable journey to Worms ; he had joined company with the Reformer at Erfurth, had stood by him through those days of peril, and lived by his side at Wittemberg ever afterwards. The protesting Princes, too, were present, making common cause with the theologians, and ready to claim for their brethren everywhere a full hearing, and a fair trial, when their time should come. On

the other side, was the Pope's Legate, Campeggio, come from Italy to see how his master's wishes were carried out, — and a whole tribe of native churchmen and theologians, — Eck, Luther's old antagonist among the number, with *four hundred and four* propositions ready culled from the writings of the Reformers, which he offered to prove heretical and damnable.

Melancthon had brought with him, what he had been carefully preparing for months, the *Confession of Faith* of the German Reformers, studiously drawn up so as to present the fewest points of antagonism to the established creed, and recommend their doctrine to candid and impartial listeners. The Elector and his friends demanded *to have this read*; and after some hesitation on the Emperor's part, and a refusal on their part to keep their place in the Diet, or even plead before the Court, on any other terms, *it was*

June 25.

read. Charles heard it, — and men like Duke George, who hated the Reformation with a blind and cruel hatred, — and the Pope's representative, — and numbers more who had judged of the new doctrine by the report of its enemies, and believed it to be very little better than blasphemy. Before them all, in a clear, strong voice, so that every word was heard to

the remotest corner of the hall, the Chancellor of Saxony read out this famous document, sentence by sentence. The profoundest stillness reigned throughout the Assembly for two whole hours, till the last sentence was concluded; and when the Emperor took a Latin copy of the Confession, and said that the affair was grave, and he must deliberate upon it, the Reformed party felt that, let the decision be what it might, the triumph of that day was really on their side. Luther wrote to the Elector, saying that he "was glad beyond measure to have lived to see the day when, through the medium of such an admirable Confession, Christ was publicly preached before so august an audience."

The answer to the Confession was a *Refutation*, as it was styled, drawn up by the theologians on the other side; but while the *former* document was printed in a month, and making its way to every town in Germany, the *latter* was made so

Aug. 3. scarce, that the Reformers, after hearing it publicly read before the Diet, asked in vain for a copy. Then nearly two months were wasted in trying to make antagonist opinions coalesce. Strange to say, Melancthon was blinded by his love of peace, and hoped against hope that some common ground could be

found for the men who held by the Church's infallibility, and the men who would be judged only by the word of God,—for the advocates of the unyielding Papacy, and the champions of the rights of conscience; but all his concessions were too few; mediators and reconcilers, lay and ecclesiastic, met and talked in vain. So, at last, even the Emperor despaired of bringing the minority to submission, and a decree was promulgated, such as Clement or his Nuncio might have drawn up. *By this* the Reformed Faith was utterly proscribed; deep questions of theology were determined by the supreme authority; all innovations in doctrine or worship were forbidden as offences against the state; the armies of the empire were pledged to the assistance of the civil power wherever obedience was refused.

Nov. 19.

Luther was at Coburg while these things were doing, situated half way between Wittemberg and Augsburg, above a hundred miles from both places. It was a mountain solitude, much resembling his Patmos in the Wartburg; and his letters thence breathe the spirit of a man soaring upwards on the wings of faith and prayer, and calmly leaving with God

Luther at
Coburg.

the settlement of questions which were beyond the range of worldly politicians. He wrote to encourage his friends at one time,—to remonstrate with them at another. Better than all, he pleaded for them with God in supplications of the deepest earnestness, and of almost unearthly fervour. “Not a day passes but he spends three hours in prayer,” wrote a friend at this time to Melancthon; “I chanced to hear him once, when he was praying; and O what spirit and faith were there in his very words! He offers his petitions with all the reverence that is due to God, yet with such hope and faith, as if he felt that he was conversing with a father and a friend.” He trembled for Melancthon, lest he should yield too much. “May the Lord sustain you, that your faith may not fail, but grow and triumph!” was his message at one time; “I pray for you, and *have* prayed, and *will* pray. I make sure, too, that I am heard, since I feel the Amen in my heart. Should that which we wish *not* happen, then will something else happen, which is better.” He was never betrayed into any hope of reconciliation, and heard with sorrow and alarm what was attempted in that direction. He knew the adversary, and understood his own principles, too well. “So you are engaged in a notable work at Augsburg,”

he wrote to Spalatin; “ that, forsooth, of bringing the Pope and Luther to an agreement; but the Pope will not consent, and Luther cries *Nay*. Take care; don’t lose your time and pains; but if you succeed, then I promise to reconcile Christ and Belial.”

It was during the sitting of the Diet that Luther composed his noble paraphrase of the 46th Psalm *, with which the towns and villages of Germany have been ringing from that time to this. Indeed, we shall overlook an element of mighty strength in carrying the Reformation forwards if we take no account of the hymns which came from the pen of its leader, and found their way to the hearts of his countrymen in every rank. They made a bond of union among men who knew little of Creeds and Articles. While theologians were disputing about niceties of doctrine, every devout man could understand the blessedness of singing God’s praises in good honest German, instead of gazing idly at the mass, or joining in a Latin litany. The children learnt Luther’s hymns in the cottages, and martyrs sang them on the scaffold. In Magdeburg, where Luther had once

Luther’s
Hymns.

* See NOTE (H H).

begged bread for the poor scholars, his own strains were heard, and helped to draw many to his side. An old cloth-weaver, sitting in a public part of the city, sang a Lutheran hymn one day, and offered copies of it for sale. A Burgomaster, who had just been attending mass, came by; his indignation was kindled by the sound of heresy, and he sent the poor man to prison. The people rose, and on that very day declared that they would have Evangelical preachers, and chose trusty men from their own body to carry out their wishes. In Brunswick, where the new opinions were beginning to spread, and many of the young preachers were already in their favour, the first note sounded in public sometimes was a German Psalm given out from the pulpit, and the people, who were expecting a Latin hymn to the Virgin, gave back the response in a hearty chorus. *Priest, thou liest*, was a citizen's reply to one who came with learned arguments to prove the Romish doctrine the only true and safe one, and then he gave out the famous hymn, *O God, look down from Heaven*, which the whole congregation sang in triumph.

Writings for
the people.

In prose, too, as well as poetry and song, we must remember *Luther wrote for the people*. We shall understand only

half his greatness if we lose sight of his writings on practical divinity. His simple, unrivalled German style made Christianity, not a mystery for the learned, but a household lesson for peasants and mechanics. His aim was to elevate and purify men's common life, and to connect all their duties of every kind with God's word and will. Clergymen and schoolmasters have each their lesson. "Take care the people understand you," is the burden of his charge to one; "Let human learning and gospel truth go hand in hand," is his caution to the other. Masters are provided with texts for the ordering of their families; and men-servants and maid-servants are warned to be faithful, not only for hire, but for conscience sake. There is the grace for meals, and the morning and evening prayer, and the Catechism, pronounced by the philosophical historian of the Reformation* to be "childlike and profound," which Luther himself, "old doctor as he was," repeated almost daily. "He displayed," says the same trustworthy witness, "a matchless talent for popular teaching." "He is the patriarch of the austere and devout discipline and manners which

* Ranke, who exclaims most feelingly, "Happy the man whose soul has been nourished by it, and who holds fast by it!"

characterize the domestic life of Northern Germany." To have earned praise like this would have been enough for one life, if no more had been done in it. Had Luther's voice never reached beyond his native land,—if his public services of another kind had not placed him at the head of that noble band who won the great intellectual and moral triumph of the sixteenth century,—he would have ranked, according to this statement, with the men who have done the best work for their own times, and established the highest claim on the gratitude of posterity.

Decree of
Augsburg
not executed.

The severity of the decree of Augsburg defeated its object; for the Protestants were too strong to be thus handed over, as state offenders, for punishment. The Imperial sentence, therefore, was once more enrolled among the archives of Germany, but again no public officer received commission to bring the proscribed party to justice. Charles himself, having in the most formal and solemn manner denounced the *heresy*, left the *heretics* to disperse themselves to their homes, and was soon busy in entreating the Pope to assemble a Council for all Christendom to give unity to the distracted Church. In fact, the months spent at

Augsburg had made him a wiser man. He had seen the Protestant leaders in council and debate, and understood them better. He had heard the Protestant Confession, and despised it less. *These men* were not wild fanatics, haters of law and order; *that creed* was not a compound of folly and profaneness. It embraced the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Atonement, repentance, faith, obedience to the gospel rule, a future judgment, the resurrection of the saints to eternal life,—baptism, the door of entrance to the visible Church,—the Lord's Supper, a bond of union for the faithful, and a pledge of Christ's continual presence with his people for their spiritual refreshment and comfort; and was not this all that the Church itself held to be most precious in Christian doctrine? had not the most learned fathers and the holiest saints written in almost the same strain, and witnessed by their lives and by their deaths for the same truths? So the Emperor *might have* thought; and so, doubtless, he *did* think, as he contrasted what the Pope had told him concerning Luther and his followers with what he had seen of John of Saxony, and listened to from the pen of Melancthon.

Besides, when the final decree was little more than a month old, the

League of
Smalcald.
Dec. 31.

Protestant Princes met at Smalcald, and there resolved upon a league of mutual defence. They were joined by the deputies from fifteen cities, Strasburg and Nuremberg heading the list, as they had done at Spires; and their united remonstrance and appeal to the justice of the Emperor was circulated throughout Europe, with a special and urgent request to the kings of England, France, and Denmark, for assistance against their own Sovereign in case of need. This movement towards insurrection was not discountenanced by Luther. He did not actively promote it; but neither did he authoritatively forbid it. In other days his language had been, "By the word alone we must combat and conquer." When violence was apprehended from Duke George and others, and the Elector and Landgrave announced their determination to gather armies, if necessary, in defence of the gospel, he and his brother theologians had implored them to do any thing, and bear any thing, almost, before they had recourse to arms. "War gains little, loses much, and ventures all," they wrote; "gentleness loses nothing, ventures little, and gains every thing." Luther's change of tone at this period, considering the decision and positiveness with which he had always counselled sub-

mission to Sovereign Princes, is a remarkable fact in his history. Even now, he did not counsel resistance. Jurists, he said, had examined the question, and advised upon it. As a theologian, he knew of no license for rebellion. But it was not his affair; others must settle it. Either he was daunted by the threatening aspect of public affairs, and driven from his former confidence that God would work out His own will without permitting His servants to draw the sword; or else some of his old energy was gone, and he was more content to let the potentates of this world choose their own policy, and justify to their own consciences what seemed doubtful and perplexing.

Happily the war-cry between the Reformed leaders and the great Emperor was not yet sounded. Another Turkish invasion was threatened; and the Protestant Princes, acting in their new character of confederates, with interests apart from those of the empire, refused to furnish troops and supplies till they were assured of toleration for their religion. The Edict of Augsburg must be repealed, or a religious peace proclaimed, which would give them security and liberty. If these terms were granted, the Emperor would have no more devoted subjects, and his armies no braver captains. Charles hesitated;

Truce of
Ratisbon.

but danger pressed. In June, 1532, Solyman crossed the Hungarian frontier with an army of two hundred and fifty thousand men, and was all the bolder and more confident because Germany was divided. "Has your master made peace with Martin Luther?" was his question to Charles's ambassadors, when they sought to arrest his progress, and magnified the power and resources of their Sovereign. The Emperor could hardly fail to see what was apparent to the advancing enemy; so, at last, he did make peace with Martin Luther, and signed the *Truce of Ratisbon*, giving the Protestants all they asked. Presently the whole empire was astir. The protesting cities were foremost in activity and zeal. Nuremberg alone contributed a thousand lances and fifteen pieces of artillery. An army was mustered near Vienna, such as Christendom had not seen for centuries. The Emperor was at its head, longing for a decisive engagement, and a victory, which should resound through Christendom; but his great rival would not measure his strength with that of united Germany. The battle, for which Europe was waiting with almost breathless expectation, was never fought; Solyman retired as the Imperial forces advanced, and, at last, after a blood-

less campaign, withdrew within his own borders, having done the Reformers good service.

The disorders of the Anabaptists, and the strange scenes enacted by them in Munster, must have a place in the history of Luther, for the same reason as the Peasants' war. His enemies made him responsible for both. By the despotism of Rome, the human intellect had been enfeebled and enslaved; no wonder, then, that at the first sound of liberty some broke loose with frantic cries, and ran into the wildest excesses. A people, nurtured in childish ignorance and superstition, could not grow up in a few short years to the wisdom and sobriety of Christian manhood; ancient bonds of authority, too, were broken, and religious teachers of the new faith were supplied but slowly; so false prophets were found in many places to impose upon the vulgar, and enthusiasts to mistake their own dreams for a revelation from heaven. The wildest opinions had been afloat in Holland, and different parts of Germany, before fanaticism gathered its armies, and set up its throne, in Westphalia. Some quoted the Apocalypse, making sure that its visions were speedily to become realities; while others fancied them-

Munster
and the
Anabaptists.
A. D. 1534-5.

selves chosen, like Israel of old, to be the Lord's host, and root out the ungodly from the earth. Strasburg was to be the new Jerusalem, said one, and a hundred and forty-four thousand apostles were to be scattered from it to gather in the Elect of God. Charles V., according to another theory, after his successes against the Turks, was to be the Captain of the Saints, to reconquer Jerusalem, and be crowned there by an angel as Lord, under Christ, of this lower world.

At Munster, in the year 1534, the spectacle was seen of a city surrendered to men whose religion was no better than madness, and ruled by a prophet-king, whose wild ravings passed for the voice of inspiration. An army of Anabaptists had swarmed in from the surrounding country; the cry, *Away with the children of Esau*, resounded through the streets; and all, who would not receive the mark of a fresh baptism, without distinction of age or sex, were driven forth to banishment when the snow lay thick upon the ground. Churches were plundered,—literature and the arts proscribed,—all books burnt, the Bible only being spared. One John of Leyden became autocrat; and, among other privileges, took to himself fourteen wives. One of them displeased him, upon which he publicly beheaded

her with his own hand, while the rest danced round the bleeding corpse, shouting, *Glory to God in the highest*. Yet for this man his subjects fought as if he had been an angel, and endured a lengthened siege with all the horrors of famine. At last, a night attack, aided by treachery within the walls, proved successful, and the Bishop, with his allies, became master of the city. Savage cruelty in the conquerors disgraced their triumph; for the deposed king, with two of his ministers, was led about for six months from place to place, and made a spectacle to the gazing crowd; and then the three were publicly executed, having first had their flesh torn with red-hot pincers.

June 24. 1535.

How much Luther had in common with the fanatics of Munster may be inferred from the saying of their chief, that "the world had seen four prophets; two of them were true, and two false. King David and John of Leyden were the true ones; the Pope and Luther were the false ones; but Luther was worse than the Pope." Yet to many the name of the Reformer became more odious than ever, because the world had seen such a specimen of religious phrensy. Men, who had not faith to appreciate the interests at stake,

Luther
and the
Anabaptists.

thought that evils in the Church had better be let alone than assailed at such a risk. "Better that men should sleep on, as they had done for ages," numbers said, "than wake up to madness, and threaten destruction to civilized society. The common people had learnt in the schools of the new prophets that they might think and do as they pleased; and now the world had seen what sort of harvest would be reaped if such doctrines were sown more widely." Timid spirits were daunted and amazed. The cause of the Reformation became associated in the minds of thousands with lawless violence, daring profaneness, and brutish sensuality. Luther mourned in anguish of spirit for these excesses and their sad consequences. "What can I write respecting these poor wretches at Munster?" he had said, while the fanatics were unsubdued; "is it not plainly apparent that the devil reigns there, or rather a whole troop of devils?" This was not lightly spoken by him, but in sober earnest. It was the expression of a deliberate opinion that a large portion of the evils which afflict mankind came immediately from the Tempter. His own bodily pains and mental anxieties, mysterious deaths, idiotcy, impaired senses, strange noises heard at times of devotion, storms of unusual vio-

lence, were all referred by him, in common conversation, to Satanic agency. Even children, he thought, were sometimes stolen by the Evil One, and imps substituted without a human soul. "I saw a child of this sort myself," he said, "which had no human parents, but proceeded from the devil. In outward form, it exactly resembled other children; but it consumed as much every day as four threshers could eat. It yelled out like a mad creature when touched; and if anything went wrong in the house, it danced about for joy."

To account for a belief which seems to us so strange in so great a mind, we must remember that Luther had grown up in a region which superstition and romance had peopled with unearthly beings. These were supposed to haunt the forest and the mine,—to gather round the peasant's fire-side, and look with a grudging eye on his little store, and plot mischievously against his comfort. On a boy and youth so imaginative as Luther these legends would produce an impression never to be effaced; and, in maturer life, when the Scriptural doctrine respecting the personality of the Tempter was received with entire simplicity, and "to resist the devil" in the world, in the Church, and in his

His doctrine
on Satanic
influence.

own heart, became his settled purpose and daily business, the recollections of his early years connected themselves with the faith of his manhood. The powers of the world to come were to him an ever-present reality ; and the Evil One became in his eyes, not only the ruler of the hosts of evil, the active enemy of God and goodness, but the busy, malicious contriver of almost all that warred against human happiness. The tales which Luther believed and reported as to Satan's visible influence, and troublesome intermeddling with the affairs of common life, sound ludicrous to our ears ; but by him all was spoken with earnestness and reverence. The worse the infliction, too,—the more pervading and penetrating this antagonist power of evil, roaming over God's earth, hindering His truth, and afflicting His people,—the more fervent were his prayers for the universal diffusion of Scriptural light and knowledge. “ Preach the truth, and so expel him who is the father of lies ; give the people wholesome nourishing food, the bread of life, and poison will be loved no longer ; ”—this was the burden of many a remonstrance, the theme of letters to Electors, and exhortations to preachers, and treatises scattered far and wide among the German people. This was his cry now that

Munster, as he thought, was invaded and possessed by the Evil One. "The devil," he wrote, "is a spirit who jeers at horsemen and cuirasses. The most potent weapon against him is the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. But our nobles, our bishops and princes, will not permit the gospel to be preached, that the souls of men may be snatched from perdition. They think, forsooth, that it is enough to cut men's throats."

In the year 1539 a vast accession of strength was gained to the Protestant side by the death of Duke

Death of
Duke George.
A. D. 1539.

George, and the transfer of his dominions to one who was a zealous disciple of the Reformation. By will the Duke bequeathed them to his brother Henry, but with a proviso that, if any religious innovations were attempted, they should be forfeited to the Emperor, and held by him in trust for some more orthodox Prince. The bequest, with its conditions, was announced to Henry while the Duke was on his death-bed. His reply to the Ambassadors was an indignant refusal to give up his religion for a bribe; but, before they could return and report his decision, the Duke died. Henry then, as the next heir,

quietly assumed the government. Luther was summoned to Leipsic; and there, beneath that voice of power, the hearts of the citizens were bowed as the heart of one man. A single sermon, it is said, decided them for the Reformation. Silently, no doubt, the leaven had been spreading through many a year; and now, almost with one consent, the towns and villages of the principality followed the example of the capital.

Luther's declining years, 1543-4. The last years of Luther's life, partly through bodily infirmity, partly from distresses and anxieties of many kinds, seem to have been years of gloom. His strength was prematurely spent. Never, probably, since the days of the Apostle, who had on him "the care of all the churches," was such a burden laid on any single mind; and, before old age was reached, the robust frame was bowed down, and the spirit of almost indomitable energy was sighing for repose. His work for many years had been distracting, exhausting, almost consuming, from its extent and variety. He had to answer letters from every country in which the Reformed doctrine was beginning to make way,—to confer with Princes and theologians on subjects of the deepest importance, affecting the destinies

of the Church for generations to come,—to listen to the tale of fugitive monks and nuns, who thought that Wittemberg was their natural place of shelter, because his writings had unsettled their ancient faith,—to animate and restrain his followers by turns,—to build up with one hand, like the men of Jerusalem in Nehemiah's day, while he held a weapon in the other,—to repel assaults from abroad, and organize a new ecclesiastical system at home,—by frequent preaching to instruct his own flock, whom he loved like children, and keep them sound in the faith, while his published writings, in German and in Latin, carried to the Reformers of his own land, and of other lands, his judgment on the thousand questions which were being canvassed throughout Christendom. His works alone are a perfect prodigy of industry and mental activity. The marvel is, that the author did any thing in his generation besides sitting and writing till his hand was tired, and his eye failed, through all the months and years which followed the date of his earliest publication. A complete list of all that he sent abroad, if it could be procured, would be a literary curiosity, such as the world has never seen. Whether his earliest years were his most fruitful ones cannot perhaps be ascertained; but

for *them* the account stands as follows:—For 1520, *a hundred and thirty-three* publications,—for 1521 (a year partly busy, and partly idle, the year of Worms and the Wartburg), only *forty*,—for 1522, *a hundred and thirty*,—for 1523, *a hundred and eighty-three*. No wonder if his “eye was dim,” and his “natural force abated,” by the time his sixtieth year was reached. “I am feeble and weary of life,” he writes in 1543; “I would fain bid the world good bye, which is now given over to the Wicked One.” “Old and useless,” he calls himself next year; and says, “the world is like a worn-out garment.” The Emperor and the empire were forgotten by him, “except in his prayers.” Five years before, he had spoken of himself as “aged and *Emeritus*,” and was longing to enjoy “the old man’s pleasure in a garden, contemplating God’s wonders in creation, musing on trees and birds and flowers;” but “my sins,” he said, “have well deserved that I should lose enjoyments like these, and be condemned to watch over a crowd of affairs so pressing, and so often fruitless.” And so it was to the end; not for his sins, we think, but for the good of numbers who were guided by his wisdom and piety, he was kept at his post, toiling on through years of anxiety,

watching with eager interest the progress of the great religious movement which covered a widening surface from year to year, yet mourning often, like one defeated and overborne by the antagonist powers of evil, for the wickedness which met and thwarted him in all his efforts. "If I had known in the beginning," he says most touchingly, alluding to disappointments of this sort, "that men were so hostile to the word of God, I should have held my peace. I imagined that they sinned merely through ignorance." These words tell us, as plainly as a whole volume, how much he had dared to hope when his own mind was first enlightened, and the gospel in its purity was given back to Christendom; and the evening of his days would look dark as compared with the brightness of that early morn.

Diets were held year after year, and the endless question was discussed as to tolerating Protestantism, or pro-

Progress of
the Refor-
mation.

scribing it. In the spring of 1545, the Princes of the empire, with bishops, deputies, and others, were gathered at Worms, as they had been twenty-four years before; but neither the Emperor was there, nor Luther. The Princes of the Protestant League were now the parties who re-

presented the cause of the Reformation in these national councils, and political questions were mixed up with religious ones, and the opposing parties were assuming an attitude which betokened the near approach of actual war. This Luther did not live to see, happily for his own peace. *The weapons of our warfare are not carnal* was a sentence as deeply engraved on his heart as any portion of the lively oracles. To conquer by the word of God was his purpose all through, and many were the triumphs of that sort which he lived to see. Before he finished his course, Germany and Switzerland were half-won. England had renounced the Pope, and was receiving fresh light from year to year, as godly preachers were scattered more widely through her parishes. The first confessors in Scotland were contending bravely for the truth, and Wishart, Knox's teacher, had already sealed his testimony with his blood. The seed was sown widely over the soil of France,—Margaret, the sister of Francis the First, having been among the earliest converts,—and many of its large towns had congregations of zealous disciples. Italy, the Pope's own land, had been invaded; considerable impression was made on some of the Northern cities; and in its petty courts were found ladies

of noble and princely birth, who shone, like stars, amid the surrounding gloom.

Luther lived to witness two events destined to exercise the most important influence on the cause to which his life was devoted. On the 27th of September, 1540, Paul the Third, after many doubts and misgivings, sealed the Bull which incorporated the Order of Jesuits. Thus, in the day when vast numbers were falling away from their allegiance to the See of Rome, Loyola and his devoted associates, then a little band, pledged themselves to be the Pope's servants, and the champions of the Church, at all hazards, in all fortunes, wherever and whenever their services were wanted. By the same Pope the Council of Trent was convened, whose decrees were to fix the faith of the Roman Catholic Church, and to build up an impassable barrier between those who cling to the Papacy and those who receive the word of God as the one rule of their faith and practice.

Jesuits and
Council of
Trent.

Dec. 13. 1545.

Luther's last journey was from Wittenberg to Eisleben. After all his labours and conflicts, by a remarkable

Luther's
death.
A. D. 1546.

Providence, he returned home to die. He had been born on the lands of the Count of Mansfeld, and it chanced that two brothers of that noble house had a dispute, which they entreated Luther to come and settle. He went at the end of January, 1546, and succeeded in his mission. To this journey we owe two or three letters written to his wife within a fortnight of his death. This is one of them: — “To the gracious dame, Catherine Luther, my dear spouse, who is tormenting herself quite unnecessarily, grace and peace in our Lord Jesus Christ. Dear Catherine, thou shouldst read St. John, and what the Catechism says respecting the confidence we ought to have in God. Thou afflictest thyself just as if God were not All-powerful, and able to raise up new Doctor Martins by dozens, if the old Doctor Martin were to be drowned in the Saale. There is One who takes care of me in His own way, better than thou and all the angels could ever do. He sits by the side of the Almighty Father. Tranquillize thyself, therefore. Amen.”

Another letter, the last he ever penned, runs thus: — “To my sweet wife, Catherine Luther Von Bora, grace and peace in the Lord. We hope to be with you again this week, if it please God. The Almighty has manifested the power

of His grace in this affair. The lords have come to an agreement upon all the points in dispute, except two or three; and, among other great ends achieved, the two Counts are reconciled. God has fulfilled our prayers. I send thee some trout the Countess has given me. The lady is full of joy at seeing peace re-established in her family." He then speaks of some rumours about the Emperor and the French, and adds, "Let them go on with their news; true or false, it matters not; we await in patience God's declaration of His will.

MARTIN LUTHER.

February 14. 1546."

Luther, when he started on his journey, was feeble and suffering; but said that he could "lie down on his death-bed with joy if he could first see his dear lords reconciled;" and God gave him both his wishes. Three days after he had announced to his wife that his peacemaking work was finished, his indisposition increased to serious illness; but at supper-time he joined his friends, and conversed in a strain, partly gay and partly serious. He spoke of his death as near; and the question having been asked by some one present, whether departed saints would

Feb. 17.

recognize each other in the future world, he said, Yes, he thought they would. In the night, his two sons, and his faithful friend, Justus Jonas, watched by his side; and as he grew rapidly worse, two physicians, and the Countess with medicines and cordials, came to offer their aid. But all human help was vain; the great Reformer's work was done; and where he had played in childhood, it was God's will that he should lie down and die. After midnight, feeling that death was upon him, he thus poured forth his soul in prayer:—"Heavenly Father, everlasting and merciful God! Thou hast revealed to me Thy beloved Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, whom I have preached, whom I have experienced, whom I love and worship as my beloved Sacrifice and Redeemer,—Him whom the godless persecute, dishonour, and blaspheme." He then repeated thrice, "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit. Thou hast redeemed me, Thou God of Truth; surely *God hath so loved the world.*" Between two and three on the morning of the 18th he entered into his rest.

His funeral,
Feb. 22.

His remains were placed at the disposal of the Elector, who decided that they should rest in the church at Wittemberg, where his living voice had been so often

heard. Some fifty miles separated the two places, and as the funeral procession passed from one to the other, the country people, men, women, and children, flocked out of all the villages, and, with weeping eyes, joined the train of mourners. The procession was met at the city-gate by the Prefect, who led the way to All Saints' Church, attended by the leading members of the University, and by a great multitude of townsmen, who had watched the Reformer's course through thirty eventful years, had listened often to his stirring exhortations, and gloried in his expanding fame. The Counts of Mansfeld, Justus Jonas, and Luther's dearest friends, were gathered round the bier; and to Melancthon it belonged, as of right, to pronounce the funeral oration. His heart was too full for any laboured eulogy; but he gave a simple, truthful description of the great qualities of the man whom he knew so well, and concluded with a fervent prayer to Him who had bestowed such grace upon His servant, and alone could raise up others like him. A plain tomb marked the spot where Luther's remains were committed to the dust, and the inscription recorded simply his birth-place, his age, and the date of his death.

There was no need for a longer epitaph. Luther's deeds are written His monuments.

in the history of every nation which, in the sixteenth century, embraced *Christianity according to God's word*, in the place of the *counterfeit Christianity* of the middle ages. No Armadas from SPAIN, now-a-days, carry terror to English ears; the lands of Elizabeth and Philip have changed places, and *ours* is the Empire on which the sun never sets. We know what SCOTLAND was in that age, — the land of fierce, domestic strife, of lawless chieftains, and a half-barbarous people; and now she is the very home of peaceful industry; her rugged soil, on which battles and forays were so frequent, is subdued by skilful husbandry; the rights and duties of citizenship have succeeded to the multiplied evils of clanship; and her sons, manly, intelligent, enduring, well-principled, have made her name honoured wherever it is known. With the weak country made strong, the divided country made one, the poor country grown rich in all the elements of civic and social wealth, we contrast ITALY, the Pope's own land, and IRELAND, long ruled by his priests; and if other instances are wanting, we might cross the Atlantic, and point to BRAZIL and MEXICO, on the one hand, and, on the other, to the great and growing communities of NEW ENGLAND, sprung from Puritan

settlers, who carried the Bible and their religion with them. *In all this* we see the results of the great Revolution which gave light and Christian liberty to some of the European kingdoms, and left others under the cramping, withering influence of Rome.

We are sure that the word of God, scattered over England for three centuries, preached in our Churches, read in our mansions and our cottages, has made us what we are,—a sober-minded, industrious, peace-loving, law-revering people. The harvest of our own national blessings we rejoice to connect with the sowing-time to which our history refers, and to feel that Luther, in all his greatness, belongs to universal Christendom. In our Courts, our Parliament, our busy Exchanges, our guarded homes, we see the standing memorials of what *he* wrought, and others like him. To the brave-hearted leader, and to those who followed in his track, we will pay our grateful thanks, knowing well that they were fallible and sinful men, subject to the passions, infirmities and prejudices of our common nature, but assured that grace and wisdom were given them to do a great work, zealously and faithfully, the like of which has not been seen since the Gospel accomplished its first triumph over Heathenism. *That*

work the noblest Englishmen have appreciated most truly; and against all that has been spoken to its disparagement by little men in recent times, we rejoice to quote what was eloquently written by MILTON, two centuries ago: "When I recall to mind, at last, after so many ages wherein the huge, overshadowing train of error had almost swept all the stars out of the firmament of the Church, how the bright and blissful Reformation, by Divine power, struck through the black and settled night of ignorance and anti-Christian tyranny, methinks a sovereign and reviving joy must needs rush into the bosom of him that reads or hears, and the sweet odour of the returning Gospel imbathe his soul with the fragrancy of heaven. Then was the sacred Bible sought out of the dusty corners, where profane falsehood and neglect had thrown it; the schools were opened; divine and human learning were raked out of the embers of forgotten tongues; the princes and cities came trooping apace to the newly-erected banner of salvation,—the martyrs, with the irresistible might of weakness, shaking the powers of darkness."*

* Of Reformation in England, book i.

In preparing this Memoir, I have had recourse principally to the following works:—

1. WADDINGTON'S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION ON THE CONTINENT, in three octavo volumes; not written in a popular style, but admirable for its sobriety, good sense, and judicial impartiality. Luther's greatness is thoroughly appreciated; and the religious blessings of the Reformation, as well as its incidental benefits, are fully and faithfully detailed; but the faults of those whom the Author most commends are neither concealed nor spared.

2. D'AUBIGNÉ'S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, of which four volumes have appeared; but the English Reformation is still untouched, and of the German Reformation we have nothing beyond the close of the Diet of Augsburg, in 1530. It is hardly necessary to describe a work which has been so extensively read, and, by those who sympathize most cordially with the writer and his subject, so warmly approved.* Our language contains no such lively or picturesque narrative of the stirring events of that period,—no such glowing

* In the Preface to his fourth volume, now six years old, the author tells us, that from 150,000 to 200,000 copies of the former three volumes have been sold in Great Britain and America. Probably the larger number has been reached, and more than reached, since that period, as cheap editions have been multiplied.

eulogy of the earliest Reformers in Germany, France and Switzerland,—no account, at once so full, so learned, and so popular, of all that they did, and said, and wrote, and taught. “To exalt the name of Luther,” it has been well said, “is M. D’Aubigné’s labour of love. He is a Protestant of the original stamp, and a biographer of the old fashion,—not a calm, candid, discriminating weigher and measurer of a great man’s parts, but a warm-hearted champion of his glory, and a resolute apologist even for his errors.” He should not, therefore, be read *alone*.

3. MICHELET’S LIFE OF LUTHER, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, edited and enlarged by Mr. Hazlitt (one of Bogue’s cheap volumes), is a precious depository of the most authentic information relating to the Reformer’s public and private history. His letters, filling five octavo volumes, and his works, making up nearly twenty folios, have been carefully explored and sifted, with the view of collecting all that illustrates the Reformer’s history, character, and opinions; and much that is interesting and characteristic has been added from his *Table Talk*. As Luther was the frankest of men, this volume shows him as he really was, in all his simplicity and all his homeliness, with no attempt to hide a single fault, and no thought, certainly, of parading a single virtue.

4. RANKE’S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN GERMANY,—of which *three* volumes out of *five* have been translated by Mrs. Austin,—is copious, accurate,

dispassionate, profound, entering much more largely than the other works I have named into the political bearings of the Reformation, profuse in its information respecting Diets and other matters purely German, doing full justice to the Protestant Theologians and Princes in their noble struggle for the rights of conscience, but less calculated certainly for common readers than for those who can make history a study.

There is a good sketch of the earliest events in Luther's public career, up to the Diet of Worms, in the Second Book of ROBERTSON'S CHARLES V., and a comprehensive statement, occupying some twenty pages, of the causes which contributed to the progress of the Reformation.

In the same compass there is no such vigorously-drawn and life-like portrait of Luther as in a critique of Sir James Stephen's, first printed in the 138th number of the *Edinburgh Review*, and now republished in the first volume of his ESSAYS ON ECCLESIASTICAL BIOGRAPHY. The extracts from the Reformer's writings are a most valuable selection of *Lutheriana*; while the leading incidents of his career are touched upon with discriminating faithfulness, and the prominent features of his character are wisely, justly, eloquently set forth.

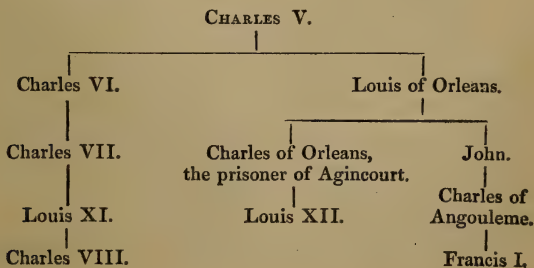
We must not omit to mention, as the last contribution of English writers to a just estimate of Luther, ARCHDEACON HARE'S Note W. in the second volume

of his work, entitled **THE MISSION OF THE COMFORTER**. It is a full, learned, and most successful vindication of the great German from the attacks of Mr. Hallam, Sir William Hamilton, Dr. Mill, and Mr. Ward,—written by one who is perfectly master of his subject, and whose cordial sympathy with all that is pure and noble in the leader of the Reformation makes him kindle into fervour as he quotes one passage after another from Luther's writings (many of them little known to the English reader), and dwells upon traits of magnanimity which have been obscured by the mists of controversy.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

NOTE (Z). Page 325.

THE line of succession to the French crown was very regular for more than two hundred years, from the accession of Charles V. to the death of Henry III., *with two exceptions*, which took place at the accessions of Louis XII. and his successor Francis I. The *first* succeeded Charles VIII., the son of his second cousin; the *second* was son to the second cousin of his predecessor. Charles V. was the common ancestor of all who reigned during the period we speak of; but Louis, the murdered Duke of Orleans, was the common ancestor of all who came after Charles VIII. The following table will help to fix these facts in the reader's mind.



NOTE (A A). Page 328.

The following is Ranke's description of this clever and most effective satire : —

“ He introduces Folly herself as interlocutor. Moria, the daughter of Plutus, born in the Happy Islands, nursed by Drunkenness and Rudeness, is mistress of a powerful kingdom, which she describes, and to which all classes of men belong. She passes them all in review, but dwells longer and more earnestly on none than on the clergy, who, though they refuse to acknowledge her benefits, are under the greatest obligations to her. She turns into ridicule the labyrinth of dialectic in which theologians have lost themselves, the syllogisms with which they labour to sustain the Church as Atlas does the heavens, and the intolerant zeal with which they persecute every difference of opinion. She then comes to the ignorance, the dirt, the strange and ludicrous pursuits, of the monks, and their barbarous and objurgatory style of preaching. She attacks the Bishops, who are more solicitous for gold than for the safety of souls, who think they do enough if they dress themselves in theatrical costume, and, under the name of the most reverend, most holy, and most blessed Fathers in God, pronounce a blessing or a curse. And lastly, she boldly assails the court of Rome and the Pope himself, who, she says, takes only the pleasure of his station, and leaves its duties to St. Peter and St. Paul.

“This little work brought together, with singular

talent and brevity, matter which had for some time been current and popular in the world, gave it a form which satisfied all the demands of taste and criticism, and fell in with the most decided tendency of the age. It produced an indescribable effect; twenty-seven editions appearing even during the lifetime of Erasmus. It was translated into all languages, and greatly contributed to confirm the age in its anticlerical dispositions." — *History of the Reformation*, vol. i. pp. 289, 290.

NOTE (B B). Page 334.

This account of Alexander VI. does not rest on Protestant authority. Guicciardini was no obscure Lutheran, writing at a distance about remote events, but a distinguished Italian, narrating the events of his own times, a fast friend of the Church, holding employment under three successive Popes. Hear his story:—

"All Rome rushed to behold his corpse with incredible festivity; nor was there any man who could satiate his eyes with gazing on the remains of a serpent which, by his immoderate ambition and pestiferous perfidy, and every manner of frightful cruelty, of monstrous lust, and unheard-of avarice, trafficking indiscriminately with things sacred and profane, had poisoned the whole world."

There is a curious letter extant from Peter Martyr, a learned Italian, who spent most of his days in Spain, and received ecclesiastical preferments and dignities from Charles V., written to

a friend on hearing the news of Alexander's election to the Papacy. His correspondent is styled, "Alexandri jam Pontificis familiaris." He rejoices, for his friend's sake, at the news, he says; but stands in doubt about the choice, so far as the interests of religion are concerned. "If he can leave his covetousness and ambition, and, forgetting his sons, whom he unblushingly thrusts on public view, will give himself to the care of the Church, it will be well for the Holy See. . . . One whispered in my ear some base, wicked, sacrilegious rumour that this patron of yours climbed to his elevated position, not by learning, or purity of life, or the fervour of his piety, but with the help of large promises and golden bribes." — *Petri Martyris Opus Epistolarum*, Epist. 117.

NOTE (C C). Page 337.

The History of the Cardinalate, including the origin of its extraordinary power, the mode of exercising it, and some details respecting the intrigues which have preceded the most remarkable elections to the Papal Chair, would make a volume as instructive and useful, perhaps, as any that could be written for these times. Considering what a Pope is, the *making of him* is infinitely the most important event that can occur to Christendom in any given period of time. If, in practice, it be found that the highest goodness has very seldom attained to that most elevated and responsible of all earthly positions, — that a really devout, humble-minded, unworldly Pope, of self-

denying habits and saintly life, is found, at distant intervals, upon the roll, — while bad men, wretched self-seekers and evil-livers, may be counted by the score, — the historical argument against the whole system is very strong, and to many minds conclusive. But another line of proof might be adopted. Looking at the jurisdiction claimed by the Pope, as soon as he is elected, the following questions may fairly be asked, and perfectly satisfactory answers ought to be forthcoming : —

“ Who selected him from the crowd of common men ; and whence is their authority derived to do an act so unspeakably momentous ?

“ Do they fairly represent the Christian world ?

“ Are they manifestly superior to all dictation from the temporal power ?

“ Do they seem, generally, from all that is known of them at other times, to have pre-eminent qualifications for a duty so solemn ? ”

1. Of course we know the Cardinals elect the Pope ; but who are the Cardinals ? We read nothing about them in the Acts of the Apostles. The name never meets us in early Ecclesiastical History. This is strange. The Church had Popes in those days, we are told. Who elected *them* ? Has the practice altered since ? What becomes of the appeal to antiquity, if, one day, a Pope decreed that, for all time to come, the old mode of election should be abandoned, and a new one adopted ? Yet so it was. After Popes had been nominated by Gothic Kings, and Eastern Emperors, — after Charlemagne and Otho had received from Popes for the time being the privilege of choosing the next Pope, — the current practice in the eleventh century was for the

Clergy of Rome to elect, and the people of Rome to approve, — the exercise of this privilege, of course, being more or less controlled by the civil power, according to the political circumstances of the times. Just a thousand years after the Church was founded (A. D. 1059), Nicholas II. was Pope; and he did not like this mode of election, for a rival Pope had been chosen, Benedict X., whom he and Hildebrand together managed to expel by force. He procured a decree of the Council of Lateran, therefore, giving the principal voice in the election to the *Cardinal Bishops*, who were first to debate the matter among themselves, then to call in the Cardinal Clergy, and finally to require the consent of the Clergy and people, "*with a certain participation of the Emperor.*" This lasted for a while; but, after a century, another improvement was suggested. In the year 1179, Alexander III., after being twice driven from Rome by rival Popes, and having retorted by formally deposing the Emperor, Frederic Barbarossa, who favoured them both, decreed that the Cardinals henceforth should have the exclusive privilege of giving a Lord to Christendom, the consent of two-thirds being necessary to make the election valid.

Still the question recurs, *What is a Cardinal?** The title is given to the incumbents of the principal parishes of Rome. They were originally *seven*; but by the addition of Cardinal Priests to the Cardinal Bishops, the body of electors was

* The name comes from *cardo*, a hinge, we are told. The following lines are from an old poem *De Curiâ Romanâ*, quoted by Mr. Thompson, in his *Facts from Rome*, a little publication full of interesting matter on the election

greatly enlarged, and the College now consists of *seventy*, though the number is seldom full, and the Pope fills up vacancies at pleasure.

Gregory X., in the 13th century, was elected after the Cardinals had been three years nearly in consultation; so he made some regulations, of which the object was to prevent similar delays in future. The electors were to live together, till a Pope was chosen, in one room or *conclave*, without division by walls or curtains. If the election were not concluded within *three* days, then, for the next *five* days, they were to have one dish for dinner, and one for supper; and if those five days went by without an agreement by two-thirds, then, for the remainder of the time, nothing was to be allowed them but bread, wine and water. The strictness of these regulations has been relaxed: curtains were first allowed; and now each Cardinal has his own apartments, and provides his own dinner. Accordingly, *two* or *three* carriages, with *eight* or *ten* servants, bring a dinner each day for each elector; but no Cardinal goes and installation of Popes, the ceremonies of Holy Week Relics, and Books of Devotion in current use at Rome.

“Dic age, quid faciunt quibus est a *cardine* nomen,
Post Papam quibus est immediatus honos;
Expediunt causas, magnique negotia mundi;
Extinguunt lites; fœdera rupta ligant;
Isti participes onerum, Papæque laborum,
Sustenant humeris grandia facta suis.

“Nec ratione vacat quod habent a *cardine* nomen;
Deservire solent nomina rebus in his;—
Porta suos postes sine cardine claudere nescit,
Nec bene præter eos Pastor ovile regit;
Cardo tenet portam, nec quid valet illa remoto
Cardine; sic Papa nil valet absque viris.”

beyond the walls of the building till the choice is made. While they are shut up, the populace watches the summit of a certain tin chimney. If smoke issues from it at eleven o'clock or four in each day, they know that the Pope is not elected, as the old gentlemen within are engaged in burning the schedules used at the previous poll (the necessary two-thirds not having been secured for any candidate), and are about to reconsider the matter with a view to a fresh poll. All this to the Roman Catholic mind, doubtless, seems appropriate, dignified, worthy of so momentous an occasion, quite suited to the most solemn of all deliberations, in which not Rome only, but half the European nations besides, have the deepest interest.

2. The second question may be disposed of much more shortly. "Do the Cardinals fairly represent the Christian world?" They ought, surely. No warrant being produced of an authoritative character to show that the jurisdiction claimed by them is any thing better than an usurpation,—their charter of incorporation being a comparatively modern document,—there ought to be some security that the Pope belongs, not to Italy, but to Christendom. What security is there? *Five-sixths* of the Cardinals are almost always Italians; *nine-tenths* of the Popes have been Italians. What pretensions has Italy to domination like this? Who will say that her sons are the wisest, noblest, freest, holiest of mankind? As no commission from heaven is produced, subjugating Christian nations to Italian priests, some moral fitness ought to be shown,—some pre-

eminent and universally recognised qualification for so high a function.

3. "Is the College manifestly superior to all dictation from the temporal power?" This is a main point, considering what a Pope is, in the judgment of those who give him their allegiance, namely, Christ's Representative among men,—the infallible, living interpreter of God's counsels, occupying the place once filled by the Apostles when they assembled at Jerusalem to settle controversies in the Church, and to bind and loose with the authority of heaven. How stands the case? Do the Cardinals, supposing them fairly to represent the Church in its spiritual character, act independently, despising all earthly influences that can be brought to bear upon them? Strange to say, *the Ambassadors of Austria, France and Spain have, each of them, the privilege of objecting to one Cardinal*, and the objection, if communicated to the Cardinals by the proper officer, the Marshal of the Conclave, at the proper time, before two-thirds have come to an agreement, is allowed as a matter of course. So the Ruler of Austria for Austrian purposes, the Ruler of Spain for Spanish purposes, the Ruler of France for French purposes, may exclude the three men most fit to rule the Christian world, and all the remaining Cardinals may chance to be incompetent or unprincipled men. Yet one among them is to be set on that lofty throne, and all men are to believe henceforth that he is marked out by God to wield the superhuman power entrusted to successive Popes.

4. "Do the Cardinals, from all that is known of them, seem to have pre-eminent qualifications for a duty so solemn?"

Surely not, unless History is a tissue of fables. Surely not, unless travellers come home to tell us nothing but falsehoods of what they have seen in the Holy City. We never heard that these men were conspicuous for sanctity, eminently faithful as pastors of Christ's flock, evidently living above this world, and laying rank and wealth and social influence, as the wise men laid their offerings, at the Redeemer's feet. Who will say that men are not morally disqualified for the duties they perform who, as a body, are the opposite of all this?

I know very well that it is impossible in a few pages to fortify an argument of this sort so as to make it unassailable. The Roman Catholic will refuse, of course, to enter into these matters of detail, and will say boldly, "Christ gave St. Peter authority over the whole Church; to that authority the Bishops of Rome have succeeded; the mode of their election He has not seen fit to determine; *that* has varied, no doubt, in different ages; but *there they are*, and either His promise has failed, or the virtues belonging to the possessor of the Apostolic See must still be living in them." Certainly, if Christ did give power like the Pope's to St. Peter,—and if there is plain proof from Scripture, or early Ecclesiastical History, that the jurisdiction thus given was transmitted, in succeeding ages, through one line of Bishops, and that to *them* all Christians in all lands were to be entirely submissive,—then, faith must strug-

gle with violent improbabilities, and believe that Popes elected by Emperors, mobs, and Cardinals, in turn,—Popes who bought their throne, and Popes who disgraced it,—Popes who had nothing spiritual about them but their pretensions,—were really the Church's heaven-sent and heaven-taught rulers. But if the evidence, at starting, is the very weakest for which credit was ever asked in any historical enquiry,—if, *granting* that the two texts about the Rock and the Keys could give St. Peter a quarter of what the Pope claims, and *granting* that the Apostle both saw Rome, and was Bishop of Rome,—the *pedigree*, or connection between his successors and the original grant, is not proved as any Court would insist upon having a disputed title proved to half an acre,—then arguments like these are entitled to a hearing. These squabbles about the Papacy become, then, of mighty consequence. This wretchedly imperfect adaptation of the means to the end must strike a candid enquirer. The oblivion of all moral considerations, at many of those seasons when the Church was summoned to the most responsible of all its duties, makes it *almost* impossible,—nay, *quite* impossible,—that God's voice was speaking through oracles like those, or that the men thus chosen had lawful rule over the consciences of all baptized men in Europe, Asia, Africa and America.

NOTE (D D). Page 373.

Modern versions of the Roman Catholic Doctrine of Indulgences make it much more harmless.

“An Indulgence,” says Dr. Wiseman, “is no more than a remission by the Church, in virtue of the keys, or the judicial authority committed to her, of a portion, or the entire, of the *temporal punishment* due to sin. The infinite merits of Christ form the fund whence this remission is derived; but besides, the Church holds that, by the communion of Saints, penitential works performed by the just, beyond what their own sins might exact, are available to other members of Christ’s body.”

Tetzel’s divinity was of another kind. *His* Indulgences were a much more marketable commodity. The people who bought them, and went away pleased with their bargains, would have thought themselves basely cheated, if told that they were no safer than before from eternal perdition. They ran in this strain: — “I, by the authority of Jesus Christ, of His blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, and of the most Holy See, granted and committed to me in these parts, do absolve thee from all ecclesiastical censures, in whatever manner they have been incurred, and then from all thy sins, transgressions, and excesses, how enormous soever they may be, even from such as are reserved for the cognizance of the Apostolical See. And as far as the keys of the Church extend, I remit to you all punishment which you deserve in purgatory on their account; and I restore you to the Holy Sacraments of the Church, to the unity of the faithful, and to that innocence and purity which you possessed at baptism; so that, if you die now, the gates of punishment shall be shut, and the gates of the Paradise of delight shall be opened. And

you shall not die at present, this grace shall remain in full force when you are on the point of death. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." "In spite of the ambiguity of one or two expressions," says Dr. Waddington most truly, "this is nothing less, when fairly interpreted, than an unconditional permission to sin for the rest of life; and as such it was assuredly received by those classes of the people for which it was chiefly intended, and whose morality is peculiarly confided to the superintendence of the clergy."—*History of the Church*, vol. iii. p. 344.

NOTE (E E). Page 388.

Luther and John Bunyan had much in common. Both were fearless confessors; both sprang from the people, and wrote for them; both discovered for themselves, and then proclaimed with untiring zeal and energy to others, the true doctrine of the Cross; both rejoiced in allegory and fable; both suffered, as few of God's servants have done, from those peculiar temptations which we may suppose to have been styled by St. Paul the "fiery darts" of the Wicked One. To thousands, in the two last centuries, the *Pilgrim's Progress* has been as precious as ever the Reformer's great work was to our gifted countryman in his time of need; and all who revere the memories of the teacher and the learner will gladly read Bunyan's own account of his earliest meeting with any of Luther's works. It runs thus:—

“ Before I had got thus far out of these my temptations, I did greatly long to see some ancient godly man’s experience, who had writ some hundreds of years before I was born. Well, after many such longings in my mind, the God, in whose hands are all our days and ways, did cast into my hand one day a book of MARTIN LUTHER; it was his *Comment on the Galatians*; it was so old that it was ready to fall piece from piece if I did but turn it over. Now I was pleased much that such an old book had fallen into my hands; the which, when I had but a little way perused, I found my condition, in his experience, so largely and profoundly handled, as if his book had been written out of my heart. This made me marvel; for thus thought I, This man could not know anything of the state of Christians now, but must needs write and speak the experience of former days. Besides, he doth most gravely, in that book, debate of the rise of these temptations, namely, blasphemy, desperation, and the like, showing that the law of Moses, as well as the Devil, death, and hell, hath a very great hand therein,—the which at first was very strange to me; but, considering and watching, I found it so indeed. But of particulars here I intend nothing: only this methinks I must let fall before all men; I do prefer this book of *Martin Luther upon the Galatians* (excepting the Holy Bible) before all the books that ever I have seen, as most fit for a wounded conscience.”

NOTE (F F). Page 391.

The Elector at this period sought counsel from Erasmus; and in the course of December, 1520, a very remarkable interview took place between the wavering Prince and the cautious theologian, which is thus recorded: —

“ The parties conversed standing by the fire-side. Frederic first proposed that they should communicate in Dutch, the native language of Erasmus; but he preferred Latin, which the Elector thoroughly understood without professor to speak it; accordingly Spalatin acted as his interpreter. After the usual preliminary civilities, Frederic opened the discourse by expressing his horror of heresy, and his wish to be swallowed up alive rather than give it any reception or favour. ‘ But, if Luther teaches the truth, I will never suffer any one to oppress him, whatsoever risk there may be, either to myself or to those about me, in defending him. I admit that the subjects in controversy are placed above my knowledge, and I do not pretend to judge whether Luther be right or not. I want information and the counsel of the learned. I have therefore invited you hither that I may learn your sentiment on this matter; and I conjure you to tell me them with sincerity.’ Erasmus stood for a short time musing, with his lips pressed together, and delayed to answer; while the Prince, as he was wont when discoursing on a serious subject, fixed his eyes steadily and gravely upon his face. At length Erasmus broke silence in these words,—

Luther has committed two sins ; he has touched the Pope upon the crown, and the monks upon the belly. Upon which the Elector smiled ; and he always remembered that answer, and repeated it a short time before his death. Erasmus then subjoined with earnestness that Luther had done well in the censures which he cast on the abuses of the Church,—that these absolutely required correction,—that the substance of his doctrine was true, but that there was a want of moderation in his manner of advancing it.”—*Waddington's History of the Reformation*, vol. i. pp. 315, 316.

NOTE (G G). Page 433.

This letter is too curious not to be given entire. We may admire what is fatherly in it, and rejoice to think that Luther at Coburg had his thoughts divided between the scene of theological strife at Augsburg on one side, and his own nursery on the other ; but we may doubt, at the same time, whether the strain is elevated enough for a subject so serious. A very young child can apprehend intense enjoyment apart from sport ; and therefore the picture of a child's heaven seems imperfect in which there is no allusion to the happiness connected with the exercise of goodness. Here it is, however, as Luther wrote it ; and Catherine, no doubt, or Aunt Magdalene, read it to little John ; and graver, nobler thoughts, we dare say, had a place in the Sunday lessons which were given at other times, when the father sat in his loved home at Wittenberg.

“ Grace and peace be with thee, my dear little boy ! I rejoice to find that you are attentive to your lessons and your prayers. Persevere, my child, and when I come home I will bring some pretty fairing. I know of a beautiful garden, full of children in golden dresses, who run about under the trees, eating apples, pears, cherries, nuts, and plums. They jump and sing, and are full of glee, and they have pretty little horses, with golden bridles and silver saddles. As I went by this garden, I asked the owner of it who those children were, and he told me that they were the good children, who loved to say their prayers, and to learn their lessons, and who fear God. Then I said to him,— Dear Sir, I have a boy, little John Luther ; may not he, too, come to this garden, to eat these beautiful apples and pears, to ride these pretty little horses, and to play with the other children ? And the man said,— If he is very good, if he says his prayers, and learns his lessons cheerfully, he may come, and he may bring with him little Philip and little James. Here they will find fifes and drums, and other nice instruments, to play upon, and they shall dance and shoot with little cross-bows. Then the man showed me in the midst of the garden a beautiful meadow to dance in. But all this happened in the morning before the children had dined ; so I could not stay till the beginning of the dance, but I said to the man, I will go and write to my dear little John, and teach him to be good, to say his prayers, and learn his lessons, that he may come to this garden. But he has an Aunt Magdalene, whom he loves very much ; may he bring her with him ? The man

said, Yes, tell him that they may come together. Be good, therefore, dear child, and tell Philip and James the same, that you may all come and play in this beautiful garden. I commit you to the care of God. Give my love to your Aunt Magdalene, and kiss her for me. From your papa, who loves you.

“ MARTIN LUTHER.”

NOTE (H H). Page 461.

So says Ranke, whom we prefer to follow, though another statement is made with confidence, that the hymn and the tune were both composed by Luther on his way to Worms in the year 1521. Both were “*improvised*” at Oppenheim, says one story; he stood up, and sang some of it in his chariot, as soon as he came within sight of Worms, says another; he passed the following night at his window, says a third, “sometimes meditating with earnestly upcast eyes, sometimes breathing the air of his hymn upon his flute.”—*Michelet, Note in pp. 80, 81.* One would like to believe all this, but does not dare to do so against a well-authenticated counter-statement. Had it been really so, no other date ever could have been assigned; the tradition among Luther’s friends and followers would have been too clear and uniform; whereas writers of the next age, without precise information, might naturally wish to connect the Reformer’s best-known poem with the noblest passage in his life, and so might

hazard the conjecture which others received as fact. According to a well-known rule in historical inquiries, it will be well for us to distrust what we most wish to believe.

No translation, probably, can fairly represent to an English ear what has been sung with enthusiasm by German congregations through ten generations; but the following version by Mr. Carlyle, I presume, is the best that our language supplies.

- “ A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon ;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now oe'rtaken.
The ancient Prince of Hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of Craft and Power
He weareth in this hour,—
On earth is not his fellow.
- “ With force of arms we nothing can ;
Full soon were we down ridden :
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden :
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son,—
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.
- “ And were this world all Devils o'er
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore,
Not they can overpower us :
And let the Prince of Ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit :
For why? His doom is writ,
A word shall quickly slay him.

“ God’s word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger ;
But, spite of Hell, shall have its course,
’Tis written by his finger :
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small ;
These things shall vanish all, —
THE CITY OF GOD remaineth.”

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, vol. ii. pp. 261, 262.

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ERRATA.

Page 189. line 3 from bottom, for "immunity" read "impunity."

234. line 3 from bottom, for "at" read "on."

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